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WASHINGTON IRVING
After the portrait by G. S. Newton, 1823

THE SKETCH-BOOK

OF

GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.

TOGETHER WITH ABBOTSFORD AND OTHER SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF

WASHINGTON IRVING

"I have no wife nor children, good or bad, to provide for. A mere spectator of other men's fortunes and adventures, and how they play their parts; which, methinks, are diversely presented unto me, as from a common theatre or scene."

— *Burton.*

EDITED WITH COMMENTS, NOTES, BIBLIOGRAPHY, AND TOPICS FOR STUDY, BY

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EDITOR'S NOTE

The essays in this edition of "The Sketch-Book" have been selected and arranged with reference to their usefulness in the secondary school. Irving claims our attention as the first American to win distinction in the field of letters; this, too, in a day when no critic looked for elegance or refinement in the writings of our countrymen. He represents, also, a distinct period in the history of American letters, and his writings had marked influence in the group of literary men who first gave direction to the American press. In arrangement, Irving's essays approach the narrative form. This, in itself, wakens interest, and the personal charm of the author is such that young and old, alike, find in him a companion and guide. There is, moreover, a fine literary quality in his writings, and the flavor of an older, quieter mood of mind gives them perennial charm. His style, modelled in a measure upon the writings of Goldsmith and of Addison, is very different from that of any writer of our own day; many of his essays are reminiscent and reflective, and his vocabulary includes scores of words or phrases that in these hustling days of train and phone have given place to more concise, direct forms of expression. For these reasons, intimate acquaintance with the essays of "The Sketch-Book," and through them with the genial, cultivated man of letters who was their author, is to the young a first step in liberal culture.

In his own generation Irving was, typically, the traveller and the man of letters. It has been the purpose of editor and publishers to include in this edition such essays as best represent the man in these aspects, and also to illustrate the forms of writing in which he excelled. The two forms of composition typically presented in "The Sketch-Book," namely, the narrative essay of travel or of literary research, and the romantic tale in which the form of the narrative differs but little from the essay, are especially adapted to aid indirectly the

young student who would try his pen upon broader themes than those of the schoolboy's compositions. The essay becomes narrative in form by the introduction of the author, who relates as personal experience the observations of the traveller; the narrative essay, in turn, becomes the tale by changes so slight that the reader scarcely realizes where he lost sight of his guide, the story-teller, and became absorbed in complex influences working together toward an end. The material in either is matter of such common experience that a score of parallel subjects on which he may try his amateur pen come at once to the mind of the would-be writer.

The essays included have been arranged in a sort of sequence that students may the more readily attain familiarity with English scenes and their historic or literary associations, and thus share the mood of mind in which Irving wrote. "Abbotsford" has been added on account of the special interest of this essay to readers of "Ivanhoe" and "The Lady of the Lake," or of "Marmion" and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," and also because the literary pilgrimage narrated in it took place immediately after Irving's residence in St. Bartholomew's Close, London. It belongs, therefore, to the period of "The Sketch-Book," and was intimately a part of the experiences from which Irving drew his essays. Courtesy to a living author whose hospitality he had enjoyed prevented the use of this, the most interesting of all his literary pilgrimages, as a part of "The Sketch-Book." A few other selections from Irving's writings have also been added on account of their close relation to one or another of the essays.

A word may be said in regard to the illustrations of this edition. The scholarship and enthusiasm devoted to instruction in the classics long since secured editions of well-known texts in which the illustrations, notes, etc., were drawn from the latest and best sources in archæology or in history; the skill of the artist has adorned the pages and at the same time given accurate and reliable impressions of real objects: Caesar's bridge, reconstructed from the point of view of the engineer; a Roman camp laid out to line and rule and estimated for

numbers; the route of the ten thousand, — each and all — have long illustrated and vitalized the work of high school students in the classics. In editions for the study of English texts the contrast is such that it is unnecessary to point the moral. In the present edition of "The Sketch-Book," an attempt has been made, necessarily limited and experimental, to associate with an English classic illustrations that present places and objects faithfully and with historical accuracy, and thus to add significance to the text. The illustrations for Westminster Abbey, for instance, were selected after Irving's route through the enclosure and minster had been traced; this indicated the positions from which he viewed the Abbey and made it possible to select illustrations which correspond with his point of view and present in visible form the mental picture from which he wrote. This correspondence between illustrations and objects as really seen, renders the descriptive passage virtually a lesson in the art of composition, since the student at once compares the written expression with the picture.

A word should be added in regard to the use of the "Topics for Study" which follow the text. They are in no sense outlines or analyses of the contents of the essays; outlines should be prepared by the students themselves under the guidance of the instructor, for an analysis furnished, or suggested, usually proves a substitute for individual work. The topics for study hold, however, a close relation with outline or analysis; and the detailed study of special topics should guide each one through his own work to an understanding of the plan of the essay and an appreciation of the literary means employed to give it orderly arrangement and charm. The teacher in his own preparation for the classroom will parallel the preliminary work of the editor; after which the study topics will serve as tests of the work planned and will suggest questions for discussion. They should also aid pupils in the preparation of lessons by stimulating alert attention and interest in the reading of the text, and by emphasizing points of significance in the content or the literary form of the essay under consideration.

The use of the technical terms of narrative art has been avoided where possible. The pupils for whom this edition is designed are reading for the sake of the literature itself, and they slip, too easily, on the least excuse, into the formalities of text-book distinctions, without appreciation of the meaning intended. Literature should be opened to their understandings as a storehouse of treasures to be enjoyed at will; as a foreign land wherein one wanders with friendly and companionable guides; as a return to past ages, and a mingling in vanished scenes, recreated by the magic pen of the man of letters. Unless these topics for study, arranged in seeming routine for the classroom, contribute to this end, they will fail of the result to further which they have been written.

The indirect purposes of the study of Irving's essays will best fulfill themselves under the personal guidance of the instructor. They should, however, be clearly defined, and may be summarized briefly as follows: —

1. Familiarity with an author and a period in the history of American literature.

2. An elementary knowledge of the habits of observation, the sources and gathering of material, and the method of work of a writer of essays, travel, and picturesque history.

3. Familiarity with the narrative form of essay through examples, and through constant attempts to write in a similar vein.

4. Familiarity with the short story in the form of historical narrative, — a literary form differing but slightly from that of the narrative essay, as that, in turn, is distinguished from description pure and simple, by the introduction of the least possible element of personal interest, or of sequence in time. These three closely related literary forms and the characteristics distinguishing each have been emphasized in comments, suggestions, and topics for study, and in them is found the chief significance of "The Sketch-Book" for the student of literary art.

5. Increase of the student's vocabulary, and familiarity with phrases and with the forms of literary expression. This

result should be gained indirectly, if possible, by the aid of books of reference, parallel reading, etc.

Study of vocabulary must be effectively done to be of value. The pupil, seeking carelessly in dictionaries for a narrow interpretation of word or phrase, rarely adds to his own too limited means of expression. Nor is the definition of unusual or obsolete words of special value. The writing vocabulary of the pupil must be increased chiefly by drawing into habitual use words already familiar and well understood when seen in context; the reading vocabulary, on the other hand, is increased by additions to the number of words easily contributing to the meaning of the sentence in which they are found. For the young student, the important things are the clear distinction in meaning between words almost, but not quite, equivalent, and the drawing into habitual use of many common words and phrases which will afford the means of varied expression. Nothing, however, calls for more inventive and persistent effort on the part of the instructor than the study of vocabulary, for the moment that this task is made a feature of the recitation the attention of teacher and class, alike, declines upon a series of miscellaneous and unrelated definitions, or bits of information, and thus the minds of all are hopelessly diverted from the content and literary value of the text. The study of vocabulary should never be mingled with the study of content or of literary form, but it may be made the subject of a single lesson at the conclusion of each essay. One method for this study is suggested here: the essay may be divided into sections and assigned to divisions of the class for examination and report. Definite topics should be suggested, such as a list of all words the pupils is unable to define without the aid of a dictionary; a list of all words that he, himself, is not in the habit of using and that, for this reason, seem unfamiliar, — for these he should be required to suggest the word he would use in place of the one he has noticed, this should lead to discussion of use and meaning; a list of words for which one or more equivalents might be suggested, with reasons for the change; and, finally, a list of phrases for which a single word could be substituted or of

sentences that could be made clearer or more effective by rearrangement, or that could be shortened without loss of significance or of that literary transition from idea to idea which is so marked a feature of Irving's style.

It is unnecessary here to call attention to Irving's indebtedness to other authors; references to older essays that may have furnished hints for his own composition are occasionally given in the notes. In Goldsmith's four essays on Sir John Falstaff and The Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, for instance, may be found the germ of Irving's researches and reflections on the same themes; and the curious may discover in such papers as Goldsmith's "An Account of Westminster Abbey," or Addison's "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," a reason, at least, for the choice of subject, and a suggestion of the temper of mind in which it was approached by our traveller and citizen of the world. But the study of Irving's originality, or of his accuracy as an observer or antiquarian, is one for older students and critics. The perennial charm of the first American humorist and man of letters must lie for us all in his own personality, in his gift of lending for the nonce an attitude of mind and a mood, so that we each find in foreign lands and far-away times an experience in which history, association, and emotion unite in an indelible impression on the mind.

The editor wishes to acknowledge indebtedness to many persons who have given aid in the detail of the present edition; especially to Mr. George Turner Phelps, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, a most careful student of art, for the tracing of Irving's route as shown in his order of description, and for the selection of illustrations and references for "Westminster Abbey." It is due to Mr. Phelps's intelligence and generous expenditure of time that the illustrations represent the minster and school as Irving saw them, for considerable restorations and changes have since taken place.

H. A. Davidson.

THE PUBLICATION OF "THE SKETCH-BOOK"

The papers of "The Sketch-Book," with two exceptions, were written in England. Irving sent them to the United States for publication and they were issued in numbers, in 1819–1820. He had not intended to reprint the essays in England, as he thought them little likely to interest readers there; he admits, also, that he had no wish to encounter the severe criticism of the British press, at that time especially hostile to anything from America. The second number, however, fell into the hands of Godwin, the author of "Caleb Williams," who found in it essays such as, in his opinion, "few Englishmen of that time could have written." Ten days after the date of Godwin's letter, the *London Literary Gazette* began to republish the essays of "The Sketch-Book" serially, and their success was immediate. In a short time it became necessary that Irving should assume the responsibility for the republication of his own essays in order to protect himself. He applied first to Murray, who declined the honor. A little later, in January, 1820, he made a contract with a publisher named Miller, and volume one was brought out in February. It sold rapidly, but just when success and profits seemed secure the publisher failed. At this juncture, Walter Scott, who had come to London to assume his title, induced Murray to undertake the publication of Irving's works. The success of "The Sketch-Book" in England was such that in October of the same year Murray wrote to Irving, begging him to draw on the house for one hundred guineas in addition to the terms agreed upon in the contract, and in the following June he again paid the author a sum in excess of the agreement. This was the beginning of Irving's success as a man of letters, and thereafter, whatever he found time to write was eagerly welcomed and brought him both honor and profit in generous measure.

In *Blackwood's Magazine*, February, 1820, "A Royal Poet" and "The Country Church" were quoted in full from number three of "The Sketch-Book" with the following comment on the style of the writing: —

The style in which this ["A Royal Poet"] is written may be taken as a fair specimen of Irving's more serious manner — it is, we think very graceful — infinitely more so than any piece of American writing that ever came from any other hand, and well entitled to be classed with the best English writing of our day. . . . Nothing has been written for a long time for which it would be more safe to promise great and eager acceptance. The story of "Rip Van Winkle," — the "Country Life in England," the account of his voyage across the Atlantic, and "The Broken Heart," — are all, in their several ways, very exquisite and classical pieces of writing, alike honorable to the intellect and the heart of their author.

In the July number of *Blackwood's Magazine* of the same year, "Knickerbocker's History of New York" was reviewed, and this tribute to the author's genius was added: —

Mr. Washington Irving is one of our first favorites among the English writers of this age — and he is not a bit less so for having been born in America. . . . He well knows that his "thews and sinews" are not all, for which he is indebted to his English ancestry. . . . The great superiority over too many of his countrymen, evinced by Mr. Irving on every occasion, when he speaks of the manners, the spirit, the faith of England, has, without doubt, done much to gain for him our affection. But had he never expressed one sentiment favorable to us or to our country, we should still have been compelled to confess that we regard him as by far the greatest genius that has arisen on the literary horizon of the new world.

Contents of the First Edition of "The Sketch-Book" of Geoffrey Crayon, Gent.

(Originally issued in numbers in New York, and reprinted in England.)

Number One, published May 15, 1819.

The Author's Account of Himself.
The Voyage.
Roscoe.
The Wife.
Rip Van Winkle.

Number Two, published in July, 1819.
English Writers on America.
Rural Life in England.
The Broken Heart.
The Art of Book Making.

Number Three, published September 13, 1819.
A Royal Poet.
The Country Church.
The Widow and Her Son.
The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.

Number Four, published November 10, 1819.
The Mutability of Literature.
The Spectre Bridegroom.
Rural Funerals.

Number Five, published in December, 1819.
Christmas.
The Stage-Coach.
Christmas Eve.
Christmas Day.
The Christmas Dinner.

Number Six, published in March, 1820.
The Pride of the Village.
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow.
John Bull.

Number Seven, published September 13, 1820.
Westminster Abbey.
Stratford-on-Avon.
Little Britain.
The Angler.

Reprinted in the English edition from the *Analectic Magazine*, New York.
Traits of Indian Character.
Philip of Pokanoket.

RESIDENCE, TRAVELS, ETC.		MATERIALS OF LITERARY WORKS	PUBLISHED WORKS
1783.	Born in New York city.		
1787–1798.	In schools.		
1798.	Spent a vacation in Sleepy Hollow.	Descriptions in "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," from memory of visits in boyhood.	
1799–1804.	Read law.		
1800.	First voyage up the Hudson.	NOTE.—Catskills, as described in "Rip Van Winkle," had been seen only from the river.	
1802.	Second voyage up the Hudson.		
	Morning Chronicle established by Peter Irving, proprietor and editor.		Contributions signed "Jonathan Oldstyle," *æt.* 19.
1803.	In New York city.		
	Travel. Up the Hudson, Ogdensburg, Montreal, Quebec.		
1804.	*May.* Sailed for Bordeaux, France.		
1804–1805.	Travel in Europe.		
1806.	Admitted to the Bar.	"The Nine Worthies," or "The Lads of Kilkenny," I, 122.	
	Entered law office of John Irving in New York city.		
1807.	Death of Irving's father.		*Salmagundi* begun.
	Travel.		Editors { Washington Irving. James K. Paulding. William Irving.
		Literary experiments in *Salmagundi* suggest essays written later.	alias { Launcelot Langstaff. Anthony Evergreen. William Wizard.
1808.	*Travel.* Second trip to Montreal.	Knickerbocker's "History of New York" begun as a burlesque on a recently published book.	
1809.	Death of Matilda Hoffman.	Acquaintance with Jesse Merwin (Ichabod Crane).	
	Poor health, residence at Kinderhook, Ravenswood, etc.		Writing on the "History of New York." Published in December.

1810.	Organization of firm of P. and E. Irving, New York. P. Irving and Company (Washington Irving), London. *Travel.* Washington, D.C.		Contributor, then editor of magazine called (1) *Select Reviews;* (2) *Analectic Magazine.*
1812–1814.	Resident in New York. Aide to Governor Tompkins. *Travel.* To Sackett's Harbor, Lake Champlain, etc.	"Traits of Indian Character" and "Philip of Pokanoket" were written for this magazine.	
1815.	In New York and Philadelphia. *May.* Sailed for Liverpool. In England. In Liverpool, with Peter; in Birmingham, with sister, Mrs. Henry Van Wart. *Travel.* Excursions to Kenilworth, Warwick, Stratford-on-Avon, Wales, etc.	The first of several excursions to the home of Shakespeare.	
1816.	In Liverpool and Birmingham. *Travel.* Excursions, especially in Derbyshire. Beginning of difficulties in business.		
1817.	In charge of office in Liverpool. *Travel.* Excursion in Wales. In August, three weeks in London; in September, excursion to Scotland, Abbotsford.	Material for "Little Britain," "Boar's Head in Eastcheap," etc. Material for "Abbotsford," drawn from notes written at this time.	
1818.	Bankruptcy of Irving Brothers. (Cause, War of 1812.) *August.* Went to London to enter on the profession of letters.	Rambles and antiquarian research at this time furnished material for "The Sketch-Book."	
1819.	Declined a position in the Navy department, Washington.		Publication of "The Sketch-Book" begun, in New York.

References are by volume and page, to "Life and Letters," edited by Pierre M. Irving.

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING. — *Continued*

	RESIDENCE, TRAVELS, ETC.	MATERIALS OF LITERARY WORKS	PUBLISHED WORKS
1820.	Murray consents to publish for Irving.	Murray was influenced to undertake "The Sketch-Book," by Sir Walter Scott.	Numbers of "The Sketch-Book," concluded; published in book form in New York and in London.
1821.	Summer in Paris. Autumn in London. *Excursion* to Birmingham and Derbyshire.	The Wet Sunday at Oxford furnished material for "The Stout Gentleman," of Bracebridge Hall, I, 397.	"History of New York," reprinted in London.
1822.	In London.	Characters of "Bracebridge Hall" drawn from Christmas Essays of "The Sketch-Book."	"Bracebridge Hall," published simultaneously in England and in America.
1822–1823.	In Germany, and in Paris; poor health.	Studying German literature, scenes, society, etc.	
1824.	In London and in "Rural England."	Studying Spanish. "Life of Washington" suggested.	"Tales of a Traveller," written and published; in London, in 2 vols.; in New York, in 4 vols.
1825.	In Paris.	"American Essays," partly written; never completed or published. Met in Paris A. H. Everett, minister of United States at Madrid.	
1826.	*January.* Invited to join the Embassy at Madrid, as an attaché of the Legation.	Translation of Navarrete's "Voyages of Columbus" proposed.	
1826–1831.	In Spain. *Travel.* Many tours in Grenada, Andalusia, Barbary States, etc.	Lived in house of the American Consul, O. Rich, and had free use of an invaluable collection of books on colonial history. This enabled Irving to undertake the "Life of Columbus."	Writing "Life of Columbus." Engaged on a rough draft of "Conquest of Grenada."

1826.	Visit of Lieut. A. Slidell, of U.S. Navy, in Madrid.	Slidell furnished the paper on the route of Columbus for the "Life"; see II, 69, and Appendix.	
1827.			"Life of Columbus," concluded and published.
1828.		Material collected while engaged on "The Life of Columbus," II, 129.	
1829.			"Chronicle of the Conquest of Grenada," published in London and in New York.
1828–1829.			Abridgment of "Life of Columbus," completed in nineteen days, in November; published in America, in 1829.
	November–April, in Seville.		
1829.	*May.* Resident in the Alhambra. Appointed Secretary of Legation at the Court of St. James.	Writing "The Legends of the Conquest of Spain." Collected materials for finishing Spanish subjects.	
	Return to London.	Resolved upon a "Life of Washington."	
1829–1831.	Secretary of Legation in London. Retired Sept. 20, 1831. Last visit of Scott. Visit at Barlborough Hall.	Might have served as original of Bracebridge Hall, in Christmas Essays, II, 215.	
1831.	D. C. L., Oxford. *Excursion* to Newstead Abbey, home of Lord Byron.	Material for essay in "Crayon Miscellany."	"Voyages of the Companions of Columbus," published in London and in Philadelphia.
1831–1832.	*December and January.* Tour with Mr. Van Buren, American minister, to Barlborough Hall, Newstead Abbey.	Witnessed old fashioned observance of holiday festivities, as described in Christmas Essays.	"The Alhambra," published in London; in France, in translation; in New York.
1832.	Returned to the United States. *Travel.* Up the Hudson. *September.* Tour in the West.	First visit to scenes of "Rip Van Winkle." This furnished materials for "A Tour on the Prairies."	
1833.	*Travel.*—Winter in Washington. Summer, first visit to the mountain region of the Catskills.		

CHRONOLOGY OF THE LIFE OF WASHINGTON IRVING — *Continued*

RESIDENCE, TRAVELS, ETC.		MATERIALS OF LITERARY WORKS	PUBLISHED WORKS
1834.	In New York.	Material for the "Story of Ralph Ringwood" picked up on a trip to Philadelphia. "Tour on the Prairies," written.	"The Crayon Miscellany."
1835–1836.	Purchase of Wolfert's Roost, afterward Sunnyside.	Wrote "Astoria" with Pierre M. Irving.	1. A Tour on the Prairies.
	Resided at Hell Gate with Mr. Astor.	Material in letters, journals, etc., in the hands of Mr. Astor.	2. Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey.
	October. Sunnyside occupied.	The material of the Adventures was a mass of travelling notes, maps, etc., purchased from Captain Bonneville of the U. S. Army.	3. Legends of the Conquest of Spain, published in London and in New York.
1836–1842.	At Sunnyside.	Engaged upon a "Conquest of Mexico." Given up upon learning that Prescott was engaged upon the same subject.	"Astoria," published in London and in Philadelphia.
1838.			1837, "Adventures of Captain Bonneville," London and Philadelphia.
1839–1841.	*Knickerbocker Magazine*, established.	Irving contributed articles for two years.	Many essays in *Knickerbocker's Magazine*, reprinted in "Wolfert's Roost."
1840.			"Biography of Goldsmith," in Harper's Family Library.
1842–1846.	Minister to Spain.	Poor health and official duties prevented literary work: materials collected.	
1846–1859.	In New York.	Literary work irregular, on account of other engagements, and of poor health.	Revision of complete works. New editions.
	At Sunnyside.		Also, in book form, 1849, "Oliver Goldsmith."
			1850, "Mahomet and his Successors."
			1855, "Wolfert's Roost."
1859.	Death of Irving at Sunnyside.		1856–1859, "Life of Washington."

THE AUTHOR'S APOLOGY FOR "THE SKETCH-BOOK"

A FEW words from the Prospectus of the first edition seem a most fitting introduction to "The Sketch-Book."

"The following writings are published on experiment; should they please they may be followed by others. The writer will have to contend with some disadvantages. He is unsettled in his abode, subject to interruptions, and has his share of cares and vicissitudes. He cannot, therefore, promise a regular plan, nor regular periods of publication. Should he be encouraged to proceed, much time may elapse between the appearance of his numbers; and their size will depend on the materials he may have on hand. His writings will partake of the fluctuations of his own thoughts and feelings — sometimes treating of scenes before him, sometimes of others purely imaginary, and sometimes wandering back with his recollections to his native country. He will not be able to give them that tranquil attention necessary to finished composition; and as they must be transmitted across the Atlantic for publication, he will have to trust to others to correct the frequent errors of the press. Should his writings, however, with all their imperfections, be well received, he cannot conceal that it would be a source of the purest gratification; for though he does not aspire to those high honors which are the rewards of loftier intellects, yet it is the dearest wish of his heart to have a secure and cherished, though humble corner in the good opinions and kind feelings of his countrymen."

"SUNNYSIDE," THE HOME OF WASHINGTON IRVING

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THE SKETCH-BOOK

THE AUTHOR'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF

"I am of this mind with Homer, that as the snaile that crept out of her shel was turned eftsoons into a toad, and thereby was forced to make a stoole to sit on; so the traveller that straggleth from his owne country is in a short time transformed into so monstrous a shape that he is faine to alter his mansion with his manners, and to live where he can, not where he would." — LYLY'S EUPHUES.

1. I was always fond of visiting new scenes, and observing strange characters and manners. Even when a mere child I began my travels, and made many tours of discovery into foreign parts and unknown regions of my native city, to the frequent alarm of my parents, and the emolument of the town-crier. As I grew into boyhood, I extended the range of my observations. My holiday afternoons were spent in rambles about the surrounding country. I made myself familiar with all its places famous in history or fable. I knew every spot where a murder or robbery had been committed, or a ghost seen. I visited the neighboring villages, and added greatly to my stock of knowledge by noting their habits and customs, and conversing with their sages and great men. I even journeyed one long summer's day to the summit of the most distant hill, whence I stretched my eye over many a mile of *terra incognita*, and was astonished to find how vast a globe I inhabited.

2. This rambling propensity strengthened with my years. Books of voyages and travels became my passion, and in devouring their contents, I neglected the regular exercises of the school. How wistfully would I wander about the pier-heads in fine weather, and watch the parting ships, bound to distant climes; with what longing eyes would I gaze after their lessening sails, and waft myself in imagination to the ends of the earth!

3. Further reading and thinking, though they brought this vague inclination into more reasonable bounds, only served to make it more decided. I visited various parts of my own country; and had I been merely a lover of fine scenery, I should have felt little desire to seek elsewhere its gratification, for on no country have the charms of nature been more prodigally lavished. Her mighty lakes, like oceans of liquid silver, her mountains, with their bright aërial tints; her valleys, teeming with wild fertility; her tremendous cataracts, thundering in their solitudes; her boundless plains, waving with spontaneous verdure; her broad deep rivers, rolling in solemn silence to the ocean; her trackless forests, where vegetation puts forth all its magnificence; her skies, kindling with the magic of summer clouds and glorious sunshine; — no, never need an American look beyond his own country for the sublime and beautiful of natural scenery.

4. But Europe held forth the charms of storied and poetical association. There were to be seen the masterpiece of art, the refinements of highly cultivated society, the quaint peculiarities of ancient and local custom. My native country was full of youthful promise: Europe was rich in the accumulated treasures of age. Her very ruins told the history of times gone by, and every mouldering stone was a chronicle. I longed to wander over the scenes of renowned achievement, — to tread, as it were, in the footsteps of antiquity, — to loiter about the ruined castle, — to meditate on the falling tower, — to escape, in short, from the commonplace realities of the present, and lose myself among the shadowy grandeurs of the past.

5. I had, beside all this, an earnest desire to see the great men of the earth. We have, it is true, our great men in America: not a city but has an ample share of them. I have mingled among them in my time, and been almost withered by the shade into which they cast me; for there is nothing so baleful to a small man as the shade of a great one, particularly the great man of a city. But I was anxious to see the great men of Europe; for I had read in the works of various philosophers, that all animals degenerated in America, and man among the number. A great man of Europe,

thought I, must therefore be as superior to a great man of America as a peak of the Alps to a highland of the Hudson; and in this idea I was confirmed by observing the comparative importance and swelling magnitude of many English travellers among us, who, I was assured, were very little people in their own country. I will visit this land of wonders, thought I, and see the gigantic race from which I am degenerated.

6. It has been either my good or evil lot to have my roving passion gratified. I have wandered through different countries, and witnessed many of the shifting scenes of life. I cannot say that I have studied them with the eye of a philosopher, but rather with the sauntering gaze with which humble lovers of the picturesque stroll from the window of one print-shop to another, caught sometimes by the delineations of beauty, sometimes by the distortions of caricature, and sometimes by the loveliness of landscape. As it is the fashion for modern tourists to travel pencil in hand, and bring home their portfolios filled with sketches, I am disposed to get up a few for the entertainment of my friends. When, however, I look over the hints and memorandums I have taken down for the purpose, my heart almost fails me at finding how my idle humor has led me aside from the great objects studied by every regular traveller who would make a book. I fear I shall give equal disappointment with an unlucky landscape-painter, who had travelled on the continent, but, following the bent of his vagrant inclination, had sketched in nooks, and corners, and by-places. His sketch-book was accordingly crowded with cottages, and landscapes, and obscure ruins; but he had neglected to paint St. Peter's, or the Coliseum; the cascade of Terni, or the bay of Naples; and had not a single glacier or volcano in his whole collection.

THE VOYAGE

[COMMENT. — "The Voyage" is Irving's memory of the effect of the sea-voyage upon himself, and of his occupations during the time spent upon the sea. Other travellers would write of real occupations, of games, of Sunday services, promenades on deck, companions of the voyage, etc., but Irving speaks only of his own mental occupations. Each that he mentions leads by some natural association or suggestion to the next one to be described. Thus, from the beginning of the essay, there is a close sequence of thought. In the first place, he contrasts the effect on the mind, of a sea-voyage and that of a land journey; this naturally leads the author to speak of his own experience as illustrating what he has just written. Then, in the beginning of paragraph four, by way of transition and introduction he writes, ". . . a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation," — and from here on to the end of the essay, each topic suggests the next. D.]

Ships, ships, I will descrie you
Amidst the main,
I will come and try you,
What you are protecting,
And projecting.
What's your end and aim.
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealthy lading.
Halloo! my fancie, whither wilt thou go? — OLD POEM.

1. To an American visiting Europe, the long voyage he has to make is an excellent preparative. The temporary absence of worldly scenes and employments produces a state of mind peculiarly fitted to receive new and vivid impressions. The vast space of waters that separates the hemispheres is like a blank page in existence. There is no gradual transition, by which, as in Europe, the features and population of one country blend almost imperceptibly with those of another. From the moment you lose sight of the land you have left, all is vacancy until you step on the opposite shore, and are launched at once into the bustle and novelties of another world.

2. In travelling by land there is a continuity of scene and a connected succession of persons and incidents, that carry on the story of life, and lessen the effect of absence and separation. We drag, it is true, "a lengthening chain" at each remove of our pilgrimage; but the chain is unbroken: we can trace it back link by link; and we feel that the last still grapples us to home. But a wide sea-voyage severs us at once. It makes us conscious of being cast loose from the secure anchorage of settled life, and sent adrift upon a doubtful world. It interposes a gulf, not merely imaginary, but real, between us and our homes, — a gulf subject to tempest, and fear, and uncertainty, rendering distance palpable, and return precarious.

3. Such, at least, was the case with myself. As I saw the last blue line of my native land fade away like a cloud in the horizon, it seemed as if I had closed one volume of the world and its concerns, and had time for meditation, before I opened another. That land, too, now vanishing from my view, which contained all most dear to me in life; what vicissitudes might occur in it, what changes might take place in me, before I should visit it again! Who can tell, when he sets forth to wander, whither he may be driven by the uncertain currents of existence; or when he may return; or whether it may ever be his lot to revisit the scenes of his childhood?

4. I said that at sea all is vacancy; I should correct the expression. To one given to day-dreaming, and fond of losing himself in reveries, a sea-voyage is full of subjects for meditation; but then they are the wonders of the deep, and of the air, and rather tend to abstract the mind from worldly themes. I delighted to loll over the quarter-railing, or climb to the main-top, of a calm day, and muse for hours together on the tranquil bosom of a summer's sea; to gaze upon the piles of golden clouds just peeping above the horizon, fancy them some fairy realms, and people them with a creation of my own; — to watch the gentle undulating billows, rolling their silver volumes, as if to die away on those happy shores.

5. There was a delicious sensation of mingled security and awe with which I looked down, from my giddy height, on the

monsters of the deep at their uncouth gambols. Shoals of porpoises tumbling about the bow of the ship; the grampus slowly heaving his huge form above the surface; or the ravenous shark, darting, like a spectre, through the blue waters. My imagination would conjure up all that I had heard or read of the watery world beneath me; of the finny herds that roam its fathomless valleys; of the shapeless monsters that lurk among the very foundations of the earth; and of those wild phantasms that swell the tales of fishermen and sailors.

6. Sometimes a distant sail, gliding along the edge of the ocean, would be another theme of idle speculation. How interesting this fragment of a world, hastening to rejoin the great mass of existence! What a glorious monument of human invention; which has in a manner triumphed over wind and wave; has brought the ends of the world into communion; has established an interchange of blessings, pouring into the sterile regions of the north all the luxuries of the south; has diffused the light of knowledge and the charities of cultivated life; and has thus bound together those scattered portions of the human race, between which nature seemed to have thrown an insurmountable barrier.

7. We one day descried some shapeless object drifting at a distance. At sea, everything that breaks the monotony of the surrounding expanse attracts attention. It proved to be the mast of a ship that must have been completely wrecked; for there were the remains of handkerchiefs, by which some of the crew had fastened themselves to this spar, to prevent their being washed off by the waves. There was no trace by which the name of the ship could be ascertained. The wreck had evidently drifted about for many months; clusters of shell-fish had fastened about it, and long seaweeds flaunted at its sides. But where, thought I, is the crew? Their struggle has long been over, — they have gone down amidst the roar of the tempest, — their bones lie whitening among the caverns of the deep. Silence, oblivion, like the waves, have closed over them, and no one can tell the story of their end. What sighs have been wafted after that ship! what prayers offered up at the deserted fireside at home! How often has the

mistress, the wife, the mother, pored over the daily news, to catch some casual intelligence of this rover of the deep! How has expectation darkened into anxiety — anxiety into dread — and dread into despair! Alas! not one memento may ever return for love to cherish. All that may ever be known, is, that she sailed from her port, "and was never heard of more!"

8. The sight of this wreck, as usual, gave rise to many dismal anecdotes. This was particularly the case in the evening, when the weather, which had hitherto been fair, began to look wild and threatening, and gave indications of one of those sudden storms which will sometimes break in upon the serenity of a summer voyage. As we sat round the dull light of a lamp in the cabin, that made the gloom more ghastly, every one had his tale of shipwreck and disaster. I was particularly struck with a short one related by the captain.

9. "As I was once sailing," said he, "in a fine stout ship across the banks of Newfoundland, one of those heavy fogs which prevail in those parts rendered it impossible for us to see far ahead even in the daytime; but at night the weather was so thick that we could not distinguish any object at twice the length of the ship. I kept lights at the mast-head, and a constant watch forward to look out for fishing-smacks, which are accustomed to lie at anchor on the banks. The wind was blowing a smacking breeze, and we were going at a great rate through the water. Suddenly the watch gave the alarm of 'a sail ahead!' — it was scarcely uttered before we were upon her. She was a small schooner, at anchor, with her broadside towards us. The crew were all asleep, and had neglected to hoist a light. We struck her just amidships. The force, the size, and weight of our vessel bore her down below the waves; we passed over her, and were hurried on our course. As the crashing wreck was sinking beneath us, I had a glimpse of two or three half-naked wretches rushing from her cabin; they just started from their beds to be swallowed shrieking by the waves. I heard their drowning cry mingling with the wind. The blast that bore it to our ears swept us out of all farther hearing. I shall never forget that cry! It was some time

before we could put the ship about, she was under such headway. We returned, as nearly as we could guess, to the place where the smack had anchored. We cruised about for several hours in the dense fog. We fired signal-guns, and listened if we might hear the halloo of any survivors; but all was silent — we never saw or heard anything of them more."

10. I confess these stories, for a time, put an end to all my fine fancies. The storm increased with the night. The sea was lashed into tremendous confusion. There was a fearful, sullen sound of rushing waves, and broken surges. Deep called unto deep. At times the black volume of clouds overhead seemed rent asunder by flashes of lightning which quivered along the foaming billows, and made the succeeding darkness doubly terrible. The thunders bellowed over the wild waste of waters, and were echoed and prolonged by the mountain-waves. As I saw the ship staggering and plunging among these roaring caverns, it seemed miraculous that she regained her balance, or preserved her buoyancy. Her yards would dip into the water: her bow was almost buried beneath the waves. Sometimes an impending surge appeared ready to overwhelm her, and nothing but a dexterous movement of the helm preserved her from the shock.

11. When I retired to my cabin, the awful scene still followed me. The whistling of the wind through the rigging sounded like funereal wailings. The creaking of the masts, the straining and groaning of bulk-heads, as the ship labored in the weltering sea, were frightful. As I heard the waves rushing along the sides of the ship, and roaring in my very ear, it seemed as if Death were raging round this floating prison, seeking for his prey: the mere starting of a nail, the yawning of a seam, might give him entrance.

12. A fine day, however, with a tranquil sea and favoring breeze, soon put all these dismal reflections to flight. It is impossible to resist the gladdening influence of fine weather and fair wind at sea. When the ship is decked out in all her canvas, every sail swelled, and careering gayly over the curling waves, how lofty, how gallant she appears — how she seems to lord it over the deep!

13. I might fill a volume with the reveries of a sea-voyage, for with me it is almost a continual reverie, — but it is time to get to shore.

14. It was a fine sunny morning when the thrilling cry of "land!" was given from the mast-head. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the delicious throng of sensations which rush into an American's bosom, when he first comes in sight of Europe. There is a volume of associations with the very name. It is the land of promise, teeming with everything of which his childhood has heard, or on which his studious years have pondered.

15. From that time until the moment of arrival, it was all feverish excitement. The ships-of-war, that prowled like guardian giants along the coast; the headlands of Ireland, stretching out into the channel; the Welsh mountains, towering into the clouds; all were objects of intense interest. As we sailed up the Mersey, I reconnoitred the shores with a telescope. My eye dwelt with delight on neat cottages, with their trim shrubberies and green grass plots. I saw the mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy, and the taper spire of a village church rising from the brow of a neighboring hill; — all were characteristic of England.

16. The tide and wind were so favorable that the ship was enabled to come at once to the pier. It was thronged with people: some, idle lookers-on; others, eager expectants of friends or relatives. I could distinguish the merchant to whom the ship was consigned. I knew him by his calculating brow and restless air. His hands were thrust into his pockets; he was whistling thoughtfully, and walking to and fro, a small space having been accorded him by the crowd, in deference to his temporary importance. There were repeated cheerings and salutations interchanged between the shore and the ship, as friends happened to recognize each other. I particularly noticed one young woman of humble dress, but interesting demeanor. She was leaning forward from among the crowd; her eye hurried over the ship as it neared the shore, to catch some wished-for countenance. She seemed disappointed and agitated; when I heard a faint voice call her

name. It was from a poor sailor who had been ill all the voyage, and had excited the sympathy of every one on board. When the weather was fine, his messmates had spread a mattress for him on deck in the shade; but of late his illness had so increased, that he had taken to his hammock, and only breathed a wish that he might see his wife before he died. He had been helped on deck as we came up the river, and was now leaning against the shrouds, with a countenance so wasted, so pale, so ghastly, that it was no wonder even the eye of affection did not recognize him. But at the sound of his voice, her eye darted on his features: it read, at once, a whole volume of sorrow; she clasped her hands, uttered a faint shriek, and stood wringing them in silent agony.

17. All now was hurry and bustle. The meetings of acquaintances — the greeting of friends — the consultations of men of business. I alone was solitary and idle. I had no friend to meet, no cheering to receive. I stepped upon the land of my forefathers — but felt that I was a stranger in the land.

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

"As yet a stranger in England and curious."
—W. Irving in "The Country Church" (p. 20).

[Comment. — Irving's point of view in describing rural life in England is that of a traveller who bears in mind the characteristics of the land from which he came and of the people whom, all his life, he has known intimately. Such an one first notices unfamiliar things and at once contrasts them in his own mind with well-known characteristics of life in his own land. Often, what he writes is as interesting to the people of the countries he visits as to those at home; contrasts strike him sharply, and his attention is fastened upon customs so familiar as to have lost all significance among the very persons who habitually observe them.

If the traveller be a thoughtful man, he next seeks to learn the effect upon the inhabitants of the country of a mode of life different from the one he knows, and he directs observation and inquiry to this end. It results that his writing is much more than an entertaining description of pleasant journeying; contrasts or comparisons are suggested; or, inferences and explanations mingle with descriptive passages. In the end, certain typical qualities and characteristics stand forth clearly, and the reader finds that, while following the easy paragraphs of descriptive narration, he has gained an understanding of the land and of its inhabitants that is well proportioned, just, and widely applicable. In this way Irving has written "Rural Life in England."[1] D.]

Oh! friendly to the best pursuits of man,
Friendly to thought, to virtue, and to peace,
Domestic life in rural pleasures past! — Cowper.

1. The stranger who would form a correct opinion of the English character must not confine his observations to the metropolis. He must go forth into the country; he must sojourn in villages and hamlets; he must visit castles, villas, farm-houses, cottages; he must wander through parks and gardens; along hedges and green lanes; he must loiter about

[1] For R. H. Dana's comment on this essay, see "Life and Letters," I, p. 319, or *North American Review*, No. 9, p. 322; for Irving's own reference to the difference between country life in England and country life in America, see "Life and Letters," II, p. 371.

country churches; attend wakes and fairs, and other rural festivals; and cope with the people in all their conditions, and all their habits and humors.

2. In some countries the large cities absorb the wealth and fashion of the nation; they are the only fixed abodes of elegant and intelligent society, and the country is inhabited almost entirely by boorish peasantry. In England, on the contrary, the metropolis is a mere gathering-place, or general rendezvous, of the polite classes, where they devote a small portion of the year to a hurry of gayety and dissipation, and, having indulged this kind of carnival, return again to the apparently more congenial habits of rural life. The various orders of society are therefore diffused over the whole surface of the kingdom, and the most retired neighborhoods afford specimens of the different ranks.

3. The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with the rural feeling. They possess a quick sensibility to the beauties of nature, and a keen relish for the pleasures and employments of the country. This passion seems inherent in them. Even the inhabitants of cities, born and brought up among brick walls and bustling streets, enter with facility into rural habits, and evince a tact for rural occupation. The merchant has his snug retreat in the vicinity of the metropolis, where he often displays as much pride and zeal in the cultivation of his flower-garden, and the maturing of his fruits, as he does in the conduct of his business, and the success of a commercial enterprise. Even those less fortunate individuals who are doomed to pass their lives in the midst of din and traffic, contrive to have something that shall remind them of the green aspect of nature. In the most dark and dingy quarters of the city, the drawing-room window resembles frequently a bank of flowers; every spot capable of vegetation has its grass-plot and flower-bed; and every square its mimic park, laid out with picturesque taste, and gleaming with refreshing verdure.

4. Those who see the Englishman only in town are apt to form an unfavorable opinion of his social character. He is either absorbed in business or distracted by the thousand engagements that dissipate time, thought, and feeling in this

huge metropolis. He has, therefore, too commonly a look of hurry and abstraction. Wherever he happens to be, he is on the point of going somewhere else; at the moment he is talking on one subject, his mind is wandering to another; and while paying a friendly visit, he is calculating how he shall economize time so as to pay the other visits allotted in the morning. An immense metropolis, like London, is calculated to make men selfish and uninteresting. In their casual and transient meetings they can but deal briefly in commonplaces. They present but the cold superficies of character — its rich and genial qualities have no time to be warmed into a flow.

5. It is in the country that the Englishman gives scope to his natural feelings. He breaks loose gladly from the cold formalities and negative civilities of town, throws off his habits of shy reserve, and becomes joyous and free-hearted. He manages to collect round him all the conveniences and elegancies of polite life, and to banish its restraints. His country-seat abounds with every requisite, either for studious retirement, tasteful gratification, or rural exercise. Books, paintings, music, horses, dogs, and sporting implements of all kinds, are at hand. He puts no constraint either upon his guests or himself, but in the true spirit of hospitality provides the means of enjoyment, and leaves every one to partake according to his inclination.

6. The taste of the English in the cultivation of land, and in what is called landscape-gardening, is unrivalled. They have studied nature intently, and discover an exquisite sense of her beautiful forms and harmonious combinations. Those charms which in other countries she lavishes in wild solitudes, are here assembled round the haunts of domestic life. They seem to have caught her coy and furtive graces, and spread them, like witchery, about their rural abodes.

7. Nothing can be more imposing than the magnificence of English park scenery. Vast lawns that extend like sheets of vivid green, with here and there clumps of gigantic trees, heaping up rich piles of foliage: the solemn pomp of groves, and woodland glades, with the deer trooping in silent herds across them; the hare, bounding away to the covert; or the

pheasant, suddenly bursting upon the wing: the brook, taught to wind in natural meanderings or expand into a glassy lake: the sequestered pool, reflecting the quivering trees, with the yellow leaf sleeping on its bosom, and the trout roaming fearlessly about its limpid waters; while some rustic temple or sylvan statue, grown green and dank with age, gives an air of classic sanctity to the seclusion.

8. These are but a few of the features of park scenery; but what most delights me, is the creative talent with which the English decorate the unostentatious abodes of middle life. The rudest habitation, the most unpromising and scanty portion of land, in the hands of an Englishman of taste, becomes a little paradise. With a nicely discriminating eye, he seizes at once upon its capabilities, and pictures in his mind the future landscape. The sterile spot grows into loveliness under his hand, and yet the operations of art which produce the effect are scarcely to be perceived. The cherishing and training of some trees; the cautious pruning of others; the nice distribution of flowers and plants of tender and graceful foliage; the introduction of a green slope of velvet turf; the partial opening to a peep of blue distance, or silver gleam of water: all these are managed with a delicate tact, a pervading yet quiet assiduity, like the magic touchings with which a painter finishes up a favorite picture.

9. The residence of people of fortune and refinement in the country has diffused a degree of taste and elegance in rural economy that descends to the lowest class. The very laborer, with his thatched cottage and narrow slip of ground, attends to their embellishment. The trim hedge, the grass-plot before the door, the little flower-bed bordered with snug box, the woodbine trained up against the wall, and hanging its blossoms about the lattice, the pot of flowers in the window, the holly providently planted about the house, to cheat winter of its dreariness, and to throw in a semblance of green summer to cheer the fireside: all these bespeak the influence of taste, flowing down from high sources, and pervading the lowest levels of the public mind. If ever Love, as poets sing, delights to visit a cottage, it must be the cottage of an English peasant.

10. The fondness for rural life among the higher classes of the English has had a great and salutary effect upon the national character. I do not know a finer race of men than the English gentlemen. Instead of the softness and effeminacy which characterize the men of rank in most countries, they exhibit a union of elegance and strength, a robustness of frame and freshness of complexion which I am inclined to attribute to their living so much in the open air, and pursuing so eagerly the invigorating recreations of the country. These hardy exercises produce also a healthful tone of mind and spirits, and a manliness and simplicity of manners which even the follies and dissipations of the town cannot easily pervert, and can never entirely destroy. In the country, too, the different orders of society seem to approach more freely, to be more disposed to blend and operate favorably upon each other. The distinctions between them do not appear to be so marked and impassable as in the cities. The manner in which property has been distributed into small estates and farms has established a regular gradation from the noblemen, through the classes of gentry, small landed proprietors, and substantial farmers, down to the laboring peasantry; and while it has thus banded the extremes of society together, has infused into each intermediate rank a spirit of independence. This, it must be confessed, is not so universally the case at present as it was formerly, the larger estates having, in late years of distress, absorbed the smaller, and, in some parts of the country, almost annihilated the sturdy race of small farmers. These, however, I believe, are but casual breaks in the general system I have mentioned.

11. In rural occupation there is nothing mean and debasing. It leads a man forth among scenes of natural grandeur and beauty; it leaves him to the workings of his own mind, operated upon by the purest and most elevating of external influences. Such a man may be simple and rough, but he cannot be vulgar. The man of refinement, therefore, finds nothing revolting in an intercourse with the lower orders in rural life, as he does when he casually mingles with the lower orders of cities. He lays aside his distance and reserve, and is

glad to waive the distinctions of rank, and to enter into the honest, heartfelt enjoyments of common life. Indeed the very amusements of the country bring men more and more together; and the sound of hound and horn blend all feelings into harmony. I believe this is one great reason why the nobility and gentry are more popular among the inferior orders in England than they are in any other country; and why the latter have endured so many excessive pressures and extremities, without repining more generally at the unequal distribution of fortune and privilege.

12. To this mingling of cultivated and rustic society may also be attributed the rural feeling that runs through British literature; the frequent use of illustrations from rural life; those incomparable descriptions of nature that abound in the British poets, that have continued down from "The Flower and the Leaf" of Chaucer, and have brought into our closets all the freshness and fragrance of the dewy landscape. The pastoral writers of other countries appear as if they had paid nature an occasional visit, and become acquainted with her general charms; but the British poets have lived and revelled with her — they have wooed her in her most secret haunts — they have watched her minutest caprices. A spray could not tremble in the breeze — a leaf could not rustle to the ground — a diamond drop could not patter in the stream — a fragrance could not exhale from the humble violet, nor a daisy unfold its crimson tints to the morning, but it has been noticed by these impassioned and delicate observers, and wrought up into some beautiful morality.

13. The effect of this devotion of elegant minds to rural occupations has been wonderful on the face of the country. A great part of the island is rather level, and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studded and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home-scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by

THE HEIR PRESUMPTIVE
From the painting by G. H. Boughton

groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness.

14. The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and reverend custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal; its Gothic tower; its windows rich with tracery and painted glass, in scrupulous preservation; its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil; its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields, and kneel at the same altar; — the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants; — the stile and foot-path leading from the churchyard, across pleasant fields, and along shady hedgerows, according to an immemorial right of way; — the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported; — the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene: all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, and hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation.

15. It is a pleasing sight of a Sunday morning, when the bell is sending its sober melody across the quiet fields, to behold the peasantry in their best finery, with ruddy faces and modest cheerfulness, thronging tranquilly along the green lanes to church; but it is still more pleasing to see them in the evenings, gathering about their cottage-doors, and appearing to exult in the humble comforts and embellishments which their own hands have spread around them.

16. It is this sweet home-feeling, this settled repose of affection in the domestic scene, that is, after all, the parent

of the steadiest virtues and purest enjoyments; and I cannot close these desultory remarks better than by quoting the words of a modern English poet, who has depicted it with remarkable felicity: —

> Through each gradation, from the castled hall,
> The city dome, the villa crown'd with shade,
> But chief from modest mansions numberless,
> In town or hamlet, shelt'ring middle life,
> Down to the cottaged vale, and straw-roof'd shed;
> This western isle hath long been famed for scenes
> Where bliss domestic finds a dwelling-place;
> Domestic bliss, that, like a harmless dove,
> (Honor and sweet endearment keeping guard,)
> Can centre in a little quiet nest
> All that desire would fly for through the earth;
> That can, the world eluding, be itself
> A world enjoy'd; that wants no witnesses
> But its own sharers, and approving heaven;
> That, like a flower deep hid in rocky cleft,
> Smiles, though 'tis looking only at the sky.[1]

[1] From a poem on the death of the Princess Charlotte, by the Reverend Rann Kennedy, A.M.

AN ENGLISH COUNTRY CHURCH

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

[Comment. — This essay illustrates Irving's usual habit of organization in his written papers; there is, first, a general statement which serves as an explanation of his own special interest; then follows a descriptive narrative in which place, circumstances, particulars pertinent to the topic, gradually lead the reader to the point of view, or to the incident, in the author's mind from the beginning. In this essay, the general observation takes the form of an incident. D.]

> A gentleman!
> What, o' the Woolpack? or the sugar-chest?
> Or lists of velvet? which is 't, pound, or yard,
> You vend your gentry by? — Beggar's Bush.

1. There are few places more favorable to the study of character than an English country church. I was once passing a few weeks at the seat of a friend, who resided in the vicinity of one, the appearance of which particularly struck my fancy. It was one of those rich morsels of quaint antiquity which give such a peculiar charm to English landscape. It stood in the midst of a country filled with ancient families, and contained, within its cold and silent aisles, the congregated dust of many noble generations. The interior walls were incrusted with monuments of every age and style. The light streamed through windows dimmed with armorial bearings, richly emblazoned in stained glass. In various parts of the church were tombs of knights and high-born dames, of gorgeous workmanship, with their effigies in colored marble. On every side the eye was struck with some instance of aspiring mortality; some haughty memorial which human pride had erected over its kindred dust, in this temple of the most humble of all religions.

2. The congregation was composed of the neighboring people of rank, who sat in pews, sumptuously lined and cushioned, furnished with richly gilded prayer-books, and decorated with their arms upon the pew-doors; of the villagers and peasantry, who filled the back seats, and a small gallery beside the organ;

and of the poor of the parish, who were ranged on benches in the aisles.

3. The service was performed by a snuffling, well-fed vicar, who had a snug dwelling near the church. He was a privileged guest at all the tables of the neighborhood, and had been the keenest fox-hunter in the country; until age and good living had disabled him from doing anything more than ride to see the hounds throw off, and make one at the hunting-dinner.

4. Under the ministry of such a pastor, I found it impossible to get into the train of thought suitable to the time and place: so, having, like many other feeble Christians, compromised with my conscience, by laying the sin of my own delinquency at another person's threshold, I occupied myself by making observations on my neighbors.

5. I was as yet a stranger in England, and curious to notice the manners of its fashionable classes. I found, as usual, that there was the least pretension where there was the most acknowledged title to respect. I was particularly struck, for instance, with the family of a nobleman of high rank, consisting of several sons and daughters. Nothing could be more simple and unassuming than their appearance. They generally came to church in the plainest equipage, and often on foot. The young ladies would stop and converse in the kindest manner with the peasantry, caress the children, and listen to the stories of the humble cottagers. Their countenances were open and beautifully fair, with an expression of high refinement, but, at the same time, a frank cheerfulness, and an engaging affability. Their brothers were tall, and elegantly formed. They were dressed fashionably, but simply; with strict neatness and propriety, but without any mannerism or foppishness. Their whole demeanor was easy and natural, with that lofty grace and noble frankness which bespeak freeborn souls that have never been checked in their growth by feelings of inferiority. There is a healthful hardiness about real dignity, that never dreads contact and communion with others, however humble. It is only spurious pride that is morbid and sensitive, and shrinks from every touch. I was

pleased to see the manner in which they would converse with the peasantry about those rural concerns and field-sports in which the gentlemen of this country so much delight. In these conversations there was neither haughtiness on the one part, nor servility on the other; and you were only reminded of the difference of rank by the habitual respect of the peasant.

6. In contrast to these was the family of a wealthy citizen, who had amassed a vast fortune; and, having purchased the estate and mansion of a ruined nobleman in the neighborhood, was endeavoring to assume all the style and dignity of an hereditary lord of the soil. The family always came to church *en prince*. They were rolled majestically along in a carriage emblazoned with arms. The crest glittered in silver radiance from every part of the harness where a crest could possibly be placed. A fat coachman, in a three-cornered hat, richly laced, and a flaxen wig, curling close round his rosy face, was seated on the box, with a sleek Danish dog beside him. Two footmen, in gorgeous liveries, with huge bouquets, and gold-headed canes, lolled behind. The carriage rose and sunk on its long springs with peculiar stateliness of motion. The very horses champed their bits, arched their necks, and glanced their eyes more proudly than common horses; either because they had caught a little of the family feeling, or were reined up more tightly than ordinary.

7. I could not but admire the style with which this splendid pageant was brought up to the gate of the churchyard. There was a vast effect produced at the turning of an angle of the wall; — a great smacking of the whip, straining and scrambling of horses, glistening of harness, and flashing of wheels through gravel. This was the moment of triumph and vainglory to the coachman. The horses were urged and checked until they were fretted into a foam. They threw out their feet in a prancing trot, dashing about pebbles at every step. The crowd of villagers sauntering quietly to church, opened precipitately to the right and left, gaping in vacant admiration. On reaching the gate, the horses were pulled up with a suddenness that produced an immediate stop, and almost threw them on their haunches.

8. There was an extraordinary hurry of the footmen to alight, pull down the steps, and prepare everything for the descent on earth of this august family. The old citizen first emerged his round red face from out the door, looking about him with the pompous air of a man accustomed to rule on 'Change, and shake the Stock Market with a nod. His consort, a fine, fleshy, comfortable dame, followed him. There seemed, I must confess, but little pride in her composition. She was the picture of broad, honest, vulgar enjoyment. The world went well with her; and she liked the world. She had fine clothes, a fine house, a fine carriage, fine children, everything was fine about her: it was nothing but driving about, and visiting and feasting. Life was to her a perpetual revel; it was one long Lord Mayor's day.

9. Two daughters succeeded to this goodly couple. They certainly were handsome; but had a supercilious air, that chilled admiration, and disposed the spectator to be critical. They were ultra-fashionable in dress; and, though no one could deny the richness of their decorations, yet their appropriateness might be questioned amidst the simplicity of a country church. They descended loftily from the carriage, and moved up the line of peasantry with a step that seemed dainty of the soil it trod on. They cast an exclusive glance around, that passed coldly over the burly faces of the peasantry, until they met the eyes of the nobleman's family, when their countenances immediately brightened into smiles, and they made the most profound and elegant courtesies, which were returned in a manner that showed they were but slight acquaintances.

10. I must not forget the two sons of this aspiring citizen, who came to church in a dashing curricle, with outriders. They were arrayed in the extremity of the mode, with all that pedantry of dress which marks the man of questionable pretensions to style. They kept entirely by themselves, eying every one askance that came near them, as if measuring his claims to respectability; yet they were without conversation, except the exchange of an occasional cant phrase. They even moved artificially; for their bodies, in compliance with

the caprice of the day, had been disciplined into the absence of all ease and freedom. Art had done everything to accomplish them as men of fashion, but nature had denied them the nameless grace. They were vulgarly shaped, like men formed for the common purposes of life, and had that air of supercilious assumption which is never seen in the true gentleman.

11. I have been rather minute in drawing the pictures of these two families, because I considered them specimens of what is often to be met with in this country — the unpretending great, and the arrogant little. I have no respect for titled rank, unless it be accompanied with true nobility of soul; but I have remarked in all countries where artificial distinctions exist, that the very highest classes are always the most courteous and unassuming. Those who are well assured of their own standing are least apt to trespass on that of others; whereas nothing is so offensive as the aspirings of vulgarity, which thinks to elevate itself by humiliating its neighbor.

12. As I have brought these families into contrast, I must notice their behavior in church. That of the nobleman's family was quiet, serious, and attentive. Not that they appeared to have any fervor of devotion, but rather a respect for sacred things, and sacred places, inseparable from good breeding. The others, on the contrary, were in a perpetual flutter and whisper; they betrayed a continual consciousness of finery, and a sorry ambition of being the wonders of a rural congregation.

13. The old gentleman was the only one really attentive to the service. He took the whole burden of family devotion upon himself, standing bolt upright, and uttering the responses with a loud voice that might be heard all over the church. It was evident that he was one of those thorough church and king men, who connect the idea of devotion and loyalty; who consider the Deity, somehow or other, of the government party, and religion "a very excellent sort of thing that ought to be countenanced and kept up."

14. When he joined so loudly in the service, it seemed more

by way of example to the lower orders, to show them that, though so great and wealthy, he was not above being religious; as I have seen a turtle-fed alderman swallow publicly a basin of charity soup, smacking his lips at every mouthful, and pronouncing it "excellent food for the poor."

15. When the service was at an end, I was curious to witness the several exits of my groups. The young noblemen and their sisters, as the day was fine, preferred strolling home across the fields, chatting with the country people as they went. The others departed as they came, in grand parade. Again were the equipages wheeled up to the gate. There was again the smacking of whips, the clattering of hoofs, and the glittering of harness. The horses started off almost at a bound; the villagers again hurried to right and left; the wheels threw up a cloud of dust; and the aspiring family was rapt out of sight in a whirlwind.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

[COMMENT. — The essay called "The Widow and her Son," is in narrative form, and, although it reads very easily and pleasantly, the form is more complex and difficult than in many a long, exciting story. In fact, there are in it the elements or skeleton outlines of three different stories, each inclosed within, or dependent upon, another. First, is the story of the stranger travelling in England, who frequents the country church; this runs like a thread or setting to the end of the essay; the traveller is the narrator of the incident Irving wishes to tell. A few lines, here and there, remind the reader of his personality, and outline his story as it originally occurred from the beginning when he first observed the old woman sitting alone on the steps of the altar, to the moment when he heard of her death.

The story of the poor woman as it came to the knowledge of the narrator is next; it is this for which the essay was written, and the author tells it to us because it interested him deeply; our interest in the story arises chiefly through the interest of our friend, the traveller, and for this reason he tells the incidents in the order in which he learned of them; the very first part of the real story, coming last of all. Finally, there is the story told by the friend of poor Mrs. Somers; — only from a friend who had long known the family could a stranger learn the earlier parts of the widow's story. There is, also, a fourth story, the real story of George Somers and his parents; if this story should be written in the order in which it occurred, it would differ in its detail and arrangement from every one of the stories narrated by Irving in this essay. D.]

> Pittie olde age, within whose silver haires
> Honour and reverence evermore have rain'd.
>
> — MARLOWE'S TAMBURLAINE.

1. Those who are in the habit of remarking such matters, must have noticed the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday. The clacking of the mill, the regularly recurring stroke of the flail, the din of the blacksmith's hammer, the whistling of the ploughman, the rattling of the cart, and all other sounds of rural labor are suspended. The very farm-dogs bark less frequently, being less disturbed by passing travellers. At such times I have almost fancied the winds

sunk into quiet, and that the sunny landscape, with its fresh green tints melting into blue haze, enjoyed the hallowed calm.

> Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
> The bridal of the earth and sky.

Well was it ordained that the day of devotion should be a day of rest. The holy repose which reigns over the face of nature has its moral influence; every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us. For my part, there are feelings that visit me, in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, I think I am a better man on Sunday than on any other day of the seven.

2. During my recent residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles; its mouldering monuments; its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation; but being in a wealthy, aristocratic neighborhood, the glitter of fashion penetrated even into the sanctuary; and I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being in the whole congregation who appeared thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian was a poor decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes would not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor

woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

3. I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, round which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew-trees which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the churchyard; where, from the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe; but there was one real mourner who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased, the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by an humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

4. As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued forth from the church-porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeel-

ingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church-door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

5. I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased — "George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer, but I could perceive by a feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of her lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

6. Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was that bustling stir which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which at the grave of those we love, is, of all sounds, the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation — "Nay, now — nay, now — don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

7. As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

8. I could see no more — my heart swelled into my throat — my eyes filled with tears — I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by, and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the churchyard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

9. When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her. What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich! They have friends to soothe — pleasures to beguile — a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young! Their growing minds soon close above the wound — their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure — their green and ductile affections soon twine round new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe, — the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no after-growth of joy, — the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years: these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

10. It was some time before I left the churchyard. On my way homeward I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

11. The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and a blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. — "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to every one around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church, — for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

12. Unfortunately, the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service

of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling toward her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage, in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied from the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage-door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye, — "Oh, my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy, George?" It was indeed the wreck of her once noble lad, who, shattered by wounds, by sickness and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

13. I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where joy and sorrow were so completely blended: still he was alive! he was come home! he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on

which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never rose from it again.

14. The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk — he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

15. There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency; who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to her son that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity; — and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

16. Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe, — lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would start from a feverish dream, and look anxiously up until he saw her bending over him; when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep, with the tranquillity of a child. In this way he died.

17. My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer

pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

18. The next Sunday I was at the village church, when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

19. She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty: a black ribbon or so, a faded black handkerchief, and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow, at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

20. I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known and friends are never parted.

IRVING'S OLD CHRISTMAS

PRELIMINARY COMMENT

Irving's Christmas essays represent, primarily, his researches in old books, but the knowledge thus gained he enkindled with his own peculiar gift of imagination. He was fond of re-creating scenes belonging to periods of time long since forgotten. In his travels, he sought out places already familiar in thought; wandering alone, and musing at will, he presently found himself surrounded by shadowy personages evoked from the past. Often this imaginary world became so real to him that the very incidents set down in the pages of old books seemed to re-enact themselves in the surroundings wherein they first took place. Actors long since forgotten kept him company; great events or old-time revelries repeated themselves with vivid reality, and afterwards, in memory, he could scarcely distinguish imaginary scenes and characters from those once visible to the eyes.

Often no more is set down than we may read for ourselves in antiquarian books, but we derive a new pleasure from the pages, due chiefly to the charm of the author's personality. With him, we wander for an hour in strange lands, we share his curiosity, and perceive contrasts unnoticed before; while the quickened love of home that travellers feel stirs within us. More than this, Irving lends to us, for the nonce, his own temperament, his own retrospective imagination. For us, also, England becomes the home land from which our race came. The speech of the English is our own; their homes are the very ones from which the most intimate and sacred customs of our own households have been derived. Keenly alive to every older phase of familiar manners, we return with our author as children to the roof-tree under which our fathers and mothers were bred.

In reality, the feeling that moves us is not the curiosity of the traveller; a deeper emotion stirs in our hearts as we recognize with wonder and affection the sources of our own personal life and being. A holiday custom carelessly maintained on the banks of the Hudson assumes a wholly new significance to the wanderer from that distant place when he sees the same observance immemorially handed down in the land from which his fathers came. This is the service

that Irving renders the reader; he places him in the true, the only, point of view for vital interest in the past. He makes him feel that the past is, in one way or another, the inheritance of each one of us; in returning to it, we are re-creating scenes, realizing motives and customs, which determined, in great degree, the complexion of the lives we ourselves lead, since they were bred in the blood and bone of our own ancestry.

In form, the Christmas papers, beginning with "The Stage Coach," are *narrative essays*. If Irving had interested us more deeply in the characters, and introduced a few exciting incidents, he would have written a story instead of an essay, but he cared most to observe and understand the manners and customs of the English people, and it was his wish to excite a like sympathetic interest in his readers. He used a slight thread of narrative because it furnished an easy means of passing from one scene to the next. In this way, also, he was able to give reality to the revelry of Christmas time, and make the pageant enacted in his own mind appear in actual form. The reader must not consider that the Squire, or Frank, or Master Simon, are real persons, but neither must he conclude that they are no more than lay figures devised to carry the narrative. Each one is intended to represent the qualities of some member of a typical family, and the picture in Irving's mind was drawn from personal acquaintance with many individuals of the class he wished to represent. For the reader, the narrative element mingling in these essays heightens greatly the interest; the author makes of himself a character and leads us thus to share experiences which, without his genial companionship, might not have appealed to our own slower imagination.

In a letter to his brother, soon after the publication of the Christmas papers, Irving defines his purpose in writing them. He says: —

> The article you object to, about Christmas, is written for peculiar tastes — those who are fond of what is quaint in literature and customs. The scenes there depicted are formed upon humors and customs peculiar to the English and illustrative of their greatest holiday. The old rhymes which are interspersed are but selections from many which I found among old works in the British Museum, little read even by Englishmen, and which will have value with some literary men who relish these morsels of antiquated humor. When an article is studied out in this manner, it cannot have that free flowing spirit and humor that one written off-hand has; but then it compensates to some peculiar minds by the points of character or manners which it illustrates. — Life and Letters I, p. 345.

After the publication of "The Sketch-Book," Lady Lyttleton wrote to Honorable Richard Rush, then American

Minister at the Court of St. James, inquiring about the authorship of that book, since it was attributed by some to Sir Walter Scott. In the correspondence that ensued, Irving mentioned the fact that the observations which formed the basis of "Rural Life in England" were made in the neighborhood of Hagley, Lord Lyttleton's country-seat. In the end, he received an invitation, which he was unable to accept, to pass the holidays at Hagley where the old-fashioned festivities of the Christmas time were observed as described in "The Sketch-Book." There had been some criticism of the Christmas essays on the supposition that they were purely imaginary; Irving, therefore, was especially pleased whenever he found the old-time observances maintained and cherished. In a letter dated Newstead Abbey, January 20, 1832, he gives an account of a tour undertaken to give Mr. Van Buren and his son, recently arrived in England, an idea of English country life and of the festivities of an old-fashioned Christmas. These were found in full course at Barlborough Hall, where the party arrived on Christmas Eve and remained for a fortnight.

The following passage is taken from the chapter called "Plough Monday," in "Newstead Abbey": —

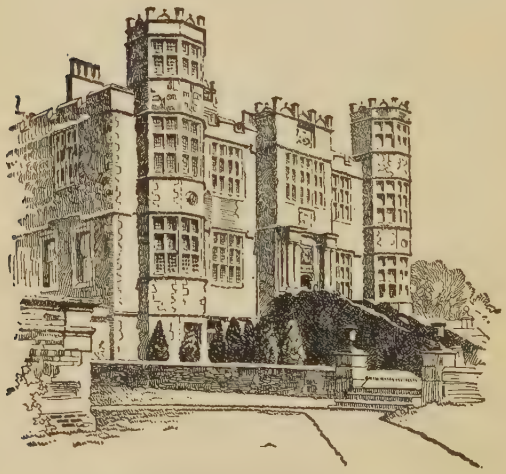
But it is not in "Merry Sherwood Forest" alone that these remnants of old times prevail. They are to be met with in most of the counties north of the Trent, which classic stream seems to be the boundary line of primitive customs. During my recent Christmas sojourn at Barlboro' Hall, on the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, I had witnessed many of the rustic festivities peculiar to that joyous season, which have rashly been pronounced obsolete by those who draw their experience merely from city life. I had seen the great Yule clog put on the fire on Christmas Eve, and the wassail bowl sent round, brimming with its spicy beverage. I had heard carols beneath my window by the choristers of the neighboring village, who went their rounds about the ancient Hall at midnight, according to immemorial custom. We had mummers and mimers too, with the story of St. George and the Dragon, and other ballads and traditional dialogues, together with the famous old interlude of the Hobby Horse, all represented in the antechamber and servants' hall by rustics, who inherited the custom and the poetry from preceding generations.

The boar's head, crowned with rosemary, had taken its honored station among the Christmas cheer; the festal board had been attended by glee singers and minstrels from the village to entertain the company with hereditary songs and catches during their repast; and the old Pyrrhic game of the sword-dance, handed down since the time of the Romans, was admirably performed in the court-yard of the mansion by a band of young men, lithe and supple in their forms and graceful in their movements, who, I was told, went the rounds of the villages and country-seats during the Christmas holidays.

I specify these rural pageants and ceremonials, which I saw during my sojourn in this neighborhood, because it has been deemed that some of the anecdotes of holiday customs given in my preceding

writings related to usages which have entirely passed away. Critics who reside in cities have little idea of the primitive manners and observances which still prevail in remote and rural neighborhoods.

In fact, in crossing the Trent one seems to step back into old times; and in the villages of Sherwood Forest we are in a black-letter region. The moss-green cottages, the lowly mansions of gray stone, the Gothic crosses at each end of the villages, and the tall May-pole in the centre, transport us in imagination to foregone centuries, everything has a quaint and antiquated air. D.]



Barlborough Hall

CHRISTMAS

[COMMENT. — The first of the Christmas papers is merely an introductory essay and follows the usual model. A general statement sets forth indirectly Irving's own special interest in the subject, then statements less general narrow the broad subject of "holiday customs and rural games" to the special festivities and customs of Christmas time, to commemorate which the following essays were written. The last paragraph defines the point of view and the interest of the author himself. D.]

But is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good, gray, old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I cannot have more of him. — HUE AND CRY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

A man might then behold
  At Christmas, in each hall
Good fires to curb the cold,
  And meat for great and small.
The neighbors were friendly bidden,
  And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden
  When this old cap was new. — OLD SONG.

1. Nothing in England exercises a more delightful spell over my imagination than the lingerings of the holiday customs and rural games of former times. They recall the pictures my fancy used to draw in the May morning of life, when as yet I only knew the world through books, and believed it to be all that poets had painted it; and they bring with them the flavor of those honest days of yore, in which, perhaps, with equal fallacy, I am apt to think the world was more homebred, social, and joyous than at present. I regret to say that they are daily growing more and more faint, being gradually worn away by time, but still more obliterated by modern fashion. They resemble those picturesque morsels of Gothic architecture, which we see crumbling in various parts of the country, partly dilapidated by the waste of ages, and partly lost in the additions and alterations of later days. Poetry, however, clings with cherishing fondness about the rural game and holiday revel, from which it has derived so many of its themes — as the ivy winds its rich foliage about the

Gothic arch and mouldering tower, gratefully repaying their support by clasping together their tottering remains, and, as it were, embalming them in verdure.

2. Of all the old festivals, however, that of Christmas awakens the strongest and most heartfelt associations. There is a tone of solemn and sacred feeling that blends with our conviviality, and lifts the spirit to a state of hallowed and elevated enjoyment. The services of the church about this season are extremely tender and inspiring. They dwell on the beautiful story of the origin of our faith, and the pastoral scenes that accompanied its announcement. They gradually increase in fervor and pathos during the season of Advent, until they break forth in full jubilee on the morning that brought peace and good-will to men. I do not know a grander effect of music on the moral feelings than to hear the full choir and the pealing organ performing a Christmas anthem in a cathedral, and filling every part of the vast pile with triumphant harmony.

3. It is a beautiful arrangement, also, derived from days of yore, that this festival, which commemorates the announcement of the religion of peace and love, has been made the season for gathering together of family connections, and drawing closer again those bands of kindred hearts, which the cares and pleasures and sorrows of the world are continually operating to cast loose; of calling back the children of a family, who have launched forth in life, and wandered widely asunder, once more to assemble about the paternal hearth, that rallying-place of the affections, there to grow young and loving again among the endearing mementos of childhood.

4. There is something in the very season of the year that gives a charm to the festivity of Christmas. At other times we derive a great portion of our pleasures from the mere beauties of nature. Our feelings sally forth and dissipate themselves over the sunny landscape, and we "live abroad and everywhere." The song of the bird, the murmur of the stream, the breathing fragrance of spring, the soft voluptuousness of summer, the golden pomp of autumn; earth with its mantle of refreshing green, and heaven with its deep deli-

cious blue and its cloudy magnificence, all fill us with mute but exquisite delight, and we revel in the luxury of mere sensation. But in the depth of winter, when nature lies despoiled of every charm, and wrapped in her shroud of sheeted snow, we turn for our gratifications to moral sources. The dreariness and desolation of the landscape, the short gloomy days and darksome nights, while they circumscribe our wanderings, shut in our feelings also from rambling abroad, and make us more keenly disposed for the pleasure of the social circle. Our thoughts are more concentrated; our friendly sympathies more aroused. We feel more sensibly the charm of each other's society, and are brought more closely together by dependence on each other for enjoyment. Heart calleth unto heart; and we draw our pleasures from the deep wells of loving-kindness, which lie in the quiet recesses of our bosoms; and which, when resorted to, furnish forth the pure element of domestic felicity.

5. The pitchy gloom without makes the heart dilate on entering the room filled with the glow and warmth of the evening fire. The ruddy blaze diffuses an artificial summer and sunshine through the room, and lights up each countenance in a kindlier welcome. (Where does the honest face of hospitality expand into a broader and more cordial smile — where is the shy glance of love more sweetly eloquent — than by the winter fireside?) and as the hollow blast of wintry wind rushes through the hall, claps the distant door, whistles about the casement, and rumbles down the chimney, what can be more grateful than that feeling of sober and sheltered security, with which we look round upon the comfortable chamber and the scene of domestic hilarity?

6. The English, from the great prevalence of rural habit throughout every class of society have always been fond of those festivals and holidays which agreeably interrupt the stillness of country life; and they were, in former days, particularly observant of the religious and social rights of Christmas. It is inspiring to read even the dry details which some antiquaries have given of the quaint humors, the burlesque pageants, the complete abandonment to mirth and good-fel-

lowship, with which this festival was celebrated. It seemed to throw open every door, and unlock every heart. It brought the peasant and the peer together, and blended all ranks in one warm generous flow of joy and kindness. The old halls of castles and manor-houses resounded with the harp and the Christmas carol, and their ample boards groaned under the weight of hospitality. Even the poorest cottage welcomed the festive season with green decorations of bay and holly, — the cheerful fire glanced its rays through the lattice, inviting the passengers to raise the latch, and join the gossip knot huddled round the hearth, beguiling the long evening with legendary jokes and oft-told Christmas tales.

7. One of the least pleasing effects of modern refinement is the havoc it has made among the hearty old holiday customs. It has completely taken off the sharp touchings and spirited reliefs of these embellishments of life, and has worn down society into a more smooth and polished, but certainly a less characteristic surface. Many of the games and ceremonials of Christmas have entirely disappeared, and, like the sherris sack of old Falstaff, are become matters of speculation and dispute among commentators. They flourished in times full of spirit and lustihood, when men enjoyed life roughly, but heartily and vigorously; times wild and picturesque, which have furnished poetry with its richest materials, and the drama with its most attractive variety of characters and manners. The world has become more worldly. There is more of dissipation, and less of enjoyment. Pleasure has expanded into a broader, but a shallower stream, and has forsaken many of those deep and quiet channels where it flowed sweetly through the calm bosom of domestic life. Society has acquired a more enlightened and elegant tone; but it has lost many of its strong local peculiarities, its home-bred feelings, its honest fireside delights. The traditionary customs of golden-hearted antiquity, its feudal hospitalities, and lordly wassailings, have passed away with the baronial castles and stately manor-houses in which they were celebrated. They comported with the shadowy hall, the great oaken gallery, and the tapestried parlor, but are unfitted to

the light showy saloons and gay drawing-rooms of the modern villa.

8. Shorn, however, as it is, of its ancient and festive honors, Christmas is still a period of delightful excitement in England. It is gratifying to see that home-feeling completely aroused which holds so powerful a place in every English bosom. The preparations making on every side for the social board that is again to unite friends and kindred; the presents of good cheer passing and repassing, those tokens of regard, and quickeners of kind feelings; the evergreens distributed about houses, and churches, emblems of peace and gladness; all these have the most pleasing effect in producing fond associations, and kindling benevolent sympathies. Even the sound of the Waits, rude as may be their minstrelsy, breaks upon the mid-watches of a winter night with the effect of perfect harmony. As I have been awakened by them in that still and solemn hour, "when deep sleep falleth upon man," I have listened with a hushed delight, and, connecting them with the sacred and joyous occasion, have almost fancied them into another celestial choir, announcing peace and good-will to mankind.

9. How delightfully the imagination, when wrought upon by these moral influences, turns everything to melody and beauty! The very crowing of the cock, heard sometimes in the profound repose of the country, "telling the night-watches to his feathery dames," was thought by the common people to announce the approach of this sacred festival.

> "Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
> Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
> This bird of dawning singeth all night long;
> And then, they say, no spirit dares stir abroad;
> The nights are wholesome — then no planets strike,
> No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm
> So hallow'd and so gracious is the time."

Amidst the general call to happiness, the bustle of the spirits, and stir of the affections, which prevail at this period, what bosom can remain insensible? It is, indeed, the season of regenerated feeling — the season for kindling, not merely

the fire of hospitality in the hall, but the genial flame of charity in the heart.

10. The scene of early love again rises green to memory beyond the sterile waste of years; and the idea of home, fraught with the fragrance of home-dwelling joys, reanimates the drooping spirit as the Arabian breeze will sometimes waft the freshness of the distant fields to the weary pilgrim of the desert.

11. Stranger and sojourner as I am in the land — though for me no social hearth may blaze, no hospitable roof throw open its doors, nor the warm grasp of friendship welcome me at the threshold — yet I feel the influence of the season beaming into my soul from the happy looks of those around me. Surely, happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven; and every countenance, bright with smiles, and glowing with innocent enjoyment, is a mirror transmitting to others the rays of a supreme and ever-shining benevolence. He who can turn churlishly away from contemplating the felicity of his fellow-beings, and can sit down darkling and repining in his loneliness when all around is joyful, may have his moments of strong excitement and selfish gratification, but he wants the genial and social sympathies which constitute the charm of a merry Christmas.

A Stage-coach of 1825

THE STAGE-COACH

[Comment. — There is in "The Stage-Coach" an essay form, or outline, which is the narrative of the personal experiences of a traveller. There is woven into this narrative a bit of story in which several characters appear. This story may be outlined, or told, as a separate story, but the part of it which Irving witnessed that day in the coach fits into his narrative and was a chief source of his own interest and pleasure. D.]

Omne bené
Sine pœnâ
Tempus est ludendi.
Venit hora
Absque morâ
Libros deponendi.
— Old Holiday School Song.

1. In the preceding paper I have made some general observations on the Christmas festivities of England, and am tempted to illustrate them by some anecdotes of a Christmas passed in the country; in perusing which I would most courteously invite my reader to lay aside the austerity of wisdom, and to put on that genuine holiday spirit which is tolerant of folly, and anxious only for amusement.

2. In the course of a December tour in Yorkshire, I rode for a long distance in one of the public coaches, on the day preceding Christmas. The coach was crowded, both inside and out, with passengers, who, by their talk, seemed principally bound to the mansions of relations or friends, to eat the Christmas dinner. It was loaded also with hampers of game, and baskets and boxes of delicacies; and hares hung dangling their long ears about the coachman's box, presents from distant friends for the impending feast. I had three fine rosy-cheeked boys for my fellow-passengers inside, full of the buxom health and manly spirit which I have observed in the children of this country. They were returning home for the holidays in high glee, and promising themselves a world of enjoyment. It was delightful to hear the gigantic plans of the little rogues, and the impracticable feats they were to perform

during their six weeks' emancipation from the abhorred thraldom of book, birch, and pedagogue. They were full of anticipations of the meeting with the family and household, down to the very cat and dog; and of the joy they were to give their little sisters by the presents with which their pockets were crammed; but the meeting to which they seemed to look forward with the greatest impatience was with Bantam, which I found to be a pony, and, according to their talk, possessed of more virtues than any steed since the days of Bucephalus. How he could trot! how he could run! and then such leaps as he would take — there was not a hedge in the whole country that he could not clear.

3. They were under the particular guardianship of the coachman, to whom, whenever an opportunity presented, they addressed a host of questions, and pronounced him one of the best fellows in the world. Indeed, I could not but notice the more than ordinary air of bustle and importance of the coachman, who wore his hat a little on one side, and had a large bunch of Christmas greens stuck in the button-hole of his coat. He is always a personage full of mighty care and business, but he is particularly so during this season, having so many commissions to execute in consequence of the great interchange of presents. And here, perhaps, it may not be unacceptable to my untravelled readers, to have a sketch that may serve as a general representation of this very numerous and important class of functionaries, who have a dress, a manner, a language, an air, peculiar to themselves, and prevalent throughout the fraternity; so that, wherever an English stage-coachman may be seen, he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

4. He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of colored handkerchief about his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked

in at the bosom; and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright color, striped, and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey-boots which reach about half way up his legs.

5. All this costume is maintained with much precision; he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials; and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the hostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box, his hands are thrust into the pockets of his great-coat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of hostlers, stable-boys, shoeblacks, and those nameless hangers-on, that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kind of odd jobs, for the privilege of battening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an oracle; treasure up his cant phrases; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore; and, above all, endeavor to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back, thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

6. Perhaps it might be owing to the pleasing serenity that reigned in my own mind, that I fancied I saw cheerfulness in every countenance throughout the journey. A stage-coach, however, carries animation always with it, and puts the world in motion as it whirls along. The horn, sounded at the entrance of a village, produces a general bustle. Some hasten

forth to meet friends; some with bundles and bandboxes to secure places, and in the hurry of the moment can hardly take leave of the group that accompanies them. In the mean time, the coachman has a world of small commissions to execute. Sometimes he delivers a hare or pheasant; sometimes jerks a small parcel or newspaper to the door of a public house; and sometimes, with knowing leer and words of sly import, hands to some half-blushing, half-laughing housemaid an odd-shaped billet-doux from some rustic admirer. As the coach rattles through the village, every one runs to the window, and you have glances on every side of fresh country faces and blooming giggling girls. At the corners are assembled juntos of village idlers and wise men, who take their stations there for the important purpose of seeing company pass; but the sagest knot is generally at the blacksmith's, to whom the passing of the coach is an event fruitful of much speculation. The smith, with the horse's heel in his lap, pauses as the vehicle whirls by; the cyclops round the anvil suspend their ringing hammers, and suffer the iron to grow cool; and the sooty spectre, in brown paper cap, laboring at the bellows, leans on the handle for a moment, and permits the asthmatic engine to heave a long-drawn sigh, while he glares through the murky smoke and sulphureous gleams of the smithy.

7. Perhaps the impending holiday might have given a more than usual animation to the country, for it seemed to me as if everybody was in good looks and good spirits. Game, poultry, and other luxuries of the table, were in brisk circulation in the villages; the grocers', butchers', and fruiterers' shops were thronged with customers. The housewives were stirring briskly about, putting their dwellings in order; and the glossy branches of holly, with their bright-red berries, began to appear at the windows. The scene brought to mind an old writer's account of Christmas preparations: "Now capons and hens, beside turkey, geese, and ducks, with beef and mutton — must all die — for in twelve days a multitude of people will not be fed with a little. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies and broth. Now or never must music be in tune, for the youth must dance and

sing to get them a heat, while the aged sit by the fire. The country maid leaves half her market, and must be sent again, if she forgets a pack of cards on Christmas eve. Great is the contention of holly and ivy, whether master or dame wears the breeches. Dice and cards benefit the butler; and if the cook do not lack wit, he will sweetly lick his fingers."

8. I was roused from this fit of luxurious meditation by a shout from my little travelling companions. They had been looking out of the coach-windows for the last few miles, recognizing every tree and cottage as they approached home, and now there was a general burst of joy. "There's John! and there's old Carlo! and there's Bantam!" cried the happy little rogues, clapping their hands.

9. At the end of a lane there was an old sober-looking servant in livery, waiting for them; he was accompanied by a superannuated pointer, and by the redoubtable Bantam, a little old rat of a pony, with a shaggy mane and long rusty tail, who stood dozing quietly by the roadside, little dreaming of the bustling times that awaited him.

10. I was pleased to see the fondness with which the little fellows leaped about the steady old footman, and hugged the pointer: who wriggled his whole body for joy. But Bantam was the great object of interest; all wanted to mount at once, and it was with some difficulty that John arranged that they should ride by turns, and the eldest should ride first.

11. Off they set at last; one on the pony, with the dog bounding and barking before him, and the others holding John's hands; both talking at once, and overpowering him with questions about home, and with school anecdotes. I looked after them with a feeling in which I do not know whether pleasure or melancholy predominated; for I was reminded of those days when, like them, I had neither known care nor sorrow, and a holiday was the summit of earthly felicity. We stopped a few moments afterwards to water the horses, and on resuming our route, a turn of the road brought us in sight of a neat country-seat. I could just distinguish the forms of a lady and two young girls in the portico, and I saw my little comrades, with Bantam, Carlo, and old John,

trooping along the carriage-road. I leaned out of the coach-window, in hopes of witnessing the happy meeting, but a grove of trees shut it from my sight.

12. In the evening we reached a village where I had determined to pass the night. As we drove into the great gateway of the inn, I saw on one side the light of a rousing kitchen-fire beaming through a window. I entered, and admired, for the hundredth time, that picture of convenience, neatness, and broad honest enjoyment, the kitchen of an English inn. It was of spacious dimensions, hung round with copper and tin vessels highly polished, and decorated here and there with a Christmas green. Hams, tongues, and flitches of bacon, were suspended from the ceiling; a smoke-jack made its ceaseless clanking beside the fireplace, and a clock ticked in one corner. A well-scoured deal table extended along one side of the kitchen, with a cold round of beef, and other hearty viands upon it, over which two foaming tankards of ale seemed mounting guard. Travellers of inferior order were preparing to attack this stout repast, while others sat smoking and gossiping over their ale on two high-backed oaken settles beside the fire. Trim housemaids were hurrying backwards and forwards under the directions of a fresh, bustling landlady; but still seizing an occasional moment to exchange a flippant word, and have a rallying laugh, with the group round the fire. The scene completely realized Poor Robin's humble idea of the comforts of mid-winter.

> Now trees their leafy hats do bear
> To reverence Winter's silver hair;
> A handsome hostess, merry host,
> A pot of ale now and a toast,
> Tobacco and a good coal-fire,
> Are things this season doth require.[1]

13. I had not been long at the inn when a postchaise drove up to the door. A young gentleman stept out, and by the light of the lamps I caught a glimpse of a countenance which I thought I knew. I moved forward to get a nearer view, when his eye caught mine. I was not mistaken; it was

[1] Poor Robin's Almanac, 1684.

Frank Bracebridge, a sprightly, good-humored young fellow, with whom I had once travelled on the continent. Our meeting was extremely cordial, for the countenance of an old fellow-traveller always brings up the recollection of a thousand pleasant scenes, odd adventures, and excellent jokes. To discuss all these in a transient interview at an inn was impossible; and finding that I was not pressed for time, and was merely making a tour of observation, he insisted that I should give him a day or two at his father's country-seat, to which he was going to pass the holidays, and which lay at a few miles' distance. "It is better than eating a solitary Christmas dinner at an inn," said he; "and I can assure you of a hearty welcome in something of the old-fashioned style." His reasoning was cogent, and I must confess the preparation I had seen for universal festivity and social enjoyment had made me feel a little impatient of my loneliness. I closed, therefore, at once, with his invitation; the chaise drove up to the door, and in a few moments I was on my way to the family mansion of the Bracebridges.

CHRISTMAS EVE

Saint Francis and Saint Benedight
Blesse this house from wicked wight;
From the night-mare and the goblin,
That is hight good fellow Robin;
Keep it from all evil spirits,
Fairies, weezels, rats, and ferrets;
From curfew time
To the next prime. — CARTWRIGHT.

1. It was a brilliant moonlight night, but extremely cold; our chaise whirled rapidly over the frozen ground; the post-boy smacked his whip incessantly, and a part of the time his horses were on a gallop. "He knows where he is going," said my companion, laughing, "and is eager to arrive in time for some of the merriment and good cheer of the servants' hall. My father, you must know, is a bigoted devotee of the old school, and prides himself upon keeping up something of old English hospitality. He is a tolerable specimen of what you will rarely meet with nowadays in its purity, the old English country gentleman; for our men of fortune spend so much of their time in town, and fashion is carried so much into the country, that the strong rich peculiarities of ancient rural life are almost polished away. My father, however, from early years took honest Peacham [1] for his text-book, instead of Chesterfield; he determined in his own mind that there was no condition more truly honorable and enviable than that of a country gentleman on his paternal lands, and therefore passes the whole of his time on his estate. He is a strenuous advocate for the revival of the old rural games and holiday observances, and is deeply read in the writers, ancient and modern, who have treated on the subject. Indeed his favorite range of reading is among the authors who flourished at least two centuries since; who, he insists, wrote and thought more like true Englishmen than any of their successors. He even regrets sometimes that he had not been born a few centuries earlier, when England was itself, and had its peculiar manners

[1] Peacham's Complete Gentleman, 1622.

and customs. As he lives at some distance from the main road, in rather a lonely part of the country, without any rival gentry near him, he has that most enviable of all blessings to an Englishman, an opportunity of indulging the bent of his own humor without molestation. Being representative of the oldest family in the neighborhood, and a great part of the peasantry being his tenants, he is much looked up to, and, in general, is known simply by the appellation of 'The Squire'; a title which has been accorded to the head of the family since time immemorial. I think it best to give you these hints about my worthy old father, to prepare you for any eccentricities that might otherwise appear absurd."

2. We had passed for some time along the wall of a park, and at length the chaise stopped at the gate. It was in a heavy magnificent old style, of iron bars, fancifully wrought at top into flourishes and flowers. The huge square columns that supported the gate were surmounted by the family crest. Close adjoining was the porter's lodge, sheltered under dark fir-trees, and almost buried in shrubbery.

3. The post-boy rang a large porter's bell, which resounded through the still frosty air, and was answered by the distant barking of dogs, with which the mansion-house seemed garrisoned. An old woman immediately appeared at the gate. As the moonlight fell strongly upon her, I had a full view of a little primitive dame, dressed very much in the antique taste, with a neat kerchief and stomacher, and her silver hair peeping from under a cap of snowy whiteness. She came courtesying forth, with many expressions of simple joy at seeing her young master. Her husband, it seemed, was up at the house keeping Christmas eve in the servants' hall; they could not do without him, as he was the best hand at a song and story in the household.

4. My friend proposed that we should alight and walk through the park to the hall, which was at no great distance, while the chaise should follow on. Our road wound through a noble avenue of trees, among the naked branches of which the moon glittered, as she rolled through the deep vault of a cloudless sky. The lawn beyond was sheeted with a slight

covering of snow, which here and there sparkled as the moonbeams caught a frosty crystal; and at a distance might be seen a thin transparent vapor, stealing up from the low grounds, and threatening gradually to shroud the landscape.

5. My companion looked around him with transport: "How often," said he, "have I scampered up this avenue, on returning home on school vacations! How often have I played under these trees when a boy! I feel a degree of filial reverence for them, as we look up to those who have cherished us in childhood. My father was always scrupulous in exacting our holidays, and having us around him on family festivals. He used to direct and superintend our games with the strictness that some parents do the studies of their children. He was very particular that we should play the old English games according to their original form; and consulted old books for precedent and authority for every 'merrie disport'; yet I assure you there never was pedantry so delightful. It was the policy of the good old gentleman to make his children feel that home was the happiest place in the world; and I value this delicious home-feeling as one of the choicest gifts a parent could bestow."

6. We were interrupted by the clamor of a troop of dogs of all sorts and sizes, "mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound, and curs of low degree," that, disturbed by the ring of the porter's bell and the rattling of the chaise, came bounding, open-mouthed, across the lawn.

> "'—— The little dogs and all,
> Tray, Blanch, and Sweetheart, see, they bark at me!'"

cried Bracebridge, laughing. At the sound of his voice, the bark was changed into a yelp of delight, and in a moment he was surrounded and almost overpowered by the caresses of the faithful animals.

7. We had now come in full view of the old family mansion, partly thrown in deep shadow, and partly lit up by the cool moonshine. It was an irregular building, of some magnitude, and seemed to be of the architecture of different periods. —

One wing was evidently very ancient, with heavy stone-shafted bow-windows jutting out and overrun with ivy, from among the foliage of which the small diamond-shaped panes of glass glittered with the moonbeams. The rest of the house was in the French taste of Charles the Second's time, having been repaired and altered, as my friend told me, by one of his ancestors, who returned with that monarch at the Restoration. The grounds about the house were laid out in the old formal manner of artificial flower-beds, clipped shrubberies, raised terraces, and heavy stone balustrades, ornamented with urns, a leaden statue or two, and a jet of water. The old gentleman, I was told, was extremely careful to preserve this obsolete finery in all its original state. He admired this fashion in gardening; it had an air of magnificence, was courtly and noble, and befitting good old family style. The boasted imitation of nature in modern gardening had sprung up with modern republican notions, but did not suit a monarchical government; it smacked of the levelling system. I could not help smiling at this introduction of politics into gardening, though I expressed some apprehension that I should find the old gentleman rather intolerant in his creed. Frank assured me, however, that it was almost the only instance in which he had ever heard his father meddle with politics; and he believed that he had got this notion from a member of parliament who once passed a few weeks with him. The Squire was glad of any argument to defend his clipped yew-trees and formal terraces, which had been occasionally attacked by modern landscape gardeners.

8. As we approached the house, we heard the sound of music, and now and then a burst of laughter, from one end of the building. This, Bracebridge said, must proceed from the servants' hall, where a great deal of revelry was permitted, and even encouraged by the Squire, throughout the twelve days of Christmas, provided everything was done conformably to ancient usage. Here were kept up the old games of hoodman blind, shoe the wild mare, hot cockles, steal the white loaf, bob apple, and snap-dragon; the Yule clog and Christmas candle were regularly burnt, and the mistletoe, with its

white berries, hung up, to the imminent peril of all the pretty housemaids.[1]

9. So intent were the servants upon their sports that we had to ring repeatedly before we could make ourselves heard. On our arrival being announced, the Squire came out to receive us, accompanied by his two other sons: one a young officer in the army, home on leave of absence; the other an Oxonian, just from the university. The Squire was a fine healthy-looking old gentleman, with silver hair curling lightly round an open florid countenance; in which the physiognomist, with the advantage, like myself, of a previous hint or two, might discover a singular mixture of whim and benevolence.

10. The family meeting was warm and affectionate: as the evening was far advanced, the Squire would not permit us to change our travelling dresses, but ushered us at once to the company, which was assembled in a large old-fashioned hall. It was composed of different branches of a numerous family connection, where there were the usual proportion of old uncles and aunts, comfortable married dames, superannuated spinsters, blooming country cousins, half-fledged striplings, and bright-eyed boarding-school hoydens. They were variously occupied: some at a round game of cards; others conversing around the fireplace; at one end of the hall was a group of the young folks, some nearly grown up, others of a more tender and budding age, fully engrossed by a merry game; and a profusion of wooden horses, penny trumpets, and tattered dolls, about the floor, showed traces of a troop of little fairy beings who, having frolicked through a happy day, had been carried off to slumber through a peaceful night.

11. While the mutual greetings were going on between young Bracebridge and his relatives, I had time to scan the apartment. I have called it a hall, for so it had certainly been in old times, and the Squire had evidently endeavored to re-

[1] The mistletoe is still hung up in farm-houses and kitchens at Christmas; and the young men have the privilege of kissing the girls under it, plucking each time a berry from the bush. When the berries are all plucked, the privilege ceases.

BRINGING IN THE YULE-LOG

store it to something of its primitive state. Over the heavy projecting fireplace was suspended a picture of a warrior in armor, standing by a white horse, and on the opposite wall hung a helmet, buckler, and lance. At one end an enormous pair of antlers were inserted in the wall, the branches serving as hooks on which to suspend hats, whips, and spurs; and in the corners of the apartment were fowling-pieces, fishing-rods, and other sporting implements. The furniture was of the cumbrous workmanship of former days, though some articles of modern convenience had been added, and the oaken floor had been carpeted; so that the whole presented an odd mixture of parlor and hall.

12. The grate had been removed from the wide overwhelming fireplace, to make way for a fire of wood, in the midst of which was an enormous log glowing and blazing, and sending forth a vast volume of light and heat: this I understood was the Yule clog, which the Squire was particular in having brought in and illumined on a Christmas eve, according to ancient custom.[1]

13. It was really delightful to see the old Squire seated in his hereditary elbow-chair, by the hospitable fireside of his ancestors, and looking around him like the sun of a system,

[1] The *Yule clog* is a great log of wood, sometimes the root of a tree, brought into the house with great ceremony, on Christmas eve, laid in the fireplace, and lighted with the brand of last year's clog. While it lasted, there was great drinking, singing, and telling of tales. Sometimes it was accompanied by Christmas candles; but in the cottages the only light was from the ruddy blaze of the great wood-fire. The Yule clog was to burn all night; if it went out, it was considered a sign of ill-luck.

Herrick mentions it in one of his songs: —

"Come, bring with a noise,
My merrie, merrie boyes,
The Christmas log to the firing:
While my good dame, she
Bids ye all be free,
And drink to your hearts' desiring."

The Yule clog is still burnt in many farm-houses and kitchens in England, particularly in the north, and there are several superstitions connected with it among the peasantry. If a squinting person come to the house while it is burning, or a person barefooted, it is considered an ill omen. The brand remaining from the Yule clog is carefully put away to light the next year's Christmas fire.

beaming warmth and gladness to every heart. Even the very dog that lay stretched at his feet, as he lazily shifted his position and yawned, would look fondly up in his master's face, wag his tail against the floor, and stretch himself again to sleep, confident of kindness and protection. There is an emanation from the heart in genuine hospitality which cannot be described, but is immediately felt, and puts the stranger at once at his ease. I had not been seated many minutes by the comfortable hearth of the worthy old cavalier, before I found myself as much at home as if I had been one of the family.

14. Supper was announced shortly after our arrival. It was served up in a spacious oaken chamber, the panels of which shone with wax, and around which were several family portraits decorated with holly and ivy. Besides the accustomed lights, two great wax tapers, called Christmas candles, wreathed with greens, were placed on a highly-polished beaufet among the family plate. The table was abundantly spread with substantial fare; but the Squire made his supper of frumenty, a dish made of wheat-cakes boiled in milk, with rich spices, being a standing dish in old times for Christmas eve.

15. I was happy to find my old friend, minced-pie, in the retinue of the feast; and finding him to be perfectly orthodox, and that I need not be ashamed of my predilection, I greeted him with all the warmth wherewith we usually greet an old and very genteel acquaintance.

16. The mirth of the company was greatly promoted by the humors of an eccentric personage whom Mr. Bracebridge always addressed with the quaint appellation of Master Simon. He was a tight brisk little man, with the air of an arrant old bachelor. His nose was shaped like the bill of a parrot; his face slightly pitted with the small-pox, with a dry perpetual bloom on it, like a frostbitten leaf in autumn. He had an eye of great quickness and vivacity, with a drollery and lurking waggery of expression that was irresistible. He was evidently the wit of the family, dealing very much in sly jokes and innuendoes with the ladies, and making infinite merriment by harping upon old themes; which, unfortunately, my ignorance

of the family chronicles did not permit me to enjoy. It seemed to be his great delight during supper to keep a young girl next him in a continual agony of stifled laughter, in spite of her awe of the reproving looks of her mother, who sat opposite. Indeed, he was the idol of the younger part of the company, who laughed at everything he said or did, and at every turn of his countenance; I could not wonder at it; for he must have been a miracle of accomplishments in their eyes. He could imitate Punch and Judy; make an old woman of his hand, with the assistance of a burnt cork and pocket-handkerchief; and cut an orange into such a ludicrous caricature, that the young folks were ready to die with laughing.

17. I was let briefly into his history by Frank Bracebridge. He was an old bachelor, of a small independent income, which, by careful management, was sufficient for all his wants. He revolved through the family system like a vagrant comet in its orbit; sometimes visiting one branch, and sometimes another quite remote; as is often the case with gentlemen of extensive connections and small fortunes in England. He had a chirping buoyant disposition, always enjoying the present moment; and his frequent change of scene and company prevented his acquiring those rusty unaccommodating habits, with which old bachelors are so uncharitably charged. He was a complete family chronicle, being versed in the genealogy, history, and intermarriages of the whole house of Bracebridge, which made him a great favorite with the old folks; he was a beau of all the elder ladies and superannuated spinsters, among whom he was habitually considered rather a young fellow, and he was master of the revels among the children; so that there was not a more popular being in the sphere in which he moved than Mr. Simon Bracebridge. Of late years, he had resided almost entirely with the Squire, to whom he had become a factotum, and whom he particularly delighted by jumping with his humor in respect to old times, and by having a scrap of an old song to suit every occasion. We had presently a specimen of his last-mentioned talent; for no sooner was supper removed, and spiced wines and other beverages peculiar to the season introduced, than Master

Simon was called on for a good old Christmas song. He bethought himself for a moment, and then, with a sparkle of the eye, and a voice that was by no means bad, excepting that it ran occasionally into a falsetto, like the notes of a split reed, he quavered forth a quaint old ditty.

"Now Christmas is come,
Let us beat up the drum,
And call all our neighbors together,
And when they appear,
Let us make them such cheer,
As will keep out the wind and the weather," etc.

18. The supper had disposed every one to gayety and an old harper was summoned from the servants' hall, where he had been strumming all the evening, and to all appearance comforting himself with some of the Squire's home-brewed. He was a kind of hanger-on, I was told, of the establishment, and, though ostensibly a resident of the village, was oftener to be found in the Squire's kitchen than his own home, the old gentleman being fond of the sound of "harp in hall."

19. The dance, like most dances after supper, was a merry one; some of the older folks joined in it, and the Squire himself figured down several couple with a partner, with whom he affirmed he had danced at every Christmas for nearly half a century. Master Simon, who seemed to be a kind of connecting link between the old times and the new, and to be withal a little antiquated in the taste of his accomplishments, evidently piqued himself on his dancing, and was endeavoring to gain credit by the heel and toe, rigadoon, and other graces to the ancient school; but he had unluckily assorted himself with a little romping girl from boarding-school, who, by her wild vivacity, kept him continually on the stretch, and defeated all his sober attempts at elegance: — such are the illassorted matches to which antique gentlemen are unfortunately prone!

20. The young Oxonian, on the contrary, had led out one of his maiden aunts, on whom the rogue played a thousand little knaveries with impunity: he was full of practical jokes, and his delight was to tease his aunts and cousins; yet, like all mad-cap youngsters, he was a universal favorite among the women. The most interesting couple in the dance was the

young officer and a ward of the Squire's, a beautiful blushing girl of seventeen. From several shy glances which I had noticed in the course of the evening, I suspected there was a little kindness growing up between them, and, indeed, the young soldier was just the hero to captivate a romantic girl. He was tall, slender, and handsome, and, like most young British officers of late years, had picked up various small accomplishments on the continent; — he could talk French and Italian — draw landscapes — sing very tolerably — dance divinely; but, above all, he had been wounded at Waterloo: — what girl of seventeen, well read in poetry and romance, could resist such a mirror of chivalry and perfection!

21. The moment the dance was over, he caught up a guitar and, lolling against the old marble fireplace, in an attitude which I am half inclined to suspect was studied, began the little French air of the Troubadour. The Squire, however, exclaimed against having anything on Christmas eve but good old English; upon which the young minstrel, casting up his eye for a moment, as if in an effort of memory, struck into another strain, and, with a charming air of gallantry, gave Herrick's "Night-Piece to Julia."

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee;
The shooting stars attend thee,
  And the elves also,
  Whose little eyes glow
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.

No Will-o'-the-Wisp mislight thee;
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee;
  But on, on thy way,
  Not making a stay,
Since ghost there is none to affright thee.

Then let not the dark thee cumber;
What though the moon does slumber,
  The stars of the night
  Will lend thee their light,
Like tapers clear without number.

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,
Thus, thus to come unto me,
  And when I shall meet
  Thy silvery feet,
My soul I'll pour into thee.

22. The song might or might not have been intended in compliment to the fair Julia, for so I found his partner was called; she, however, was certainly unconscious of any such application, for she never looked at the singer, but kept her eyes cast upon the floor. Her face was suffused, it is true, with a beautiful blush, and there was a gentle heaving of the bosom, but all that was doubtless caused by the exercise of the dance; indeed, so great was her indifference, that she amused herself with plucking to pieces a choice bouquet of hot-house flowers, and by the time the song was concluded the nosegay lay in ruins on the floor.

23. The party now broke up for the night with the kind-hearted old custom of shaking hands. As I passed through the hall, on my way to my chamber, the dying embers of the Yule clog still sent forth a dusky glow, and had it not been the season when "no spirit dares stir abroad," I should have been half tempted to steal from my room at midnight, and peep whether the fairies might not be at their revels about the hearth.

24. My chamber was in the old part of the mansion, the ponderous furniture of which might have been fabricated in the days of the giants. The room was panelled with cornices of heavy carved work, in which flowers and grotesque faces were strangely intermingled; and a row of black-looking portraits stared mournfully at me from the walls. The bed was of rich, though faded damask, with a lofty tester, and stood in a niche opposite a bow-window. I had scarcely got into bed when a strain of music seemed to break forth in the air just below the window. I listened, and found it proceeded from a band, which I concluded to be the waits from some neighboring village. They went round the house, playing under the windows. I drew aside the curtains to hear them more distinctly. The moonbeams fell through the upper part of the casement, partially lighting up the antiquated apartment. The sounds, as they receded, became more soft and aërial, and seemed to accord with the quiet and moonlight. I listened and listened, — they became more and more tender and remote, and, as they gradually died away, my head sunk upon the pillow, and I fell asleep.

CHRISTMAS DAY

Dark and dull night, flie hence away,
And give the honor to this day
That sees December turn'd to May.
. . . . .
Why does the chilling winter's morne
Smile like a field beset with corn?
Or smell like to a meade new-shorne,
Thus on the sudden? — Come and see
The cause why things thus fragrant be.

— HERRICK.

1. When I woke the next morning, it seemed as if all the events of the preceding evening had been a dream, and nothing but the identity of the ancient chamber convinced me of their reality. While I lay musing on my pillow, I heard the sound of little feet pattering outside of the door, and a whispering consultation. Presently a choir of small voices chanted forth an old Christmas carol, the burden of which was —

"Rejoice, our Saviour he was born
On Christmas day in the morning."

2. I rose softly, slipt on my clothes, opened the door suddenly, and beheld one of the most beautiful little fairy groups that a painter could imagine. It consisted of a boy and two girls, the eldest not more than six, and lovely as seraphs. They were going the rounds of the house, and singing at every chamber-door; but my sudden appearance frightened them into mute bashfulness. They remained for a moment playing on their lips with their fingers, and now and then stealing a shy glance from under their eyebrows, until, as if by one impulse, they scampered away, and as they turned an angle of the gallery, I heard them laughing in triumph at their escape.

3. Everything conspired to produce kind and happy feelings in this stronghold of old-fashioned hospitality. The window of my chamber looked out upon what in summer would have been a beautiful landscape. There was a sloping lawn, a fine stream winding at the foot of it, and a tract of park beyond, with noble clumps of trees, and herds of deer.

At a distance was a neat hamlet, with the smoke from the cottage-chimneys hanging over it; and a church with its dark spire in strong relief against the clear, cold sky. The house was surrounded with evergreens, according to the English custom, which would have given almost an appearance of summer; but the morning was extremely frosty; the light vapor of the preceding evening had been precipitated by the cold, and covered all the trees and every blade of grass with its fine crystallizations. The rays of a bright morning sun had a dazzling effect among the glittering foliage. A robin, perched upon the top of a mountain-ash that hung its clusters of red berries just before my window, was basking himself in the sunshine, and piping a few querulous notes; and a peacock was displaying all the glories of his train, and strutting with the pride and gravity of a Spanish grandee, on the terrace walk below.

4. I had scarcely dressed myself, when a servant appeared to invite me to family prayers. He showed me the way to a small chapel in the old wing of the house, where I found the principal part of the family already assembled in a kind of gallery, furnished with cushions, hassocks, and large prayer-books; the servants were seated on benches below. The old gentleman read prayers from a desk in front of the gallery, and Master Simon acted as clerk, and made the responses; and I must do him the justice to say that he acquitted himself with great gravity and decorum.

5. The service was followed by a Christmas carol, which Mr. Bracebridge himself had constructed from a poem of his favorite author, Herrick; and it had been adapted to an old church-melody by Master Simon. As there were several good voices among the household, the effect was extremely pleasing; but I was particularly gratified by the exaltation of heart, and sudden sally of grateful feeling, with which the worthy Squire delivered one stanza; his eye glistening, and his voice rambling out of all the bounds of time and tune:

"'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth,
And givest me Wassaile bowles to drink
Spiced to the brink;

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That soiles my land;
And giv'st me for my bushell sowne,
Twice ten for one."

6. I afterwards understood that early morning service was read on every Sunday and saint's day throughout the year, either by Mr. Bracebridge or by some member of the family. It was once almost universally the case at the seats of the nobility and gentry of England, and it is much to be regretted that the custom is falling into neglect; for the dullest observer must be sensible of the order and serenity prevalent in those households, where the occasional exercise of a beautiful form of worship in the morning gives, as it were, the key-note to every temper for the day, and attunes every spirit to harmony.

7. Our breakfast consisted of what the Squire denominated true old English fare. He indulged in some bitter lamentations over modern breakfasts of tea and toast, which he censured as among the causes of modern effeminacy and weak nerves, and the decline of old English heartiness; and though he admitted them to his table to suit the palates of his guests, yet there was a brave display of cold meats, wine, and ale, on the sideboard.

8. After breakfast I walked about the grounds with Frank Bracebridge and Master Simon, or, Mr. Simon, as he was called by everybody but the Squire. We were escorted by a number of gentlemanlike dogs, that seemed loungers about the establishment, from the frisking spaniel to the steady old stag-hound, — the last of which was of a race that had been in the family time out of mind; they were all obedient to a dog-whistle which hung to Master Simon's button-hole, and in the midst of their gambols would glance an eye occasionally upon a small switch he carried in his hand.

9. The old mansion had a still more venerable look in the yellow sunshine than by pale moonlight; and I could not but feel the force of the Squire's idea, that the formal terraces, heavily moulded balustrades, and clipped yew-trees carried with them an air of proud aristocracy. There appeared to be an unusual number of peacocks about the place, and I

was making some remarks upon what I termed a flock of them, that were basking under a sunny wall, when I was gently corrected in my phraseology by Master Simon, who told me that, according to the most ancient and approved treatise on hunting, I must say a *muster* of peacocks. "In the same way," added he, with a slight air of pedantry, "we say a flight of doves or swallows, a bevy of quails, a herd of deer, of wrens, or cranes, a skulk of foxes, or a building of rooks." He went on to inform me that, according to Sir Anthony Fitzherbert, we ought to ascribe to this bird "both understanding and glory; for, being praised, he will presently set up his tail, chiefly against the sun, to the intent you may the better behold the beauty thereof. But at the fall of the leaf, when his tail falleth, he will mourn and hide himself in corners, till his tail come again as it was."

10. I could not help smiling at this display of small erudition on so whimsical a subject; but I found that the peacocks were birds of some consequence at the hall; for Frank Bracebridge informed me that they were great favorites with his father, who was extremely careful to keep up the breed; partly because they belonged to chivalry, and were in great request at the stately banquets of the olden time, and partly because they had a pomp and magnificence about them, highly becoming an old family mansion. Nothing, he was accustomed to say, had an air of greater state and dignity than a peacock perched upon an antique stone balustrade.

11. Master Simon had now to hurry off, having an appointment at the parish church with the village choristers, who were to perform some music of his selection. There was something extremely agreeable in the cheerful flow of animal spirits of the little man; and I confess I had been somewhat surprised at his apt quotations from authors who certainly were not in the range of every-day reading. I mentioned this last circumstance to Frank Bracebridge, who told me with a smile that Master Simon's whole stock of erudition was confined to some half a dozen old authors, which the Squire had put into his hands, and which he read over and over, whenever he had a studious fit; as he sometimes had on a rainy day,

or a long winter evening. Sir Anthony Fitzherbert's Book of Husbandry; Markham's Country Contentments; the Tretyse of Hunting, by Sir Thomas Cockayne, Knight; Izaac Walton's Angler, and two or three more such ancient worthies of the pen, were his standard authorities; and, like all men who know but a few books, he looked up to them with a kind of idolatry, and quoted them on all occasions. As to his songs, they were chiefly picked out of old books in the Squire's library, and adapted to tunes that were popular among the choice spirits of the last century. His practical application of scraps of literature, however, had caused him to be looked upon as a prodigy of book-knowledge by all the grooms, huntsmen, and small sportsmen of the neighborhood.

12. While we were talking we heard the distant tolling of the village-bell, and I was told that the Squire was a little particular in having his household at church on a Christmas morning, considering it a day of pouring out of thanks and rejoicing; for, as old Tusser observed,

> "At Christmas be merry, *and thankful withal,*
> And feast thy poor neighbors, the great with the small."

13. "If you are disposed to go to church," said Frank Bracebridge, "I can promise you a specimen of my cousin Simon's musical achievements. As the church is destitute of an organ, he has formed a band from the village amateurs, and established a musical club for their improvement; he has also sorted a choir, as he sorted my father's pack of hounds, according to the directions of Jervaise Markham, in his Country Contentments; for the bass he has sought out all the 'deep, solemn mouths,' and for the tenor the 'loud-ringing mouths,' among the country bumpkins; and for 'sweet mouths,' he has culled with curious taste among the prettiest lasses in the neighborhood; though these last, he affirms, are the most difficult to keep in tune; your pretty female singer being exceedingly wayward and capricious, and very liable to accident."

14. As the morning, though frosty, was remarkably fine

and clear, the most of the family walked to the church, which was a very old building of gray stone, and stood near a village, about half a mile from the park-gate. Adjoining it was a low snug parsonage, which seemed coeval with the church. The front of it was perfectly matted with a yew-tree, that had been trained against its walls, through the dense foliage of which, apertures had been formed to admit light into the small antique lattices. As we passed this sheltered nest, the parson issued forth and preceded us.

15. I had expected to see a sleek, well-conditioned pastor, such as is often found in a snug living in the vicinity of a rich patron's table; but I was disappointed. The parson was a little, meagre, black-looking man, with a grizzled wig that was too wide, and stood off from each ear; so that his head seemed to have shrunk away within it, like a dried filbert in its shell. He wore a rusty coat, with great skirts, and pockets that would have held the church Bible and prayer-book: and his small legs seemed still smaller, from being planted in large shoes, decorated with enormous buckles.

16. I was informed by Frank Bracebridge, that the parson had been a chum of his father's at Oxford, and had received this living shortly after the latter had come to his estate. He was a complete black-letter hunter, and would scarcely read a work printed in the Roman character. The editions of Caxton and Wynkin de Worde were his delight; and he was indefatigable in his researches after such old English writers as have fallen into oblivion from their worthlessness. In deference, perhaps, to the notions of Mr. Bracebridge, he had made diligent investigations into the festive rites and holiday customs of former times; and had been as zealous in the inquiry as if he had been a boon companion; but it was merely with that plodding spirit with which men of adust temperament follow up any track of study, merely because it is denominated learning; indifferent to its intrinsic nature, whether it be the illustration of the wisdom, or of the ribaldry and obscenity of antiquity. He had pored over these old volumes so intensely, that they seemed to have been reflected in his countenance; which, if the face be indeed an index

of the mind, might be compared to a title-page of black-letter.

17. On reaching the church-porch, we found the parson rebuking the gray-headed sexton for having used mistletoe among the greens with which the church was decorated. It was, he observed, an unholy plant, profaned by having been used by the Druids in their mystic ceremonies; and though it might be innocently employed in the festive ornamenting of halls and kitchens, yet it had been deemed by the Fathers of the Church as unhallowed, and totally unfit for sacred purposes. So tenacious was he on this point, that the poor sexton was obliged to strip down a great part of the humble trophies of his taste, before the parson would consent to enter upon the service of the day.

18. The interior of the church was venerable but simple; on the walls were several mural monuments of the Bracebridges, and just beside the altar was a tomb of ancient workmanship, on which lay the effigy of a warrior in armor, with his legs crossed, a sign of his having been a Crusader. I was told it was one of the family who had signalized himself in the Holy Land, and the same whose picture hung over the fireplace in the hall.

19. During service, Master Simon stood up in the pew, and repeated the responses very audibly; evincing that kind of ceremonious devotion punctually observed by a gentleman of the old school, and a man of old family connections. I observed, too, that he turned over the leaves of a folio prayer-book with something of a flourish; possibly to show off an enormous seal-ring which enriched one of his fingers, and which had the look of a family relic. But he was evidently most solicitous about the musical part of the service, keeping his eye fixed intently on the choir, and beating time with much gesticulation and emphasis.

20. The orchestra was in a small gallery, and presented a most whimsical grouping of heads, piled one above the other, among which I particularly noticed that of the village tailor, a pale fellow with a retreating forehead and chin, who played on the clarionet, and seemed to have blown his face to a point;

and there was another, a short pursy man, stooping and laboring at a bass-viol, so as to show nothing but the top of a round bald head, like the egg of an ostrich. There were two or three pretty faces among the female singers, to which the keen air of a frosty morning had given a bright rosy tint; but the gentlemen choristers had evidently been chosen, like old Cremona fiddles, more for tone than looks; and as several had to sing from the same book, there were clusterings of odd physiognomies, not unlike those groups of cherubs we sometimes see on country tombstones.

21. The usual services of the choir were managed tolerably well, the vocal parts generally lagging a little behind the instrumental, and some loitering fiddler now and then making up for lost time by travelling over a passage with prodigious celerity, and clearing more bars than the keenest fox-hunter to be in at the death. But the great trial was an anthem that had been prepared and arranged by Master Simon, and on which he had founded great expectation. Unluckily there was a blunder at the very outset; the musicians became flurried; Master Simon was in a fever; everything went on lamely and irregularly until they came to a chorus beginning, "Now let us sing with one accord," which seemed to be a signal for parting company: all became discord and confusion; each shifted for himself, and got to the end as well, or, rather, as soon as he could, excepting one old chorister in a pair of horn spectacles, bestriding and pinching a long sonorous nose; who happened to stand a little apart, and, being wrapped up in his own melody, kept on a quavering course, wriggling his head, ogling his book, and winding all up by a nasal solo of at least three bars' duration.

22. The parson gave us a most erudite sermon on the rites and ceremonies of Christmas, and the propriety of observing it not merely as a day of thanksgiving, but of rejoicing; supporting the correctness of his opinions by the earliest usages of the church, and enforcing them by the authorities of Theophilus of Cesarea, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, St. Augustine, and a cloud more of saints and fathers, from whom he made copious quotations. I was a little at a loss to per-

ceive the necessity of such a mighty array of forces to maintain a point which no one present seemed inclined to dispute; but I soon found that the good man had a legion of ideal adversaries to contend with; having, in the course of his researches on the subject of Christmas, got completely embroiled in the sectarian controversies of the Revolution, when the Puritans made such a fierce assault upon the ceremonies of the church, and poor old Christmas was driven out of the land by proclamation of Parliament.[1] The worthy parson lived but with times past, and knew but little of the present.

23. Shut up among worm-eaten tomes in the retirement of his antiquated little study, the pages of old times were to him as the gazettes of the day; while the era of the Revolution was mere modern history. He forgot that nearly two centuries had elapsed since the fiery persecution of poor mince-pie throughout the land; when plum-porridge was denounced as "mere popery," and roast-beef as anti-Christian; and that Christmas had been brought in again triumphantly with the merry court of King Charles at the Restoration. He kindled into warmth with the ardor of his contest, and the host of imaginary foes with whom he had to combat; he had a stubborn conflict with old Prynne and two or three other forgotten champions of the Round Heads on the subject of Christmas festivity; and concluded by urging his hearers, in the most solemn and affecting manner, to stand to the traditional customs of their fathers, and feast and make merry on this joyful anniversary of the Church.

24. I have seldom known a sermon attended apparently

[1] From the "Flying Eagle," a small Gazette, published December 24th, 1652:— "The House spent much time this day about the business of the Navy, for settling the affairs at sea, and before they rose, were presented with a terrible remonstrance against Christmas day, grounded upon divine Scriptures, 2 Cor. v. 16; 1 Cor. xv. 14, 17; and in honor of the Lord's Day, grounded upon these Scriptures, John xx. 1; Rev. i. 10; Psalm cxviii. 24; Lev. xxiii. 7, 11; Mark xv. 8; Psalm lxxxiv. 10, in which Christmas is called Anti-christ's masse, and those Masse-mongers and Papists who observe it, etc. In consequence of which Parliament spent some time in consultation about the abolition of Christmas day, passed orders to that effect, and resolved to sit on the following day which was commonly called Christmas day."

with more immediate effects; for on leaving the church the congregation seemed one and all possessed with the gayety of spirit so earnestly enjoined by their pastor. The elder folks gathered in knots in the churchyard, greeting and shaking hands; and the children ran about crying Ule! Ule! and repeating some uncouth rhymes,[1] which the parson, who had joined us, informed me had been handed down from days of yore. The villagers doffed their hats to the Squire as he passed, giving him the good wishes of the season with every appearance of heartfelt sincerity, and were invited by him to the hall, to take something to keep out the cold of the weather; and I heard blessings uttered by several of the poor, which convinced me that, in the midst of his enjoyments, the worthy old cavalier had not forgotten the true Christmas virtue of charity.

25. On our way homeward his heart seemed overflowed with generous and happy feelings. As we passed over a rising ground which commanded something of a prospect, the sounds of rustic merriment now and then reached our ears: the Squire paused for a few moments, and looked around with an air of inexpressible benignity. The beauty of the day was of itself sufficient to inspire philanthropy. Notwithstanding the frostiness of the morning, the sun in his cloudless journey had acquired sufficient power to melt away the thin covering of snow from every southern declivity, and to bring out the living green which adorns an English landscape even in midwinter. Large tracts of smiling verdure contrasted with the dazzling whiteness of the shaded slopes and hollows. Every sheltered bank, on which the broad rays rested, yielded its silver rill of cold and limpid water, glittering through the dripping grass; and sent up slight exhalations to contribute to the thin haze that hung just above the surface of the earth. There was something truly cheering in this triumph of warmth and verdure over the frosty thraldom of winter; it was, as the Squire observed, an emblem

[1] "Ule! Ule!
Three puddings in a pule,
Crack nuts and cry ule!"

of Christmas hospitality, breaking through the chills of ceremony and selfishness, and thawing every heart into a flow. He pointed with pleasure to the indications of good cheer reeking from the chimneys of the comfortable farm-houses and low thatched cottages. "I love," said he, "to see this day well kept by rich and poor; it is a great thing to have one day in the year, at least, when you are sure of being welcome wherever you go, and of having, as it were, the world all thrown open to you; and I am almost disposed to join with Poor Robin, in his malediction on every churlish enemy to this honest festival, —

> "Those who at Christmas do repine
> And would fain hence dispatch him,
> May they with old Duke Humphry dine,
> Or else may Squire Ketch catch 'em."

26. The Squire went on to lament the deplorable decay of the games and amusements which were once prevalent at this season among the lower orders, and countenanced by the higher; when the old halls of the castles and manor-houses were thrown open at daylight; when the tables were covered with brawn, and beef, and humming ale; when the harp and the carol resounded all day long, and when rich and poor were alike welcome to enter and make merry.[1] "Our old games and local customs," said he, "had a great effect in making the peasant fond of his home, and the promotion of them by the gentry made him fond of his lord. They made the times merrier, and kinder, and better, and I can truly say, with one of our old poets, —

> "'I like them well — the curious preciseness
> And all-pretended gravity of those
> That seek to banish hence these harmless sports
> Have thrust away much ancient honesty."

[1] "An English gentleman, at the opening of the great day, *i.e.* on Christmas day in the morning, had all his tenants and neighbors enter his hall by daybreak. The strong bear was broached, and the blackjacks went plentifully about with toast, sugar and nutmeg, and good Cheshire cheese. The Hackin (the great sausage) must be boiled by day-break, or else two young men must take the maiden (*i.e.* the cook) by the arms, and run her round the market-place till she is shamed of her laziness." — *Round about our Sea-Coal Fire.*

27. "The nation," continued he, "is altered; we have almost lost our simple true-hearted peasantry. They have broken asunder from the higher classes, and seem to think their interests are separate. They have become too knowing, and begin to read newspapers, listen to ale-house politicians, and talk of reform. I think one mode to keep them in good-humor in these hard times would be for the nobility and gentry to pass more time on their estates, mingle more among the country people, and set the merry old English games going again."

28. Such was the good Squire's project for mitigating public discontent: and, indeed, he had once attempted to put his doctrine in practice, and a few years before had kept open house during the holidays in the old style. The country people, however, did not understand how to play their parts in the scene of hospitality; many uncouth circumstances occurred; the manor was overrun by all the vagrants of the country, and more beggars drawn into the neighborhood in one week than the parish officers could get rid of in a year. Since then, he had contented himself with inviting the decent part of the neighboring peasantry to call at the hall on Christmas day, and with distributing beef, and bread, and ale, among the poor, that they might make merry in their own dwellings.

29. We had not been long home when the sound of music was heard from a distance. A band of country lads, without coats, their shirt-sleeves fancifully tied with ribbons, their hats decorated with greens, and clubs in their hands, was seen advancing up the avenue, followed by a large number of villagers and peasantry. They stopped before the hall-door, where the music struck up a peculiar air, and the lads performed a curious and intricate dance, advancing, retreating, and striking their clubs together, keeping exact time to the music; while one, whimsically crowned with a fox's skin, the tail of which flaunted down his back, kept capering round the skirts of the dance, and rattling a Christmas box with many antic gesticulations.

30. The Squire eyed this fanciful exhibition with great

interest and delight, and gave me a full account of its origin, which he traced to the times when the Romans held possession of the island; plainly proving that this was a lineal descendant of the sword-dance of the ancients. "It was now," he said, "nearly extinct, but he had accidentally met with traces of it in the neighborhood, and had encouraged its revival; though, to tell the truth, it was too apt to be followed up by the rough cudgel play, and broken heads in the evening."

31. After the dance was concluded, the whole party was entertained with brawn and beef, and stout home-brewed. The Squire himself mingled among the rustics, and was received with awkward demonstrations of deference and regard. It is true I perceived two or three of the younger peasants, as they were raising their tankards to their mouths, when the Squire's back was turned, making something of a grimace, and giving each other the wink; but the moment they caught my eye they pulled grave faces, and were exceedingly demure. With Master Simon, however, they all seemed more at their ease. His varied occupations and amusements had made him well known throughout the neighborhood. He was a visitor at every farm-house and cottage; gossiped with the farmers and their wives; romped with their daughters; and, like that type of a vagrant bachelor, the humblebee, tolled the sweets from all the rosy lips of the country round.

32. The bashfulness of the guests soon gave way before good cheer and affability. There is something genuine and affectionate in the gayety of the lower orders, when it is excited by the bounty and familiarity of those above them; the warm glow of gratitude enters into their mirth, and a kind word or a small pleasantry frankly uttered by a patron, gladdens the heart of the dependent more than oil and wine. When the Squire had retired, the merriment increased, and there was much joking and laughter, particularly between Master Simon and a hale, ruddy-faced, white-headed farmer, who appeared to be the wit of the village; for I observed all his companions to wait with open mouths for his retorts, and burst into a gratuitous laugh before they could well understand them.

33. The whole house indeed seemed abandoned to merriment: as I passed to my room to dress for dinner, I heard the sound of music in a small court, and, looking through a window that commanded it, I perceived a band of wandering musicians, with pandean pipes and tambourine; a pretty coquettish housemaid was dancing a jig with a smart country lad, while several of the other servants were looking on. In the midst of her sport the girl caught a glimpse of my face at the window, and, coloring up, ran off with an air of roguish affected confusion.

THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

Lo, now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly,
Eache roome with yvie leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning;
Their ovens they with bak't meats choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie,
And if, for cold, it hap to die,
Wee 'le bury 't in a Christmas pye,
And evermore be merry.

—WITHERS'S JUVENILIA.

1. I had finished my toilet, and was loitering with Frank Bracebridge in the library, when we heard a distant thwacking sound, which he informed me was a signal for the serving up of the dinner. The Squire kept up old customs in kitchen as well as hall; and the rolling-pin, struck upon the dresser by the cook, summoned the servants to carry in the meats.

"Just in this nick the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train band,
Presented and away."[1]

2. The dinner was served up in the great hall where the Squire always held his Christmas banquet. A blazing, crackling fire of logs had been heaped on to warm the spacious apartment, and the flame went sparkling and wreathing up the wide-mouthed chimney. The great picture of the crusader and his white horse had been profusely decorated with greens for the occasion; and holly and ivy had likewise been wreathed round the helmet and weapons on the opposite wall, which I understood were the arms of the same warrior. I must own, by the by, I had strong doubts about the authenticity of the painting and armor as having belonged to the crusader, they certainly having the stamp of more recent days; but I was told that the painting had been so considered time out of mind; and that, as to the armor, it had been found in a

[1] Sir John Suckling.

lumber-room, and elevated to its present situation by the Squire, who at once determined it to be the armor of the family hero; and as he was absolute authority on all such subjects in his own household, the matter had passed into current acceptation. A sideboard was set out just under this chivalric trophy, on which was a display of plate that might have vied (at least in variety) with Belshazzar's parade of the vessels of the temple: "flagons, cans, cups, beakers, goblets, basins, and ewers;" the gorgeous utensils of good companionship that had gradually accumulated through many generations of jovial housekeepers. Before these stood the two Yule candles, beaming like two stars of the first magnitude; other lights were distributed in branches, and the whole array glittered like a firmament of silver.

3. We were ushered into this banqueting scene with the sound of minstrelsy, the old harper being seated on a stool beside the fireplace, and twanging his instrument with a vast deal more power than melody. Never did Christmas board display a more goodly and gracious assemblage of countenances; those who were not handsome were, at least, happy; and happiness is a rare improver of your hard-favored visage. I always consider an old English family as well worth studying as a collection of Holbein's portraits or Albert Dürer's prints. There is much antiquarian lore to be acquired; much knowledge of the physiognomies of former times. Perhaps it may be from having continually before their eyes those rows of old family portraits, with which the mansions of this country are stocked; certain it is, that the quaint features of antiquity are often most faithfully perpetuated in these ancient lines; and I have traced an old family nose through a whole picture gallery, legitimately handed down from generation to generation, almost from the time of the Conquest. Something of the kind was to be observed in the worthy company around me. Many of their faces had evidently originated in a Gothic age, and been merely copied by succeeding generations; and there was one little girl in particular, of staid demeanor, with a high Roman nose, and an antique vinegar aspect, who was a great favorite of the Squire's, being, as he said, a Brace-

bridge all over, and the very counterpart of one of his ancestors who figured in the court of Henry VIII.

4. The parson said grace, which was not a short familiar one, such as is commonly addressed to the Deity in these unceremonious days; but a long courtly, well-worded one of the ancient school. There was now a pause, as if something was expected; when suddenly the butler entered the hall with some degree of bustle: he was attended by a servant on each side with a large wax-light, and bore a silver dish, on which was an enormous pig's head, decorated with rosemary, with a lemon in its mouth, which was placed with great formality at the head of the table. The moment this pageant made its appearance, the harper struck up a flourish; at the conclusion of which the young Oxonian, on receiving a hint from the Squire, gave, with an air of the most comic gravity, an old carol, the first verse of which was as follows:—

"Caput apri defero
Reddens laudes Domino.
The boar's head in hand bring I,
With garlands gay and rosemary.
I pray you all synge merrily
Qui estis in convivio."

5. Though prepared to witness many of these little eccentricities, from being apprised of the peculiar hobby of mine host, yet, I confess, the parade with which so odd a dish was introduced somewhat perplexed me, until I gathered from the conversation of the Squire and the parson, that it was meant to represent the bringing in of the boar's head: a dish formerly served up with much ceremony and the sound of minstrelsy and song, at great tables, on Christmas day. "I like the old custom," said the Squire, "not merely because it is stately and pleasing in itself, but because it was observed at the college at Oxford at which I was educated. When I hear the old song chanted, it brings to mind the time when I was young and gamesome, — and the noble old college-hall, — and my fellow-students loitering about in their black gowns; many of whom, poor lads, are now in their graves!"

6. The parson, however, whose mind was not haunted by such associations, and who was always more taken up with

Bringing in the Boar's Head

the text than the sentiment, objected to the Oxonian's version of the carol; which he affirmed was different from that sung at college. He went on, with the dry perseverance of a commentator, to give the college reading, accompanied by sundry annotations; addressing himself at first to the company at large; but finding their attention gradually diverted to other talk and other objects, he lowered his tone as his number of auditors diminished, until he concluded his remarks in an undervoice, to a fat-headed old gentleman next him, who was silently engaged in the discussion of a huge plateful of turkey.[1]

7. The table was literally loaded with good cheer and presented an epitome of country abundance, in this season of overflowing larders. A distinguished post was allotted to "ancient sirloin," as mine host termed it; being, as he added, "the standard of old English hospitality, and a joint of goodly presence, and full of expectation." There were several dishes quaintly decorated, and which had evidently something traditional in their embellishments; but about which, as I did not like to appear over-curious, I asked no questions.

[1] The old ceremony of serving up the boar's head on Christmas day is still observed in the hall of Queen's College, Oxford. I was favored by the parson with a copy of the carol as now sung, and, as it may be acceptable to such of my readers as are curious in these grave and learned matters, I give it entire.

"The boar's head in hand bear I,
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;
And I pray you, my masters, be merry
Quot estis in convivio.
Caput apri defero,
Reddens laudes domino.

"The boar's head, as I understand,
Is the rarest dish in all this land,
Which thus bedeck'd with a gay garland
Let us servire cantico.
Caput apri defero, etc.

"Our steward hath provided this
In honor of the King of Bliss,
Which on this day to be served is
In Reginensi Atrio.
Caput apri defero,"
etc., etc., etc.

8. I could not, however, but notice a pie, magnificently decorated with peacock's feathers in imitation of the tail of that bird, which overshadowed a considerable tract of the table. This, the Squire confessed, with some little hesitation, was a pheasant-pie, though a peacock-pie was certainly the most authentical; but there had been such a mortality among the peacocks this season, that he could not prevail upon himself to have one killed.[1]

9. It would be tedious, perhaps, to my wiser readers, who may not have that foolish fondness for odd and obsolete things to which I am a little given, were I to mention the other makeshifts of this worthy old humorist, by which he was endeavoring to follow up, though at humble distance, the quaint customs of antiquity. I was pleased, however, to see the respect shown to his whims by his children and relatives; who, indeed, entered readily into the full spirit of them, and seemed all well versed in their parts; having doubtless been present at many a rehearsal. I was amused, too, at the air of profound gravity with which the butler and other servants executed the duties assigned them, however eccentric. They had an old-fashioned look; having, for the most part, been brought up in the household, and grown into keeping with the antiquated mansion, and the humors of its lord; and most probably looked upon all his whimsical regulations as the established laws of honorable housekeeping.

10. When the cloth was removed, the butler brought in a

[1] The peacock was anciently in great demand for stately entertainments. Sometimes it was made into a pie, at one end of which the head appeared above the crust in all its plumage, with the beak richly gilt; at the other end the tail was displayed. Such pies were served up at the solemn banquets of chivalry, when knights-errant pledged themselves to undertake any perilous enterprise, whence came the ancient oath, used by Justice Shallow, "by cock and pie."

The peacock was also an important dish for the Christmas feast; and Massinger, in his "City Madam," gives some idea of the extravagance with which this, as well as other dishes, was prepared for the gorgeous revels of the olden times:—

"Men may talk of Country Christmasses,
"Their thirty pound butter'd eggs, their pies of carps' tongues;
"Their pheasants drench'd with ambergris; *the carcases of three fat wethers bruised for gravy to make sauce for a single peacock.*"

huge silver vessel of rare and curious workmanship, which he placed before the Squire. Its appearance was hailed with acclamation; being the Wassail Bowl, so renowned in Christmas festivity. The contents had been prepared by the Squire himself; for it was a beverage in the skilful mixture of which he particularly prided himself; alleging that it was too abstruse and complex for the comprehension of an ordinary servant. It was a potation, indeed, that might well make the heart of a toper leap within him; being composed of the richest and raciest wines, highly spiced and sweetened, with roasted apples bobbing about the surface.[1]

11. The old gentleman's whole countenance beamed with a serene look of indwelling delight, as he stirred this mighty bowl. Having raised it to his lips, with a hearty wish of a merry Christmas to all present, he sent it brimming round the board, for every one to follow his example, according to the primitive style; pronouncing it "the ancient fountain of good feeling, where all hearts met together."[2]

12. There was much laughing and rallying as the honest emblem of Christmas joviality circulated, and was kissed rather coyly by the ladies. When it reached Master Simon, he raised it in both hands, and with the air of a boon companion struck up an old Wassail chanson.

"The brown bowle,
The merry brown bowle,

[1] The Wassail Bowl was sometimes composed of ale instead of wine; with nutmeg, sugar, toast, ginger, and roasted crabs: in this way the nut-brown beverage is still prepared in some old families and round the hearths of substantial farmers at Christmas. It is also called Lamb's Wool, and is celebrated by Herrick in his "Twelfth Night":—

"Next crowne the bowle full
With gentle Lamb's Wool;
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger
With store of ale too;
And thus ye must doe
To make the Wassaile a swinger."

[2] "The custom of drinking out of the same cup gave place to each having his cup. When the steward came to the doore with the Wassel, he was to cry three times, *Wassel, Wassel, Wassel*, and then the chappel (chaplein) was to answer with a song." —*Archæologia.*

As it goes round about-a,
Fill
Still,
Let the world say what it will
And drink your fill all out-a.

The deep canne,
The merry deep canne,
As thou dost freely quaff-a,
Sing
Fling,
Be as merry as a king,
And sound a lusty laugh-a."[1]

13. Much of the conversation during dinner turned upon family topics, to which I was a stranger. There was, however, a great deal of rallying of Master Simon about some gay widow, with whom he was accused of having a flirtation. This attack was commenced by the ladies; but it was continued throughout the dinner by the fat-headed old gentleman next the parson, with the persevering assiduity of a slow hound; being one of those long-winded jokers, who, though rather dull at starting game, are unrivalled for their talents in hunting it down. At every pause in the general conversation, he renewed his bantering in pretty much the same terms; winking hard at me with both eyes, whenever he gave Master Simon what he considered a home thrust. The latter, indeed, seemed fond of being teased on the subject, as old bachelors are apt to be; and he took occasion to inform me, in an undertone, that the lady in question was a prodigiously fine woman, and drove her own curricle.

14. The dinner-time passed away in this flow of innocent hilarity, and, though the old hall may have resounded in its time with many a scene of broader rout and revel, yet I doubt whether it ever witnessed more honest and genuine enjoyment. How easy it is for one benevolent being to diffuse pleasure around him; and how truly is a kind heart a fountain of gladness, making everything in its vicinity to freshen into smiles! the joyous disposition of the worthy Squire was perfectly contagious; he was happy himself, and disposed to make all the world happy; and the little eccentricities of his

[1] From Poor Robin's Almanac.

humor did but season, in a manner, the sweetness of his philanthropy.

15. When the ladies had retired, the conversation, as usual, became still more animated; many good things were broached which had been thought of during dinner, but which would not exactly do for a lady's ear; and though I cannot positively affirm that there was much wit uttered, yet I have certainly heard many contests of rare wit produce much less laughter. Wit, after all, is a mighty tart, pungent ingredient, and much too acid for some stomachs; but honest good-humor is the oil and wine of a merry meeting, and there is no jovial companionship equal to that where the jokes are rather small, and the laughter abundant.

16. The Squire told several long stories of early college pranks and adventures, in some of which the parson had been a sharer; though in looking at the latter, it required some effort of imagination to figure such a little dark anatomy of a man into the perpetrator of a madcap gambol. Indeed, the two college chums presented pictures of what men may be made by their different lots in life. The Squire had left the university to live lustily on his paternal domains, in the vigorous enjoyment of prosperity and sunshine, and had flourished on to a hearty and florid old age; whilst the poor parson, on the contrary, had dried and withered away, among dusty tomes, in the silence and shadows of his study. Still there seemed to be a spark of almost extinguished fire, feebly glimmering in the bottom of his soul; and as the Squire hinted at a sly story of the parson and a pretty milkmaid, whom they once met on the banks of the Isis, the old gentleman made an "alphabet of faces," which, as far as I could decipher his physiognomy, I verily believe was indicative of laughter;—indeed, I have rarely met with an old gentleman that took absolute offence at the imputed gallantries of his youth.

17. I found the tide of wine and wassail fast gaining on the dry land of sober judgment. The company grew merrier and louder as their jokes grew duller. Master Simon was in as chirping a humor as a grasshopper filled with dew; his old songs grew of a warmer complexion, and he began to talk

maudlin about the widow. He even gave a long song about the wooing of a widow which he informed me he had gathered from an excellent black-letter work, entitled "Cupid's Solicitor for Love," containing store of good advice for bachelors, and which he promised to lend me. The first verse was to this effect: —

"He that will woo a widow must not dally,
He must make hay while the sun doth shine;
He must not stand with her, shall I, shall I?
But boldly say, Widow, thou must be mine."

18. This song inspired the fat-headed old gentleman, who made several attempts to tell a rather broad story out of Joe Miller, that was pat to the purpose; but he always stuck in the middle, everybody recollecting the latter part excepting himself. The parson, too, began to show the effects of good cheer, having gradually settled down into a doze, and his wig sitting most suspiciously on one side. Just at this juncture we were summoned to the drawing-room, and, I suspect, at the private instigation of mine host, whose joviality seemed always tempered with a proper love of decorum.

19. After the dinner-table was removed, the hall was given up to the younger members of the family, who, prompted to all kind of noisy mirth by the Oxonian and Master Simon, made its old walls ring with their merriment, as they played at romping games. I delight in witnessing the gambols of children, and particularly at this happy holiday season, and could not help stealing out of the drawing-room on hearing one of their peals of laughter. I found them at the game of blindman's-buff. Master Simon, who was the leader of their revels, and seemed on all occasions to fulfil the office of that ancient potentate, the Lord of Misrule,[1] was blinded in the midst of the hall. The little beings were as busy about him as the mock fairies about Falstaff; pinching him, plucking at the skirts of his coat, and tickling him with straws. One

[1] "At Christmasse there was in the Kinge's house, wheresoever hee was lodged, a lorde of misrule, or mayster of merie disportes, and the like had ye in the house of every nobleman of honor, or good worshippe, were he spirituall or temporall."— STOWE.

fine blue-eyed girl of about thirteen, with her flaxen hair all in beautiful confusion, her frolic face in a glow, her frock half torn off her shoulders, a complete picture of a romp, was the chief tormentor; and, from the slyness with which Master Simon avoided the smaller game, and hemmed this wild little nymph in corners, and obliged her to jump shrieking over chairs, I suspected the rogue of being not a whit more blinded than was convenient.

20. When I returned to the drawing-room, I found the company seated round the fire, listening to the parson, who was deeply ensconced in a high-backed oaken chair, the work of some cunning artificer of yore, which had been brought from the library for his particular accommodation. From this venerable piece of furniture, with which his shadowy figure and dark weazen face so admirably accorded, he was dealing out strange accounts of the popular superstitions and legends of the surrounding country, with which he had become acquainted in the course of his antiquarian researches. I am half inclined to think that the old gentleman was himself somewhat tinctured with superstition, as men are very apt to be who live a recluse and studious life in a sequestered part of the country and pore over black-letter tracts, so often filled with the marvellous and supernatural. He gave us several anecdotes of the fancies of the neighboring peasantry, concerning the effigy of the crusader, which lay on the tomb by the church-altar. As it was the only monument of the kind in that part of the country, it had always been regarded with feelings of superstition by the good wives of the village. It was said to get up from the tomb and walk the rounds of the churchyard in stormy nights, particularly when it thundered; and one old woman, whose cottage bordered on the churchyard, had seen it through the windows of the church, when the moon shone, slowly pacing up and down the aisles. It was the belief that some wrong had been left unredressed by the deceased, or some treasure hidden, which kept the spirit in a state of trouble and restlessness. Some talked of gold and jewels buried in the tomb, over which the spectre kept watch; and there was a story current of a sexton in old times, who en-

deavored to break his way to the coffin at night, but, just as he reached it, received a violent blow from the marble hand of the effigy, which stretched him senseless on the pavement. These tales were often laughed at by some of the sturdier among the rustics, yet, when night came on, there were many of the stoutest unbelievers that were shy of venturing alone in the footpath that led across the churchyard.

21. From these and other anecdotes that followed, the crusader appeared to be the favorite hero of ghost-stories throughout the vicinity. His picture, which hung up in the hall, was thought by the servants to have something supernatural about it; for they remarked that, in whatever part of the hall you went, the eyes of the warrior were still fixed on you. The old porter's wife, too, at the lodge, who had been born and brought up in the family, and was a great gossip among the maid-servants, affirmed, that in her young days she had often heard say, that on Midsummer eve, when it was well known all kinds of ghosts, goblins, and fairies become visible and walk abroad, the crusader used to mount his horse, come down from his picture, ride about the house, down the avenue, and so to the church to visit the tomb; on which occasion the church-door most civilly swung open of itself; not that he needed it, for he rode through closed gates and even stone walls, and had been seen by one of the dairy-maids to pass between two bars of the great park-gate, making himself as thin as a sheet of paper.

22. All these superstitions I found had been very much countenanced by the Squire, who, though not superstitious himself, was very fond of seeing others so. He listened to every goblin-tale of the neighboring gossips with infinite gravity, and held the porter's wife in high favor on account of her talent for the marvellous. He was himself a great reader of old legends and romances, and often lamented that he could not believe in them; for a superstitious person, he thought, must live in a kind of fairy land.

23. Whilst we were all attention to the parson's stories, our ears were suddenly assailed by a burst of heterogeneous sounds from the hall, in which were mingled something like

the clang of rude minstrelsy, with the uproar of many small voices and girlish laughter. The door suddenly flew open, and a train came trooping into the room, that might almost have been mistaken for the breaking up of the court of Fairy. That indefatigable spirit, Master Simon, in the faithful discharge of his duties as lord of misrule, had conceived the idea of a Christmas mummery or masking; and having called in to his assistance the Oxonian and the young officer, who were equally ripe for anything that should occasion romping and merriment, they had carried it into instant effect. The old housekeeper had been consulted; the antique clothes-presses and wardrobes rummaged, and made to yield up the relics of finery that had not seen the light for several generations; the younger part of the company had been privately convened from the parlor and hall, and the whole had been bedizened out, into a burlesque imitation of an antique mask.[1]

24. Master Simon led the van, as "Ancient Christmas," quaintly apparelled in a ruff, a short cloak, which had very much the aspect of one of the old housekeeper's petticoats, and a hat that might have served for a village steeple, and must indubitably have figured in the days of the Covenanters. From under this his nose curved boldly forth, flushed with a frost-bitten bloom, that seemed the very trophy of a December blast. He was accompanied by the blue-eyed romp, dished up as "Dame Mince Pie," in the venerable magnificence of a faded brocade, long stomacher, peaked hat and high-heeled shoes. The young officer appeared as Robin Hood, in a sporting dress of Kendal green, and a foraging cap with a gold tassel.

25. The costume, to be sure, did not bear testimony to deep research, and there was an evident eye to the picturesque, natural to a young gallant in the presence of his mistress. The fair Julia hung on his arm in a pretty rustic dress, as "Maid Marian." The rest of the train had been metamor-

[1] Maskings or mummeries were favorite sports at Christmas in old times; and the wardrobes at halls and manor-houses were often laid under contribution to furnish dresses and fantastic disguisings. I strongly suspect Master Simon to have taken the idea of his from Ben Jonson's "Masque of Christmas."

phosed in various ways: the girls trussed up in the finery of the ancient belles of the Bracebridge line, and the striplings bewhiskered with burnt cork, and gravely clad in broad skirts, hanging sleeves, and full-bottomed wigs, to represent the character of Roast Beef, Plum Pudding, and other worthies celebrated in ancient maskings. The whole was under the control of the Oxonian, in the appropriate character of Misrule; and I observed that he exercised rather a mischievous sway with his wand over the smaller personages of the pageant.

26. The irruption of his motley crew, with beat of drum, according to ancient custom, was the consummation of uproar and merriment. Master Simon covered himself with glory by the stateliness with which, as Ancient Christmas, he walked a minuet with the peerless, though giggling, Dame Mince Pie. It was followed by a dance of all the characters, which, from its medley of costumes, seemed as though the old family portraits had skipped down from their frames to join in the sport. Different centuries were figuring at cross hands and right and left; the dark ages were cutting pirouettes and rigadoons; and the days of Queen Bess jigging merrily down the middle, through a line of succeeding generations.

27. The worthy Squire contemplated these fantastic sports, and this resurrection of his old wardrobe, with the simple relish of childish delight. He stood chuckling and rubbing his hands, and scarcely hearing a word the parson said, notwithstanding that the latter was discoursing most authentically on the ancient and stately dance at the Paon, or peacock, from which he conceived the minuet to be derived.[1] For my part, I was in a continual excitement from the varied scenes of whim and innocent gayety passing before me. It was inspiring to see wild-eyed frolic and warm-hearted hospitality breaking out from among the chills and glooms of winter, and

[1] Sir John Hawkins, speaking of the dance called the Pavon, from *pavo*, a peacock, says: "It is a grave and majestic dance; the method of dancing it anciently was by gentlemen dressed with caps and swords, by those of the long robe in their gowns, by the peers in their mantles, and by the ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in dancing resembled that of a peacock."—*History of Music.*

old age throwing off his apathy, and catching once more the freshness of youthful enjoyment. I felt also an interest in the scene, from the consideration that these fleeting customs were posting fast into oblivion, and that this was, perhaps, the only family in England in which the whole of them was still punctiliously observed. There was a quaintness, too, mingled with all this revelry, that gave it a peculiar zest: it was suited to the time and place; and as the old manor-house almost reeled with mirth and wassail, it seemed echoing back the joviality of long departed years.[1]

28. But enough of Christmas and its gambols; it is time for me to pause in this garrulity. Methinks I hear the questions asked by my graver readers, "To what purpose is all this; how is the world to be made wiser by this talk?" Alas! is there not wisdom enough extant for the instruction of the world? And if not, are there not thousands of abler pens laboring for its improvement? — It is so much pleasanter to please than to instruct, — to play the companion rather than the preceptor.

29. What, after all, is the mite of wisdom that I could throw into the mass of knowledge; or how am I sure that my sagest deductions may be safe guides for the opinions of others? But in writing to amuse, if I fail, the only evil is in my own disappointment. If, however, I can by any lucky chance, in these days of evil, rub out one wrinkle from the brow of care, or beguile the heavy heart of one moment of sorrow; if I can now and then penetrate through the gathering film of misanthropy, prompt a benevolent view of human nature, and make my reader more in good-humor with his fellow-beings and himself, surely, surely, I shall not then have written entirely in vain.

[1] At the time of the first publication of this paper, the picture of an old-fashioned Christmas in the country was pronounced by some as out of date. The author had afterwards an opportunity of witnessing almost all the customs above described, existing in unexpected vigor in the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, where he passed the Christmas holidays. The reader will find some notice of them in the author's account of his sojourn at Newstead Abbey.

[COMMENT. — It is easy to imagine that the gentleman who passed several years in the old wainscoted chamber on the second floor of "one of the smallest but oldest edifices in this district" is Irving himself, and the experiences of the visit in August, 1817, when he found the town quite deserted, may easily have served to fill the imagined period of residence. He writes, "Life and Letters," I., 275, "I found, however, sufficient objects of curiosity and interest to keep me in a worry; and amused myself by exploring various parts of the city, which in the dirt and gloom of winter would be almost inaccessible."

The essay illustrates in a striking manner Irving's habit of localizing the lore gleaned from old books. In "Little Britain," he is striving to turn the shadow on the dial backward by the space of several centuries, and makes believe with himself that from his room in the "heart's core" of the old city he witnesses a manner of life the complexion of which belongs to past generations. He sees in daily occurrences survivals of old manners, and shares his neighbor's pride in the former splendors of this ancient quarter. The "city wonders," the Lord Mayor's show, the lions in the Tower, the giants of Guildhall seem the "wonders of the world."

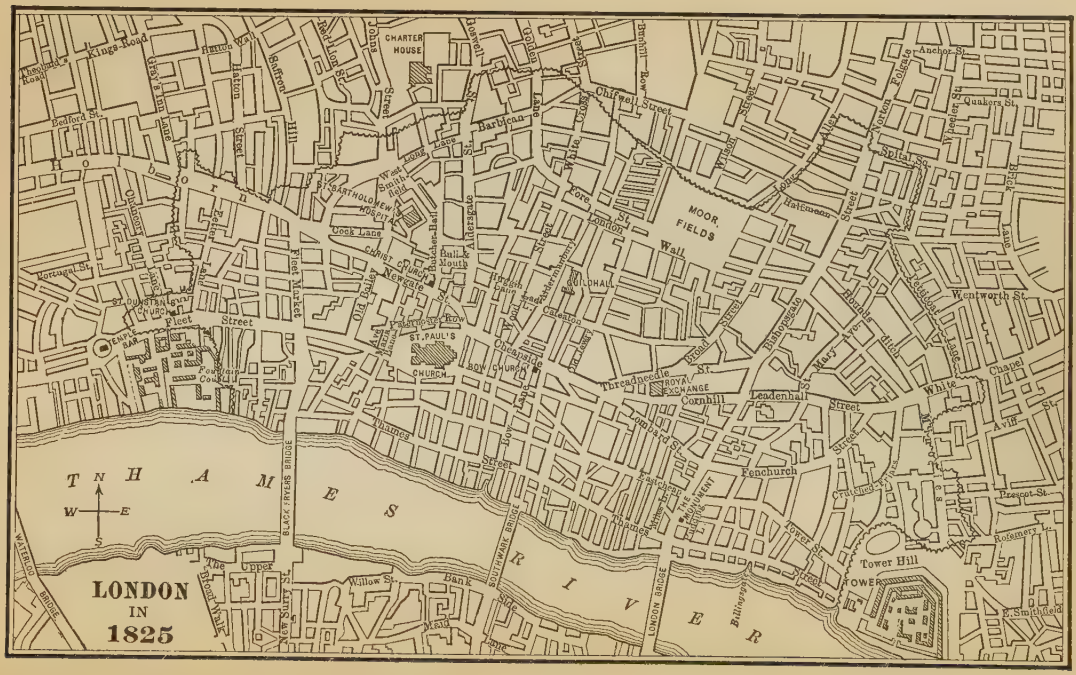
He preserves, however, the character of an onlooker, albeit of one who, in course of time, has "worked his way into all the concerns and secrets of the place." In the character of an antiquarian he is best able to describe those customs and observances which have survived the changes of many years. This also supplies a point of view which accounts for his own interest in everything old, whether relic, or superstitious observance; and in turn, as in the Christmas essays, he interests the reader through his own personality. The form of the composition, as suits the adventure and the character, is less that of a narrative than in the series illustrating holiday customs. Instead of incidents or characters we have observations and reflections. Even the account of the rivalries of the Lambs and the Trotters is so generalized as to have little personal interest. The disguise is too thin, and generalizations upon the crude and vulgar aspirations of a shopkeeper's women folk seem trite and ineffective as a suggestion of the manner in which an old-fashioned community gradually gives up ancient customs and assumes the characteristics of modern times. It serves the author's purpose, however, for it draws the reader back from the old city in which he had lost himself and enables the guide to bow himself out at the very moment when he is in danger of exhausting the patience of his admirers. D.]

What I write is most true. . . . I have a whole booke of cases lying by me which if I should sette foorth, some grave auntients (within the hearing of Bow bell) would be out of charity with me.
— NASHE.

1. In the centre of the great city of London lies a small neighborhood, consisting of a cluster of narrow streets and courts, of very venerable and debilitated houses, which goes by the name of LITTLE BRITAIN. Christ Church School and St. Bartholomew's Hospital bound it on the west; Smithfield and Long Lane on the north; Aldersgate, like an arm of the sea, divides it from the eastern part of the city; whilst the yawning gulf of Bull-and-Mouth Street separates it from Butcher Lane, and the regions of Newgate. Over this little territory, thus bounded and designated, the great dome of St. Paul's, swelling above the intervening houses of Paternoster Row, Amen Corner, and Ave Maria Lane, looks down with an air of motherly protection.

2. This quarter derives its appellation from having been, in ancient times, the residence of the Dukes of Brittany. As London increased, however, rank and fashion rolled off to the west, and trade creeping on at their heels, took possession of their deserted abodes. For some time Little Britain became the great mart of learning, and was peopled by the busy and prolific race of booksellers; these also gradually deserted it, and, emigrating beyond the great strait of Newgate Street, settled down in Paternoster Row and St. Paul's Churchyard, where they continue to increase and multiply even at the present day.

3. But though thus falling into decline, Little Britain still bears traces of its former splendor. There are several houses ready to tumble down, the fronts of which are magnificently enriched with old oaken carvings of hideous faces, unknown birds, beasts, and fishes: and fruits and flowers which it would perplex a naturalist to classify. There are also, in Aldersgate Street, certain remains of what were once spacious and lordly family mansions, but which have in latter days been subdivided into several tenements. Here may often be found the family of a petty tradesman, with its trumpery furniture, burrowing among the relics of antiquated finery, in great


LONDON
IN
1825
THAMES
RIVER
MOOR FIELDS
CHARTER HOUSE
ST. PAUL'S CHURCH
ROYAL EXCHANGE
TOWER
Tower Hill
Cornhill
Leadenhall Street
Fenchurch Street
Threadneedle St.
Old Bailey
Newgate
Fleet Street
Fleet Ditch
Holborn
Cheapside
Ludgate Hill
Blackfriars Bridge
Southwark Bridge
London Bridge
Waterloo Bridge
Upper Thames Street
Bank
Mansion House
Guildhall
Aldersgate
Aldgate
Bishopsgate
Moorgate
Wall
Goswell Street
Barbican
Long Lane
Smithfield
Cock Lane
Charterhouse Square
Charterhouse Street
Red Lion Street
Holborn Hill
Gray's Inn Lane
Theobald's Road
Kings Road
Bedford St.
Norfolk St.
Arundel St.
Essex St.
Temple Bar
Whitefriars
Carter Lane
Paternoster Row
Ave Maria Lane
Warwick Lane
Newgate St.
Giltspur St.
Skinner St.
Snow Hill
Queen Victoria St.
Cannon St.
Lombard St.
Gracechurch St.
Bishopsgate St.
Houndsditch
Bevis Marks
Duke's Place
Aldgate High St.
Minories
Crutched Friars
Mincing Lane
Fenchurch St.
Billiter St.
Leadenhall St.
Lime St.
Bull & Mouth St.
Wood St.
Milk St.
Basinghall St.
Coleman St.
Moorfields
Finsbury Pavement
Finsbury Circus
London Wall
Throgmorton St.
Broad St.
Old Broad St.
Threadneedle St.
Bartholomew Close
Hatton Garden
Ely Place
Holborn Viaduct
Fetter Lane
Chancery Lane
Shoe Lane
Farringdon St.
Farringdon Road
Clerkenwell Road
Theobald's Road
Red Cross St.
Whitecross St.
Old Street
Golden Lane
Beech St.
Chiswell Street
Wilson St.
Finsbury Square
Worship St.
Quaker St.
Bishopsgate Without
Artillery Lane
Sandy's Row
Middlesex St.
Petticoat Lane
Wentworth St.
Whitechapel
Whitechapel Road
Commercial St.
Leman St.
Goodman's Fields
Alie St.
Prescot St.
Mansell St.
Minories
Tower Hill
Trinity Square
Tower Wharf
Water Lane
Great Tower St.
Seething Lane
Rood Lane
Fish St. Hill
Eastcheap
Upper Thames St.
Willow St.
Bank Side
Paris Garden
Stone Stairs
Falcon Stairs
Cuper's Gardens
Lambeth Marsh
Lambeth Walk
Kennington Road
Westminster Bridge Road
Waterloo Bridge
Blackfriars Road
Surrey Side
Surrey Canal
Rotherhithe
Deptford
Greenwich
Limehouse
Ratcliff
Wapping
Shadwell
Stepney
Mile End
Whitechapel
Spitalfields
Bethnal Green
Hackney
Shoreditch
Islington
Clerkenwell
Holborn
Bloomsbury
Soho
Strand
Covent Garden
Drury Lane
Lincoln's Inn Fields
Chancery Lane
Temple
Somerset House
Whitehall
Westminster
St. James's Park
Buckingham Palace
Hyde Park
Kensington
Chelsea
Knightsbridge
Piccadilly
Regent St.
Oxford St.
Tottenham Court Road
Hampstead Road
Euston Road
Gray's Inn Road
Southampton Row
Russell St.
Bedford Row
Great Ormond St.
Queen Square
Red Lion Square
Lincoln's Inn
Gray's Inn
Temple Bar
Fleet Market
Fleet Prison
Old Bailey
Newgate
Christ Church
St. Bartholomew's Hospital
Charterhouse
Merchant Taylors' Hall
Drapers' Hall
Haberdashers' Hall
Grocers' Hall
Ironmongers' Hall
Goldsmiths' Hall
Mercers' Hall
Guildhall
Stationers' Hall
Apothecaries' Hall
Barber Surgeons' Hall
Clothworkers' Hall
Merchant Taylors' Hall
Skinners' Hall
Vintners' Hall
Dyers' Hall
Salters' Hall
Fishmongers' Hall
Girdlers' Hall
Pewterers' Hall
Armourers' Hall
Brewers' Hall
Weavers' Hall
Bakers' Hall
Cutlers' Hall
Painters' Stainers' Hall
Founders' Hall
Plaisterers' Hall
Coopers' Hall
Carpenters' Hall
Joiners' Hall
Tylers' & Bricklayers' Hall
Glaziers' Hall
Scriveners' Hall
Needlemakers' Hall
Horners' Hall
Basketmakers' Hall
Broderers' Hall
Fanmakers' Hall
Spectacle Makers' Hall
Turners' Hall
Woodmongers' Hall
Coachmakers' Hall
Gardeners' Hall
Saddlers' Hall
Wax Chandlers' Hall
Tallow Chandlers' Hall
Farriers' Hall
Innholders' Hall
Masons' Hall
Bricklayers' Hall
Plumbers' Hall
Painters' Hall
Glaziers' Hall
Poulterers' Hall
Cordwainers' Hall
Curriers' Hall
Barbers' Hall
Butchers' Hall
Leathersellers' Hall
Pinners' Hall
Brushmakers' Hall
Hatmakers' Hall
Clockmakers' Hall
Musicians' Hall
Actuaries' Hall
Engineers' Hall
Architects' Hall
Surveyors' Hall
Auctioneers' Hall
Estate Agents' Hall
Insurance Hall
Stock Exchange
Bank of England
Royal Exchange
Mansion House
Custom House
Excise Office
Stamp Office
Tax Office
Inland Revenue
Somerset House
Admiralty
War Office
Horse Guards
Treasury
Privy Council Office
Home Office
Foreign Office
Colonial Office
India Office
Board of Trade
Board of Works
Board of Green Cloth
Lord Chamberlain's Office
Lord Steward's Office
Master of the Horse's Office
Master of the Ordnance's Office
Master of the Rolls' Office
Master of the Wardrobe's Office
Master of the Buckhounds' Office
Master of the Staghounds' Office
Master of the Foxhounds' Office
Master of the Harriers' Office
Master of the Beagles' Office
Master of the Otterhounds' Office
Master of the Hounds' Office
Master of the Kennels' Office
Master of the Stables' Office
Master of the Horse's Office
Master of the Ordnance's Office
Master of the Rolls' Office
Master of the Wardrobe's Office
Master of the Buckhounds' Office
Master of the Staghounds' Office
Master of the Foxhounds' Office
Master of the Harriers' Office
Master of the Beagles' Office
Master of the Otterhounds' Office
Master of the Hounds' Office
Master of the Kennels' Office
Master of the Stables' Office

rambling, time-stained apartments, with fretted ceilings, gilded cornices, and enormous marble fireplaces. The lanes and courts also contain many smaller houses, not on so grand a scale, but, like your small ancient gentry, sturdily maintaining their claims to equal antiquity. These have their gable ends to the street; great bow-windows, with diamond panes set in lead, grotesque carvings, and low arched doorways.[1]

4. In this most venerable and sheltered little nest have I passed several quiet years of existence, comfortably lodged in the second floor of one of the smallest but oldest edifices. My sitting-room is an old wainscoted chamber, with small panels, and set off with a miscellaneous array of furniture. I have a particular respect for three or four high-backed claw-footed chairs, covered with tarnished brocade, which bear the marks of having seen better days, and have doubtless figured in some of the old palaces of Little Britain. They seem to me to keep together, and to look down with sovereign contempt upon their leathern-bottomed neighbors: as I have seen decayed gentry carry a high head among the plebeian society with which they were reduced to associate. The whole front of my sitting-room is taken up with a bow-window, on the panes of which are recorded the names of previous occupants for many generations, mingled with scraps of very indifferent gentlemanlike poetry, written in characters which I can scarcely decipher, and which extol the charms of many a beauty of Little Britain, who has long, long since bloomed, faded, and passed away. As I am an idle personage, with no apparent occupation, and pay my bill regularly every week, I am looked upon as the only independent gentleman of the neighborhood; and, being curious to learn the internal state of a community so apparently shut up within itself, I have managed to work my way into all the concerns and secrets of the place.

5. Little Britain may truly be called the heart's core of

[1] It is evident that the author of this interesting communication has included, in his general title of *Little Britain*, many of those little lanes and courts that belong immediately to Cloth Fair.

the city, the stronghold of true John Bullism. It is a fragment of London as it was in its better days, with its antiquated folks and fashions. Here flourish in great preservation many of the holiday games and customs of yore. The inhabitants most religiously eat pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, hot-cross-buns on Good Friday, and roast goose at Michaelmas; they send love-letters on Valentine's Day, burn the pope on the fifth of November, and kiss all the girls under the mistletoe

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at Christmas. Roast beef and plum-pudding are also held in superstitious veneration, and port and sherry maintain their grounds as the only true English wines; all others being considered vile outlandish beverages.

6. Little Britain has its long catalogue of city wonders, which its inhabitants consider the wonders of the world; such as the great bell of St. Paul's which sours all the beer when it tolls; the figures that strike the hours at St. Dunstan's clock;

the Monument; the lions in the Tower; and the wooden giants in Guildhall. They still believe in dreams and fortune telling, and an old woman that lives in Bull-and-Mouth Street makes a tolerable subsistence by detecting stolen goods, and promising the girls good husbands. They are apt to be rendered uncomfortable by comets and eclipses; if a dog howls dolefully at night, it is looked upon as a sure sign of a death in the place. There are even many ghost-stories current, particularly concerning the old-mansion houses; in several of which it is said strange sights are sometimes seen. Lords and ladies, the former in full-bottomed wigs, hanging sleeves, and swords, the latter in lappets, stays, hoops, and brocade, have been seen walking up and down the great waste chambers, on moon-light nights; and are supposed to be the shades of the ancient proprietors in their court-dresses.

7. Little Britain has likewise its sages and great men. One of the most important of the former is a tall, dry old gentleman, of the name of Skryme, who keeps a small apothecary's shop. He has a cadaverous countenance, full of cavities and projections, with a brown circle round each eye like a pair of horned spectacles. He is much thought of by the old women, who consider him as a kind of conjurer, because he has two or three stuffed alligators hanging up in his shop, and several snakes in bottles. He is a great reader of almanacs and newspapers, and is much given to pore over alarming accounts of plots, conspiracies, fires, earthquakes, and volcanic eruptions, which last phenomena he considers as signs of the times. He has always some dismal tale of the kind to deal out to his customers with their doses, and thus at the same time puts both soul and body into an uproar. He is a great believer in omens and predictions, and has the prophecies of Robert Nixon and Mother Shipton by heart. No man can make so much out of an eclipse, or even an unusually dark day, and he shook the tail of the last comet over the heads of his customers and disciples until they were nearly frightened out of their wits. He has lately got hold of a popular legend or prophecy, on which he has been unusually eloquent. There has been a saying current among the ancient sibyls

who treasure up these things, that when the grass-hopper on the top of the Exchange shook hands with the dragon on the top of Bow Church steeple fearful events would take place. This strange conjunction, it seems, has as strangely come to pass. The same architect has been engaged lately on the repairs of the cupola of the Exchange, and the steeple of Bow Church; and, fearful to relate, the dragon and the grass-hopper actually lie, cheek by jole, in the yard of his workshop.

8. "Others," as Mr. Skryme is accustomed to say, "may go star-gazing, and look for conjunctions in the heavens, but here is a conjunction on the earth, near at home, and under our own eyes, which surpasses all the signs and calculations of astrologers." Since these portentous weathercocks have thus laid their heads together, wonderful events had already occurred. The good old king, notwithstanding that he had lived eighty-two years, had all at once given up the ghost; another king had mounted the throne; a royal duke had died suddenly, — another, in France, had been murdered; there had been radical meetings in all parts of the kingdom; the bloody scenes at Manchester; the great plot in Cato Street; — and, above all, the queen had returned to England! All these sinister events are recounted by Mr. Skryme, with a mysterious look, and a dismal shake of the head; and being taken with his drugs, and associated in the minds of his auditors with stuffed sea-monsters, bottled serpents, and his own visage, which is a title-page of tribulation, they have spread great gloom through the minds of the people of Little Britain. They shake their heads whenever they go by Bow Church, and observe, that they never expected any good to come of taking down that steeple, which in old times told nothing but glad tidings, as the history of Whittington and his Cat bears witness.

9. The rival oracle of Little Britain is a substantial cheesemonger, who lives in a fragment of one of the old family mansions, and is as magnificently lodged as a round-bellied mite in the midst of one of his own Cheshires. Indeed, he is a man of no little standing and importance; and his renown extends through Huggin Lane, and Lad Lane, and even

unto Aldermanbury. His opinion is very much taken in affairs of state, having read the Sunday papers for the last half century, together with the "Gentleman's Magazine," Rapin's "History of England," and the "Naval Chronicle." His head is stored with invaluable maxims which have borne the test of time and use for centuries. It is his firm opinion that "it is a moral impossible," so long as England is true to herself, that anything can shake her; and he has much to say on the subject of the national debt; which, somehow or other, he proves to be a great national bulwark and blessing. He passed the greater part of his life in the purlieus of Little Britain, until of late years, when, having become rich, and grown into the dignity of a Sunday cane, he begins to take his pleasure and see the world. He has therefore made several excursions to Hampstead, Highgate, and other neighboring towns, where he has passed whole afternoons in looking back upon the metropolis through a telescope, and endeavoring to descry the steeple of St. Bartholomew's. Not a stage-coachman of Bull-and-Mouth Street but touches his hat as he passes; and he is considered quite a patron at the coach-office of the Goose and Gridiron, St. Paul's Churchyard. His family have been very urgent for him to make an expedition to Margate, but he has great doubts of those new gimcracks, the steamboats, and indeed thinks himself too advanced in life to undertake sea-voyages.

10. Little Britain has occasionally its factions and divisions, and party spirit ran very high at one time in consequence of two rival Burial Societies being set up in the place. One held its meeting at the Swan and Horse Shoe, and was patronized by the cheesemonger; the other at the Cock and Crown, under the auspices of the apothecary: it is needless to say that the latter was the most flourishing. I have passed an evening or two at each, and have acquired much valuable information, as to the best mode of being buried, the comparative merits of churchyards, together with divers hints on the subject of patent-iron coffins. I have heard the question discussed in all its bearings as to the legality of prohibiting the latter on account of their durability. The feuds occasioned

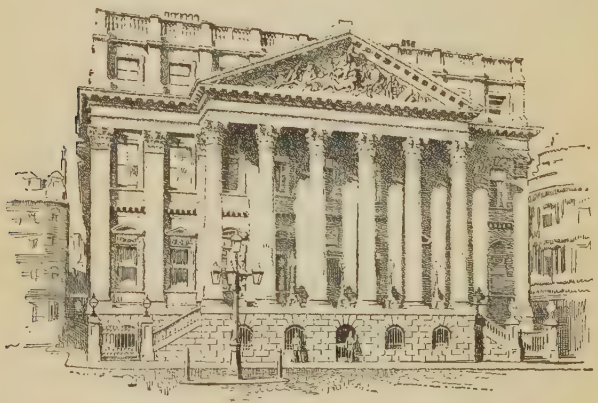
by these societies have happily died of late; but they were for a long time prevailing themes of controversy, the people of Little Britain being extremely solicitous of funereal honors and of lying comfortably in their graves.

11. Besides these two funeral societies there is a third of quite a different cast, which tends to throw the sunshine of good-humor over the whole neighborhood. It meets once a week at a little old fashioned house, kept by a jolly publican of the name of Wagstaff, and bearing for insignia a resplendent half-moon, with a most seductive bunch of grapes. The old edifice is covered with inscriptions to catch the eye of the thirsty wayfarer; such as "Truman, Hanbury, and Co.'s Entire," "Wine, Rum, and Brandy Vaults," "Old Tom, Rum and Compounds, etc." This indeed has been a temple of Bacchus and Momus from time immemorial. It has always been in the family of the Wagstaffs, so that its history is tolerably preserved by the present landlord. It was much frequented by the gallants and cavalieros of the reign of Elizabeth, and was looked into now and then by the wits of Charles the Second's day. But what Wagstaff principally prides himself upon is, that Henry the Eighth, in one of his nocturnal rambles, broke the head of one of his ancestors with his famous walking-staff. This however is considered as rather a dubious and vain-glorious boast of the landlord.

12. The club which now holds its weekly sessions here goes by the name of "The Roaring Lads of Little Britain." They abound in old catches, glees, and choice stories, that are traditional in the place, and not to be met with in any other part of the metropolis. There is a madcap undertaker who is inimitable at a merry song; but the life of the club, and indeed the prime wit of Little Britain, is bully Wagstaff himself. His ancestors were all wags before him, and he has inherited with the inn a large stock of songs and jokes, which go with it from generation to generation as heirlooms. He is a dapper little fellow, with bandy legs and pot-belly, a red face, with moist merry eye, and a little shock of gray hair behind. At the opening of every club-night he is called in to sing his "Confession of Faith," which is the famous old drink-

ing-trowl from "Gammer Gurton's Needle." He sings it, to be sure, with many variations, as he received it from his father's lips; for it had been a standing favorite at the Half-Moon and Bunch of Grapes ever since it was written: nay, he affirms that his predecessors have often had the honor of singing it before the nobility and gentry at Christmas mummeries, when Little Britain was in all its glory.[1]

13. It would do one's heart good to hear, on a club night, the shouts of merriment, the snatches of song, and now and then the choral bursts of half a dozen discordant voices, which



THE MANSION HOUSE, RESIDENCE OF THE LORD MAYOR

issue from this jovial mansion. At such times the street is lined with listeners, who enjoy a delight equal to that of gazing into a confectioner's window, or snuffing up the steams of a cookshop.

14. There are two annual events which produce great stir and sensation in Little Britain; these are St. Bartholomew's fair, and the Lord Mayor's day. During the time of the fair, which is held in the adjoining regions of Smithfield, there is

[1] As mine host of the Half-Moon's "Confession of Faith" may not be familiar to the majority of readers, and as it is a specimen of the

nothing going on but gossiping and gadding about. The late quiet streets of Little Britain are overrun with an irruption of strange figures and faces; every tavern is a scene of rout and revel. The fiddle and the song are heard from the tap-room, morning, noon, and night; and at each window may be seen

current songs of Little Britain, I subjoin it in its original orthography. I would observe, that the whole club always join in the chorus with a fearful thumping on the table and clattering of pewter pots.

I cannot eate but lytle meate,
My stomacke is not good,
But sure I thinke that I can drinke
With him that weares a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a colde,
I stuff my skyn so full within,
Of joly good ale and olde.
Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare,
Booth foote and hand go colde.
But belly, God send thee good ale ynoughe
Whether it be new or olde.

I have no rost, but a nut brawne toste,
And a crab laid in the fyre;
A little breade shall do me steade,
Much breade I not desyre.
No frost nor snow, nor winde, I trowe,
Can hurte mee, if I wolde,
I am so wrapt and throwly lapt
Of joly good ale and olde.
Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

And Tyb my wife, that, as her lyfe,
Loveth well good ale to seeke,
Full oft drynkes shee, tyll ye may see,
The teares run downe her cheeke.
Then doth she trowle to me the bowle,
Even as a mault-worme sholde,
And sayth, sweete harte, I took my parte
Of this joly good ale and olde.
Chorus. Back and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

Now let them drynke, tyll they nod and winke
Even as goode fellowes sholde doe,
They shall not mysse to have the blisse,
Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poore soules that have scowred bowles,
Or have them lustily trolde,
God save the lyves of them and their wives,
Whether they be yong or olde.
Chorus. Backe and syde go bare, go bare, etc.

some group of boon companions, with half-shut eyes, hats on one side, pipe in mouth, and tankard in hand, fondling, and prosing, and singing maudlin songs over their liquor. Even the sober decorum of private families, which I must say is rigidly kept up at other times among my neighbors, is no proof against this Saturnalia. There is no such thing as keeping maid-servants within doors. Their brains are absolutely set madding with Punch and the Puppet-Show; the Flying Horses; Signior Polito; the Fire-Eater; the celebrated Mr. Paap; and the Irish Giant. The children, too, lavish all their holiday money in toys and gilt gingerbread, and fill the house with the Lilliputian din of drums, trumpets, and penny-whistles.

15. But the Lord Mayor's day is the great anniversary. The Lord Mayor is looked up to by the inhabitants of Little Britain as the greatest potentate upon earth; his gilt coach with six horses as the summit of human splendor; and his procession, with all the Sheriffs and Aldermen in his train, as the grandest of earthly pageants. How they exult in the idea, that the King himself dare not enter the city, without first knocking at the gate of Temple Bar, and asking permission of the Lord Mayor: for if he did, heaven and earth! there is no knowing what might be the consequence. The man in armor who rides before the Lord Mayor, and is the city champion, has orders to cut down everybody that offends against the dignity of the city; and then there is the little man with a velvet porringer on his head, who sits at the window of the state-coach, and holds the city sword, as long as a pike-staff — Odd's blood! If he once draws that sword, Majesty itself is not safe!

16. Under the protection of this mighty potentate, therefore, the good people of Little Britain sleep in peace. Temple Bar is an effectual barrier against all interior foes; and as to foreign invasion, the Lord Mayor has but to throw himself into the Tower, call in the train-bands, and put the standing army of Beef-eaters under arms, and he may bid defiance to the world!

17. Thus wrapped up in its own concerns, its own habits,

CHEAPSIDE ON LORD MAYOR'S DAY, 1761
From an engraving by J. June

and its own opinions, Little Britain has long flourished as a sound heart to this great fungous metropolis. I have pleased myself with considering it as a chosen spot, where the principles of sturdy John Bullism were garnered up, like seed-corn, to renew the national character, when it had run to waste and degeneracy. I have rejoiced also in the general spirit of harmony that prevailed throughout it; for though there might now and then be a few clashes of opinion between the adherents of the cheesemonger and the apothecary, and an occasional feud between the burial societies, yet these were but transient clouds, and soon passed away. The neighbors met with good-will, parted with a shake of the hand, and never abused each other except behind their backs.

18. I could give rare descriptions of snug junketing parties at which I have been present; where we played at All-Fours, Pope-Joan, Tom-come-tickle-me, and other choice old games; and where we sometimes had a good old English country dance to the tune of Sir Roger de Coverley. Once a year also the neighbors would gather together, and go on a gypsy party to Epping Forest. It would have done any man's heart good to see the merriment that took place here as we banqueted on the grass under the trees. How we made the woods ring with bursts of laughter at the songs of little Wagstaff and the merry undertaker! After dinner, too, the young folks would play at blind-man's-buff and hide-and-seek; and it was amusing to see them tangled among the briers, and to hear a fine romping girl now and then squeak from among the bushes. The elder folks would gather round the cheesemonger and the apothecary, to hear them talk politics; for they generally brought out a newspaper in their pockets, to pass away time in the country. They would now and then, to be sure, get a little warm in argument; but their disputes were always adjusted by reference to a worthy old umbrella-maker in a double chin, who, never exactly comprehending the subject, managed somehow or other to decide in favor of both parties.

19. All empires, however, says some philosopher or historian, are doomed to changes and revolutions. Luxury and innovation creep in; factions arise and families now and

then spring up, whose ambition and intrigues throw the whole system into confusion. Thus in latter days has the tranquillity of Little Britain been grievously disturbed, and its golden simplicity of manners threatened with total subversion, by the aspiring family of a retired butcher.

20. The family of the Lambs had long been among the most thriving and popular in the neighborhood; the Miss Lambs were the belles of Little Britain, and everybody was

TEMPLE BAR
Pulled down in 1877

pleased when Old Lamb had made money enough to shut up shop, and put his name on a brass plate on his door. In an evil hour, however, one of the Miss Lambs had the honor of being a lady in attendance on the Lady Mayoress, at her great annual ball, on which occasion she wore three towering ostrich feathers on her head. The family never got over it; they were immediately smitten with a passion for high life; set up a one-horse carriage, put a bit of gold lace round the

errand-boy's hat, and have been the talk and detestation of the whole neighborhood ever since. They could no longer be induced to play at Pope-Joan or blind-man's-buff; they could endure no dances but quadrilles, which nobody had ever heard of in Little Britain; and they took to reading novels, talking bad French, and playing upon the piano. Their brother, too, who had been articled to an attorney, set up for a dandy and a critic, characters hitherto unknown in these parts; and he confounded the worthy folks exceedingly by talking about Kean, the opera, and the "Edinburgh Review."

21. What was still worse, the Lambs gave a grand ball, to which they neglected to invite any of their old neighbors; but they had a great deal of genteel company from Theobald's Road, Red-Lion Square, and other parts towards the west. There were several beaux of their brother's acquaintance from Gray's Inn Lane and Hatton Garden; and not less than three Aldermen's ladies with their daughters. This was not to be forgotten or forgiven. All Little Britain was in an uproar with the smacking of whips, the lashing of miserable horses, and the rattling and the jingling of hackney coaches. The gossips of the neighborhood might be seen popping their nightcaps out at every window, watching the crazy vehicles rumble by; and there was a knot of virulent old cronies, that kept a lookout from a house just opposite the retired butcher's, and scanned and criticized every one that knocked at the door.

22. This dance was a cause of almost open war, and the whole neighborhood declared they would have nothing more to say to the Lambs. It is true that Mrs. Lamb, when she had no engagements with her quality acquaintance, would give little humdrum tea-junketings to some of her old cronies, "quite," as she would say, "in a friendly way;" and it is equally true that her invitations were always accepted, in spite of all previous vows to the contrary. Nay, the good ladies would sit and be delighted with the music of the Miss Lambs, who would condescend to strum an Irish melody for them on the piano; and they would listen with wonderful interest to Mrs. Lamb's anecdotes of Alderman Plunket's family, of Portsokenward, and the Miss Timberlakes, the rich heiresses

of Crutched-Friars; but then they relieved their consciences, and averted the reproaches of their confederates, by canvassing at the next gossiping convocation everything that had passed, and pulling the Lambs and their route all to pieces.

23. The only one of the family that could not be made fashionable was the retired butcher himself. Honest Lamb, in spite of the meekness of his name, was a rough, hearty old fellow, with the voice of a lion, a head of black hair like a shoe-brush, and a broad face mottled like his own beef. It was in vain that the daughters always spoke of him as "the old gentleman," addressed him as "papa," in tones of infinite softness, and endeavored to coax him into a dressing-gown and slippers, and other gentlemanly habits. Do what they might, there was no keeping down the butcher. His sturdy nature would break through all their glozings. He had a hearty vulgar good-humor that was irrepressible. His very jokes made his sensitive daughters shudder; and he persisted in wearing his blue cotton coat of a morning, dining at two o'clock, and having a "bit of sausage with his tea."

24. He was doomed, however, to share the unpopularity of his family. He found his old comrades gradually growing cold and civil to him; no longer laughing at his jokes; and now and then throwing out a fling at "some people," and a hint about "quality binding." This both nettled and perplexed the honest butcher; and his wife and daughters, with the consummate policy of the shrewder sex, taking advantage of the circumstance, at length prevailed upon him to give up his afternoon's pipe and tankard at Wagstaff's; to sit after dinner by himself, and take his pint of port — a liquor he detested — and to nod in his chair in solitary and dismal gentility.

25. The Miss Lambs might now be seen flaunting along the streets in French bonnets, with unknown beaux; and talking and laughing so loud that it distressed the nerves of every good lady within hearing. They even went so far as to attempt patronage, and actually induced a French dancing-master to set up in the neighborhood; but the worthy folks of Little Britain took fire at it, and did so persecute the poor

Gaul, that he was fain to pack up fiddle and dancing-pumps, and decamp with such precipitation, that he absolutely forgot to pay for his lodgings.

26. I had flattered myself, at first, with the idea that all this fiery indignation on the part of the community was merely the overflowing of their zeal for good old English manners, and their horror of innovation; and I applauded the silent contempt they were so vociferous in expressing, for upstart pride, French fashions, and the Miss Lambs. But I grieve to say that I soon perceived the infection had taken hold; and that my neighbors, after condemning, were beginning to follow their example. I overheard my landlady importuning her husband to let their daughters have one quarter at French and music, and that they might take a few lessons in quadrille. I even saw, in the course of a few Sundays, no less than five French bonnets, precisely like those of the Miss Lambs, parading about little Britain.

27. I still had my hopes that all this folly would gradually die away; that the Lambs might move out of the neighborhood; might die, or might run away with attorneys' apprentices; and that quiet and simplicity might be again restored to the community. But unluckily a rival power arose. An opulent oilman died, and left a widow with a large jointure and a family of buxom daughters. The young ladies had long been repining in secret at the parsimony of a prudent father, which kept down all their elegant aspirings. Their ambition, being now no longer restrained, broke out into a blaze, and they openly took the field against the family of the butcher. It is true that the Lambs, having had the first start, had naturally an advantage of them in the fashionable career. They could speak a little bad French, play the piano, dance quadrilles, and had formed high acquaintances; but the Trotters were not to be distanced. When the Lambs appeared with two feathers in their hats, the Miss Trotters mounted four, and of twice as fine colors. If the Lambs gave a dance, the Trotters were sure not to be behindhand; and though they might not boast of as good company, yet they had double the number, and were twice as merry.

28. The whole community has at length divided itself into fashionable factions, under the banners of these two families. The old games of Pope-Joan and Tom-come-tickle-me are entirely discarded; there is no such thing as getting up an honest country-dance; and on my attempting to kiss a young lady under the mistletoe last Christmas, I was indignantly repulsed; the Miss Lambs having pronounced it "shocking vulgar." Bitter rivalry has also broken out as to the most fashionable part of Little Britain; the Lambs standing up for the dignity of Cross-Keys Square, and the Trotters for the vicinity of St. Bartholomew's.

29. Thus is this little territory torn by factions and internal dissentions, like the great empire whose name it bears; and what will be the result would puzzle the apothecary himself, with all his talent at prognostics, to determine; though I apprehend that it will terminate in the total downfall of genuine John Bullism.

30. The immediate effects are extremely unpleasant to me. Being a single man, and, as I observed before, rather an idle good-for-nothing personage, I have been considered the only gentleman by profession in the place. I stand therefore in high favor with both parties, and have to hear all their cabinet councils and mutual backbitings. As I am too civil not to agree with the ladies on all occasions, I have committed myself most horribly with both parties, by abusing their opponents. I might manage to reconcile this to my conscience, which is a truly accommodating one, but I cannot to my apprehension — if the Lambs and Trotters ever come to a reconciliation, and compare notes, I am ruined!

31. I have determined, therefore, to beat a retreat in time, and am actually looking out for some other nest in this great city, where old English manners are still kept up; where French is neither eaten, drunk, danced, nor spoken; and where there are no fashionable families of retired tradesmen. This found, I will, like a veteran rat, hasten away before I have an old house about my ears; bid a long, though a sorrowful adieu to my present abode, and leave the rival factions of the Lambs and Trotters to divide the distracted empire of LITTLE BRITAIN.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON[1]

1. In a preceding paper I have spoken of an English Sunday in the country, and its tranquillizing effect upon the landscape; but where is its sacred influence more strikingly apparent than in the very heart of that great Babel, London? On this sacred day, the gigantic monster is charmed into repose. The intolerable din and struggle of the week are at an end. The shops are shut. The fires of forges and manufactories are extinguished; and the sun, no longer obscured by murky clouds of smoke, pours down a sober, yellow radiance into the quiet streets. The few pedestrians we meet, instead of hurrying forward with anxious countenances, move leisurely along; their brows are smoothed from the wrinkles of business and care; they have put on their Sunday looks and Sunday manners with their Sunday clothes, and are cleansed in mind as well as in person.

2. And now the melodious clangor of bells from church-towers summons their several flocks to the fold. Forth issues from his mansion the family of the decent tradesman, the small children in the advance; then the citizen and his comely spouse, followed by the grown-up daughters, with small morocco-bound prayer-books laid in the folds of their pocket-handkerchiefs. The housemaid looks after them from the window, admiring the finery of the family, and receiving, perhaps, a nod and smile from her young mistresses, at whose toilet she has assisted.

3. Now rumbles along the carriage of some magnate of the city, peradventure an alderman or a sheriff; and now the patter of many feet announces a procession of charity scholars, in uniforms of antique cut, and each with a prayer-book under his arm.

4. The ringing of bells is at an end; the rumbling of the carriage has ceased; the pattering of feet is heard no more; the flocks are folded in ancient churches, cramped up in by-lanes and corners of the crowded city, where the vigilant beadle keeps watch, like the shepherd's dog, round the thresh-

[1] Part of a sketch omitted in the preceding editions.

old of the sanctuary. For a time everything is hushed; but soon is heard the deep, pervading sound of the organ, rolling and vibrating through the empty lanes and courts; and the sweet chanting of the choir making them resound with melody and praise. Never have I been more sensible of the sanctifying effect of church-music than when I have heard it thus poured forth, like a river of joy, through the inmost recesses of this great metropolis, elevating it, as it were, from all the sordid pollutions of the week; and bearing the poor world-worn soul on a tide of triumphant harmony to heaven.

5. The morning service is at an end. The streets are again alive with the congregations returning to their homes, but soon again relapse into silence. Now comes on the Sunday dinner, which, to the city tradesman, is a meal of some importance. There is more leisure for social enjoyment at the board. Members of the family can now gather together, who are separated by the laborious occupations of the week. A schoolboy may be permitted on that day to come to the paternal home; an old friend of the family takes his accustomed Sunday seat at the board, tells over his well-known stories, and rejoices young and old with his well-known jokes.

6. On Sunday afternoon the city pours forth its legions to breathe the fresh air and enjoy the sunshine of the parks and rural environs. Satirists may say what they please about the rural enjoyments of a London citizen on Sunday, but to me there is something delightful in beholding the poor prisoner of the crowded and dusty city enabled thus to come forth once a week and throw himself upon the green bosom of nature. He is like a child restored to the mother's breast; and they who first spread out these noble parks and magnificent pleasure-grounds which surround this huge metropolis, have done at least as much for its health and morality as if they had expended the amount of cost in hospitals, prisons, and penitentiaries.

[Comment. — In the month of August, 1817, Irving spent three weeks in the heart of London. In this interval he made the ramble of observation in which, sorely buffeted by the current of population setting through Fleet Street, he plunged into a narrow by-way which led by crooked turns into Fountain Court of Middle Temple and thence to the ancient Saxon portal of the chapel of the Knights Templar. This adventure suggests the occupation that pleased him best in the leisure hours of his residence in the city, and reveals the source of several essays of "The Sketch-Book."

The description of Charterhouse in "London Antiques" at once suggests "The Newcomes." The gray haired old men, clad in long black cloaks, remind us of the humble, bowed head of Thomas Newcome; as we follow our author about and see the boys at play, or the long line of pensioners returning from service, we feel that Irving must have had this story in mind, but in truth, his essay was written while Thackeray was yet a schoolboy, playing in the open spaces of the old enclosure.

In this essay, the author appears without disguise as the antiquity-hunter who escapes "from the prosaic commonplace world about him through his poetical and romantic interest in the relics of old times." The first adventure, in which he encounters the ancient knights of the Temple, serves to define his temper of mind and interest. The second, similar in kind, becomes the subject of the essay; this is arranged as if by model, and the parts follow one another in due order, — the description of the "stately gothic pile," within, and without; the atmosphere pervading hall and court, the impression of all upon the susceptible traveller; then, a glimpse of the human life within, again reflected in the traveller's point of view, as if, in reality, the ghosts of his dreams had appeared. This furnishes the clue to the following paragraphs in which Irving skilfully narrates what he saw as he went about, but all the while casts over the reader the spell of his own fanciful humor so that when we at length emerge to the streets and traffic of the modern city we seem to have returned from a distant past, to which everything we have seen, even the living figures, rightfully belongs.

Since Irving's day, many changes have taken place in the parts of London of which he wrote, but Charterhouse still provides for the pensioners fortunate enough to find shelter for old age within its walls. The school was removed in 1872, to Godalming, in Surrey; the old school buildings have been rebuilt and are now tenanted by the school of the Merchant Tailors' Company. D.]

—— I do walk
Methinks like Guido Vaux, with my dark lanthorn
Stealing to set the town o' fire; i' th' country
I should be taken for William o' the Wisp,
Or Robin Goodfellow. — FLETCHER.

1. I am somewhat of an antiquity-hunter and am fond of exploring London in quest of the relics of old times. These are principally to be found in the depths of the city, swallowed up and almost lost in a wilderness of brick and mortar; but deriving poetical and romantic interest from the commonplace prosaic world around them. I was struck with an instance of the kind in the course of a recent summer ramble into the city; for the city is only to be explored to advantage in summer time, when free from the smoke and fog, and rain and mud of winter. I had been buffeting for some time against the current of population setting through Fleet Street. The warm weather had unstrung my nerves, and made me sensitive to every jar and jostle and discordant sound. The flesh was weary, the spirit faint, and I was getting out of humor with the bustling busy throng through which I had to struggle, when in a fit of desperation I tore my way through the crowd, plunged into a by-lane, and after passing through several obscure nooks and angles, emerged into a quaint and quiet court with a grass-plot in the centre, overhung by elms, and kept perpetually fresh and green by a fountain with its sparkling jet of water. A student, with book in hand, was seated on a stone bench, partly reading, partly meditating on the movements of two or three trim nursery maids with their infant charges.

2. I was like an Arab, who had suddenly come upon an oasis amid the panting sterility of the desert. By degrees the quiet and coolness of the place soothed my nerves and refreshed my spirit. I pursued my walk, and came, hard by, to a very ancient chapel, with a low-browed Saxon portal of massive and rich architecture. The interior was circular and lofty, and lighted from above. Around were monumental tombs of ancient date, on which were extended the marble effigies of warriors in armor. Some had the hands devoutly crossed upon the breast; others grasped the pom-

mel of the sword, menancing hostility even in the tomb! — while the crossed legs of several indicated soldiers of the Faith who had been on crusades to the Holy Land. I was, in fact, in the chapel of the Knights Templars, strangely situated in the very centre of sordid traffic; and I do not know a more impressive lesson for the man of the world than thus suddenly to turn aside from the highway of busy money-seeking life, and sit down among these shadowy sepulchres, where all is twilight, dust, and forgetfulness.

KNIGHT TEMPLAR IN COSTUME

3. In a subsequent tour of observation, I encountered another of these relics of a "foregone world" locked up in the heart of the city. I had been wandering for some time through dull monotonous streets, destitute of anything to strike the eye or excite the imagination, when I beheld before me a Gothic gateway of mouldering antiquity. It opened into a spacious quadrangle forming the court-yard of a stately Gothic pile, the portal of which stood invitingly open. It was apparently a public edifice, and as I was antiquity hunting, I ventured in, though with dubious steps. Meeting no one either to oppose or rebuke my intrusion, I continued on until I found myself in a great hall, with a lofty arched roof and oaken gallery, all of Gothic architecture. At one end of the hall was an enormous fireplace, with wooden settles on each side; at the other end was a raised platform, or dais, the seat of state, above which was the portrait of a man in antique garb, with a long robe, a ruff, and a venerable gray beard.

4. The whole establishment had an air of monastic quiet and seclusion, and what gave it a mysterious charm was, that I had not met with a human being since I had passed the threshold. Encouraged by this loneliness, I seated myself in a recess of a large bow-window, which admitted a broad flood of yellow sunshine, checkered here and there by tints

from panes of colored glass; while an open casement let in the soft summer air. Here, leaning my head on my hand, and my arm on an old oaken table, I indulged in a sort of reverie about what might have been the ancient uses of this edifice. It had evidently been of monastic origin; perhaps one of those collegiate establishments built of yore for the promotion of learning, where the patient monk, in the ample solitude of the cloister, added page to page and volume to volume, emulating in the productions of his brain the magnitude of the pile he inhabited.

TEMPLE CHURCH FROM THE SOUTH

5. As I was seated in this musing mood, a small panelled door in an arch at the upper end of the hall was opened, and a number of gray-headed old men, clad in long black cloaks, came forth one by one: proceeding in that manner through the hall, without uttering a word, each turning a pale face on me as he passed, and disappearing through a door at the lower end.

6. I was singularly struck with their appearance; their black cloaks and antiquated air comported with the style of this most venerable and mysterious pile. It was as if the ghosts of the departed years, about which I had been musing, were passing in review before me. Pleasing myself with such fancies, I set out, in the spirit of romance, to explore what I pictured to myself a realm of shadows, existing in the very centre of substantial realities.

7. My ramble led me through a labyrinth of interior courts, and corridors, and dilapidated cloisters, for the main edifice had many additions and dependencies, built at various times and in various styles; in one open space a number of boys,

who evidently belonged to the establishment, were at their sports; but everywhere I observed those mysterious old gray men in black mantles, sometimes sauntering alone, sometimes conversing in groups: they appeared to be the pervading genii of the place. I now called to mind what I had read of certain colleges in old times, where judicial astrology, geomancy, necromancy, and other forbidden and magical sciences were taught. Was this an establishment of the kind, and were these black-cloaked old men really professors of the black art?

WASH HOUSE COURT, CHARTERHOUSE

8. These surmises were passing through my mind as my eye glanced into a chamber, hung round with all kinds of strange and uncouth objects: implements of savage warfare; strange idols and stuffed alligators; bottled serpents and monsters decorated the mantel-piece; while on the high tester of an old-fashioned bedstead grinned a human skull, flanked on each side by a dried cat.

9. I approached to regard more narrowly this mystic chamber, which seemed a fitting laboratory for a necromancer, when I was startled at beholding a human countenance staring at me from a dusky corner. It was that of a small, shrivelled old man, with thin cheeks, bright eyes, and gray wiry projecting eyebrows. I at first doubted whether it were not a mummy curiously preserved, but it moved, and I saw that it was alive. It was another of these black-cloaked old men, and, as I regarded his quaint physiognomy, his obsolete garb, and the hideous and sinister objects by which he was surrounded, I began to persuade myself that I had come upon the arch mago who ruled over this magical fraternity.

10. Seeing me pausing before the door, he rose and invited me to enter. I obeyed, with singular hardihood, for how did I know whether a wave of his wand might not metamorphose

CHARTERHOUSE FROM THE PLAY GROUND

me into some strange monster, or conjure me into one of the bottles on his mantel-piece? He proved, however, to be anything but a conjurer, and his simple garrulity soon dispelled all the magic and mystery with which I had enveloped this antiquated pile and its no less antiquated inhabitants.

11. It appeared that I had made my way into the centre of an ancient asylum for superannuated tradesmen and decayed householders, with which was connected a school for a limited number of boys. It was founded upwards of two centuries since on an old monastic establishment, and retained somewhat of the conventual air and character. The shadowy line of old men in black mantles who had passed before me in the hall, and whom I had elevated into magi, turned out to be the pensioners returning from morning service in the chapel.

12. John Hallum, the little collector of curiosities, whom

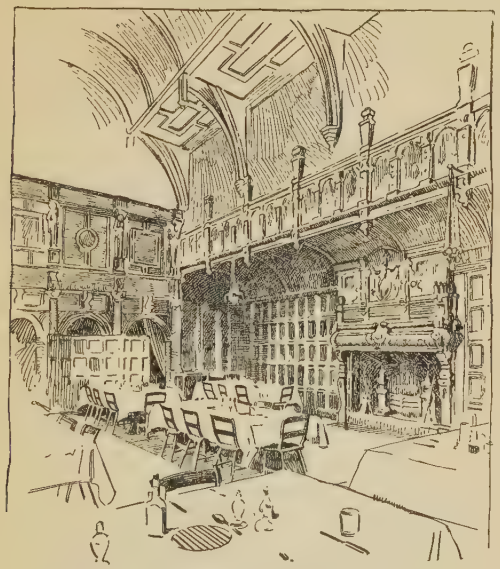
I had made the arch magician, had been for six years a resident of the place, and had decorated this final nestling-place of his old age with relics and rarities picked up in the course of his life. According to his own account he had been somewhat of a traveller; having been once in France, and very near making a visit to Holland. He regretted not having visited the latter country, "as then he might have said he had been there." He was evidently a traveller of the simplest kind.

13. He was aristocratical too in his notions; keeping aloof, as I found, from the ordinary run of pensioners. His chief associates were a blind man who spoke Latin and Greek, of both which languages Hallum was profoundly ignorant, and a broken-down gentleman who had run through a fortune of forty thousand pounds left him by his father, and ten thousand pounds, the marriage portion of his wife. Little Hallum seemed to consider it an indubitable sign of gentle blood as well as of lofty spirit to be able to squander such enormous sums.

14. P. S. The picturesque remnant of old times into which I have thus beguiled the reader is what is called the Charterhouse, originally the Chartreuse. It was founded in 1611, on the remains of an ancient convent, by Sir Thomas Sutton, being one of those noble charities set on foot by individual munificence, and kept up with the quaintness and sanctity of ancient times amidst the modern changes and innovations of London. Here eighty broken-down men, who had seen better days, are provided, in their old age, with food, clothing, fuel, and a yearly allowance for private expenses. They dine together as did the monks of old, in the hall which had been the refectory of the original convent. Attached to the establishment is a school for forty-four boys.

15. Stow, whose work I have consulted on the subject, speaking of the obligations of the gray-headed pensioners, says: "They are not to intermeddle with any business touching the affairs of the hospital, but to attend only to the service of God, and take thankfully what is provided for them, with-

out muttering, murmuring, or grudging. None to wear weapon, long hair, colored boots, spurs or colored shoes, feathers in their hats, or any ruffian like or unseemly apparel,



THE GREAT HALL, CHARTERHOUSE

but such as becomes hospital men to wear." "And in truth," adds Stow, "happy are they that are so taken from the cares and sorrows of the world, and fixed in so good a place as these old men are; having nothing to care for, but the good of their souls, to serve God and to live in brotherly love."

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16. For the amusement of such as have been interested by the preceding sketch, taken down from my own observation, and who may wish to know a little more about the mysteries of London, I subjoin a modicum of local history, put into my

hands by an odd-looking old gentleman in a small brown wig and a snuff-colored coat, with whom I became acquainted shortly after my visit to the Charterhouse. I confess I was a little dubious at first, whether it was not one of those apocryphal tales often passed off upon inquiring travellers like myself; and which have brought our general character for veracity into such unmerited reproach. On making proper inquiries, however, I have received the most satisfactory assurances of the author's probity; and, indeed, have been told that he is actually engaged in a full and particular account of the very interesting region in which he resides; of which the following may be considered merely as a foretaste.

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP

A SHAKESPERIAN RESEARCH

[Comment. — The original Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap "stood between Small Alley and St. Michael's Lane," and at the rear looked out upon the churchyard of St. Michael's. At the time of Shakespeare it had long been a famous hostelry, but it is impossible to say when it was built. The earliest mention of it shows that it was frequented in the reign of Richard II, and Stow refers to a riot there, in 1410, in which two sons of Henry IV were mixed up. In the fire of 1666 this inn was burned, and two years later another Boar's Head Tavern was erected on the same site. The sign of the old inn, a boar's head surrounded by tusks, was subsequently found in a heap of débris supposed to have been gathered from the ruins after the fire; it was a small carving in oak, four and one-half inches in diameter, and was identified by the date, 1568, and by initials which correspond with those of the landlord of the Boar's Head in that year. For the new tavern, a boar's head was carved in stone and set in the wall between the first floor windows, where it remained until the demolition of the building in 1831, to make way for the new approaches to London Bridge. This interesting block of stone has been preserved and placed in Guildhall Museum. At the present time the site of the old tavern is indicated by the statue of William IV, which stands in the space cleared by the removal of the building formerly called Boar's Head Tavern and of its neighbors.

Little is known of the character of this hostelry in the time of Prince Hal, but in Shakespeare's day Eastcheap was a region of markets and taverns, frequented by roystering fellows. The Boar's Head was one of four inns that stood between St. Michael's Lane and a near-by alley. To the north of it was grass market; fish and meat markets lay to the south and east of the place, and commodities from the wharves of Billingsgate found an open way thither. This tavern was especially popular, and Shakespeare, who was fond of representing familiar scenes in his plays, chose it for the revels of Falstaff and the prince. The character of the prince is borrowed from old chronicles of English history, but his real companions had been forgotten long ere Shakespeare wrote, and he created others in the likeness of such tavern folk as beguiled his own idle hours.

The play, "Henry IV," represents places, scenes, and characters familiar to its author. These Irving strove to recall as Shakespeare saw them. As material for this essay he had, first, Shakespeare's play, of which he was very fond; secondly, the ancient buildings and city streets in the neighborhood of the old tavern; and, thirdly, the usual sources of antiquarian lore, old books full of anecdote and description, relics, maps, museums, etc. Full of knowledge from reading and study, he wandered in the old places striving to realize the life of a past age, until his imagination took fire, and they were peopled once more with figures bearing familiar names and enacting scenes as real as the remembered sports of childhood. This experience our author narrated in his essay, hoping thereby to share with us the sense of reality which had come to him when he stood in the places where Shakespeare had once been. D.]

"A tavern is the rendezvous, the exchange, the staple of good fellows. I have heard my great-grandfather tell, how his great-great-grandfather should say, that it was an old proverb when his great-grandfather was a child, that 'it was a good wind that blew a man to the wine.'" — MOTHER BOMBIE.

1. It is a pious custom, in some Catholic countries, to honor the memory of saints by votive lights burnt before their pictures. The popularity of a saint, therefore, may be known by the number of these offerings. One, perhaps, is left to moulder in the darkness of his little chapel; another may have a solitary lamp to throw its blinking rays athwart his effigy; while the whole blaze of adoration is lavished at the shrine of some beatified father of renown. The wealthy devotee brings his huge luminary of wax; the eager zealot his seven-branched candlestick; and even the mendicant pilgrim is by no means satisfied that sufficient light is thrown upon the deceased, unless he hangs up his little lamp of smoking oil. The consequence is, that in the eagerness to enlighten, they are often apt to obscure; and I have occasionally seen an unlucky saint almost smoked out of countenance by the officiousness of his followers.

2. In like manner has it fared with the immortal Shakespeare. Every writer considers it his bounden duty to light up some portion of his character or works, and to rescue some merit from oblivion. The commentator, opulent in words,

produces vast tomes of dissertations; the common herd of editors send up mists of obscurity from their notes at the bottom of each page; and every casual scribbler brings his farthing rushlight of eulogy or research, to swell the cloud of incense and of smoke.

3. As I honor all established usages of my brethren of the quill, I thought it but proper to contribute my mite of homage to the memory of the illustrious bard. I was for some time, however, sorely puzzled in what way I should discharge this duty. I found myself anticipated in every attempt at a new reading; every doubtful line had been explained a dozen different ways, and perplexed beyond the reach of elucidation; and as to fine passages, they had all been amply praised by previous admirers; nay, so completely had the bard, of late, been overlarded with panegyric by a great German critic, that it was difficult now to find even a fault that had not been argued into a beauty.

YE OLDE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN
From Callow's "London Taverns"

4. In this perplexity, I was one morning turning over his pages, when I casually opened upon the comic scenes of "Henry IV," and was, in a moment, completely lost in the madcap revelry of the Boar's Head Tavern. So vividly and naturally are these scenes of humor depicted, and with such force and consistency are the characters sustained, that they become mingled up in the mind with the facts and personages of real life. To few readers does it occur, that these are all ideal creations of a poet's brain, and that, in sober truth, no such

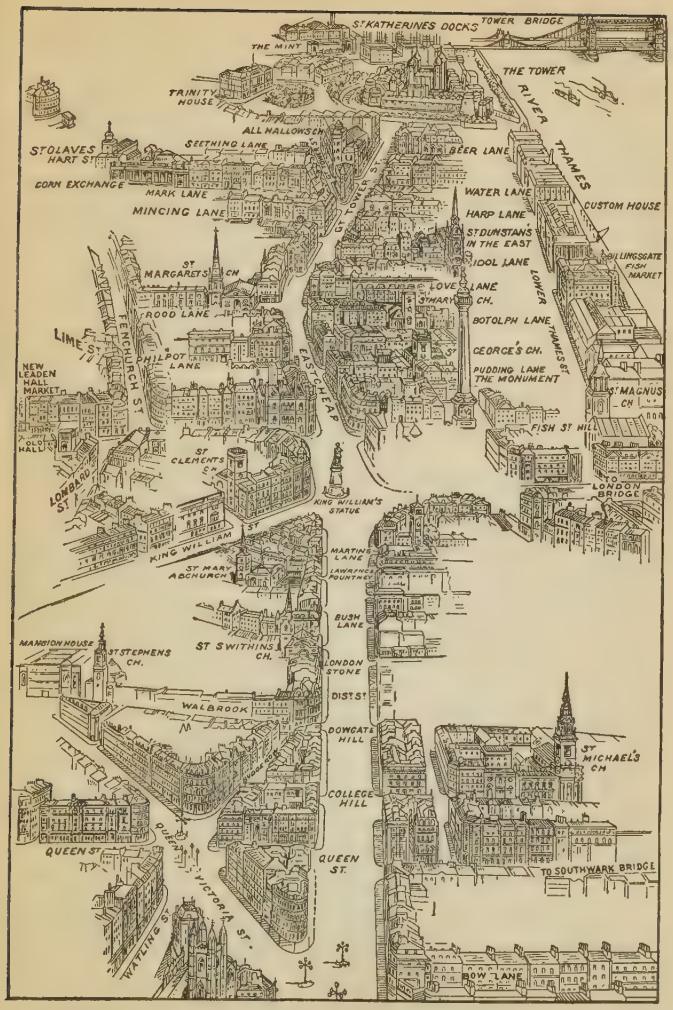
knot of merry roisters ever enlivened the dull neighborhood of Eastcheap.

5. For my part I love to give myself up to the illusions of poetry. A hero of fiction that never existed is just as valuable to me as a hero of history that existed a thousand years since: and, if I may be excused such an insensibility to the common ties of human nature, I would not give up fat Jack for half the great men of ancient chronicle. What have the heroes of yore done for me, or men like me? They have conquered countries of which I do not enjoy an acre; or they have gained laurels of which I do not inherit a leaf; or they have furnished examples of hair-brained prowess, which I have neither the opportunity nor the inclination to follow. But, old Jack Falstaff! — kind Jack Falstaff! — sweet Jack Falstaff! — has enlarged the boundaries of human enjoyment; he has added vast regions of wit and good-humor, in which the poorest man may revel; and has bequeathed a never-failing inheritance of jolly laughter, to make mankind merrier and better to the latest posterity.

6. A thought suddenly struck me: "I will make a pilgrimage to Eastcheap," said I, closing the book, "and see if the old Boar's Head Tavern still exists. Who knows but I may light upon some legendary traces of Dame Quickly and her guests; at any rate, there will be a kindred pleasure, in treading the halls once vocal with their mirth, to that the toper enjoys in smelling to the empty cask once filled with generous wine."

7. The resolution was no sooner formed than put in execution. I forbear to treat of the various adventures and wonders I encountered in my travels; of the haunted regions of Cock Lane, of the faded glories of Little Britain, and the parts adjacent; what perils I ran in Cateaton Street and old Jewry; of the renowned Guildhall and its two stunted giants, the pride and wonder of the city, and the terror of all unlucky urchins; and how I visited London Stone, and struck my staff upon it, in imitation of that arch-rebel, Jack Cade.

8. Let it suffice to say, that I at length arrived in merry Eastcheap, that ancient region of wit and wassail, where



BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF EASTCHEAP

the very names of the streets relished of good cheer, as Pudding Lane bears testimony even at the present day. For Eastcheap, says old Stowe, "was always famous for its convivial doings. The cookes cried hot ribbes of beef roasted, pies well baked, and other victuals: there was clattering of pewter pots, harpe, pipe, and sawtrie." Alas! how sadly is the scene changed since the roaring days of Falstaff and old Stowe! The madcap roister has given place to the plodding tradesman; the clattering of pots and the sound of "harpe and sawtrie," to the din of carts and the accursed dinging of the dustman's bell; and no song is heard save, haply, the strain of some siren from Billingsgate chanting the eulogy of deceased mackerel.

9. I sought, in vain, for the ancient abode of Dame Quickly. The only relic of it is a boar's head, carved in relief in stone, which formerly served as the sign, but at present is built into the parting line of two houses, which stand on the site of the renowned old tavern.

10. For the history of this little abode of good fellowship, I was referred to a tallow-chandler's widow, opposite, who had been born and brought up on the spot, and was looked up to as the indisputable chronicler of the neighborhood. I found her seated in a little back parlor, the window of which looked out upon a yard about eight feet square, laid out as a flower-garden; while a glass door opposite afforded a distant peep of the street, through a vista of soap and tallow candles: the two views, which comprised, in all probability, her prospects in life, and the little world in which she had lived, and moved, and had her being, for the better part of a century.

11. To be versed in the history of Eastcheap, great and little, from London Stone even unto the Monument, was doubtless, in her opinion, to be acquainted with the history of the universe. Yet, with all this, she possessed the simplicity of true wisdom, and that liberal communicative disposition which I have generally remarked in intelligent old ladies, knowing in the concerns of their neighborhood.

12. Her information, however, did not extend far back into antiquity. She could throw no light upon the history of

the Boar's Head, from the time that Dame Quickly espoused the valiant Pistol, until the great fire of London, when it was unfortunately burnt down. It was soon rebuilt, and continued to flourish under the old name and sign, until a dying landlord, struck with remorse for double scores, bad measures, and other iniquities, which are incident to the sinful race of publicans, endeavored to make his peace with heaven, by bequeathing the tavern to St. Michael's Church, Crooked Lane, towards the supporting of a chaplain. For some time the vestry meetings were regularly held there; but it was observed that the old Boar never held up his head under church government. He gradually declined, and finally gave his last gasp about thirty years since. The tavern was then turned into shops; but she informed me that a picture of it was still preserved in St. Michael's Church, which stood just in the rear. To get a sight of this picture was now my determination; so, having informed myself of the abode of the sexton, I took my leave of the venerable chronicler of Eastcheap, my visit having doubtless raised greatly her opinion of her legendary lore, and furnished an important incident in the history of her life.

SIGN OF THE BOAR'S HEAD

13. It cost me some difficulty, and much curious inquiry, to ferret out the humble hanger-on to the church. I had to explore Crooked Lane and divers little alleys, and elbows, and dark passages, with which this old city is perforated like an ancient cheese, or a worm-eaten chest of drawers. At length I traced him to a corner of a small court surrounded by lofty houses, where the inhabitants enjoy about as much of the face of heaven as a community of frogs at the bottom of a well.

14. The sexton was a meek, acquiescing little man of a bowing, lowly habit; yet he had a pleasant twinkling in his eye, and, if encouraged, would now and then hazard a small pleasantry; such as a man of his low estate might venture to make in the company of high church-wardens, and other mighty men of the earth. I found him in company with the

deputy organist, seated apart, like Milton's angels, discoursing, no doubt, on high doctrinal points, and settling the affairs of the church over a friendly pot of ale, — for the lower classes of English seldom deliberate on any weighty matter without the assistance of a cool tankard to clear their understandings. I arrived at the moment when they had finished their ale and their argument, and were about to repair to the church to put it in order; so having made known my wishes, I received their gracious permission to accompany them.

15. The church of St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, standing a short distance from Billingsgate, is enriched with the tombs of many fishmongers of renown; and as every profession has its galaxy of glory, and its constellation of great men, I presume the monument of a mighty fishmonger of the olden time is regarded with as much reverence by succeeding generations of the craft, as poets feel on contemplating the tomb of Virgil, or soldiers the monument of a Marlborough or Turenne.

16. I cannot but turn aside, while thus speaking of illustrious men, to observe that St. Michael's, Crooked Lane, contains also the ashes of that doughty champion, William Walworth, knight, who so manfully clove down the sturdy wight, Wat Tyler, in Smithfield; a hero worthy of honorable blazon, as almost the only Lord Mayor on record famous for deeds of arms: — the sovereigns of Cockney being generally renowned as the most pacific of all potentates.[1]

[1] The following was the ancient inscription on the monument of this worthy; which, unhappily, was destroyed in the great conflagration.

"Hereunder lyth a man of Fame,
William Walworth callyd by name;
Fishmonger he was in lyfftime here,
And twise Lord Maior, as in books appere.
Who, with courage stout and manly myght
Slew Jack Straw in Kyng Richard's sight.
For which act done, and trew entent,
The Kyng made him knyght incontinent;
And gave him armes, as here you see,
To declare his fact and chivaldrie.
He left this lyff the yere of our God
Thirteen hundred fourscore and three odd."

An error in the foregoing inscription has been corrected by the venerable Stowe. "Whereas," saith he, "it hath been far spread

17. Adjoining the church, in a small cemetery, immediately under the back window of what was once the Boar's Head, stands the tombstone of Robert Preston, whilom drawer at the tavern. It is now nearly a century since this trusty drawer of good liquor closed his bustling career, and was thus quietly deposited within call of his customers. As I was clearing away the weeds from his epitaph, the little sexton drew me on one side with a mysterious air, and informed me in a low voice, that once upon a time, on a dark wintry night, when the wind was unruly, howling and whistling, banging about doors and windows, and twirling weathercocks, so that the living were frightened out of their beds, and even the dead could not sleep quietly in their graves, the ghost of honest Preston, which happened to be airing itself in the churchyard, was attracted by the well-known call of "waiter" from the Boar's Head, and made its sudden appearance in the midst of a roaring club, just as the parish clerk was singing a stave from the "mirre garland of Captain Death"; to the discomfiture of sundry trainband captains, and the conversion of an infidel attorney, who became a zealous Christian on the spot, and was never known to twist the truth afterwards, except in the way of business.

18. I beg it may be remembered, that I do not pledge myself for the authenticity of this anecdote, though it is well known that the churchyards and by-corners of this old metropolis are very much infested with perturbed spirits; and every one must have heard of the Cock Lane ghost and the apparition that guards the regalia in the Tower, which has frightened so many bold sentinels almost out of their wits.

19. Be all this as it may, this Robert Preston seems to have been a worthy successor to the nimble-tongued Francis, who attended upon the revels of Prince Hal; to have been equally

abroad by vulgar opinion, that the rebel smitten down so manfully by Sir William Walworth, the then worthy Lord Maior, was named Jack Straw, and not Wat Tyler, I thought good to reconcile this rash-conceived doubt by such testimony as I find in ancient and good records. The principal leaders, or captains, of the commons, were Wat Tyler, as the first man; the second was John, or Jack, Straw," etc., etc. — STOWE'S LONDON.

prompt with his "anon, anon, sir;" and to have transcended his predecessor in honesty; for Falstaff, the veracity of whose taste no man will venture to impeach, flatly accuses Francis of putting lime in his sack; whereas honest Preston's epitaph lauds him for the sobriety of his conduct, the soundness of his wine, and the fairness of his measure.[1] The worthy dignitaries of the church, however, did not appear much captivated by the sober virtues of the tapster; the deputy organist, who had a moist look out of the eye, made some shrewd remark on the abstemiousness of a man brought up among full hogsheads; and the little sexton corroborated his opinion by a significant wink and a dubious shake of the head.

20. Thus far my researches, though they threw much light on the history of tapsters, fishmongers, and Lord Mayors, yet disappointed me in the great object of my quest, the picture of the Boar's Head Tavern. No such painting was to be found in the church of St. Michael. "Marry and amen!" said I, "here endeth my research!" So I was giving the matter up, with the air of a baffled antiquary, when my friend the sexton, perceiving me to be curious in everything relative to the old tavern, offered to show me the choice vessels of the vestry, which had been handed down from remote times, when the parish meetings were held at the Boar's Head. These were deposited in the parish club-room, which had been transferred, on the decline of the ancient establishment, to a tavern in the neighborhood.

21. A few steps brought us to the house, which stands

[1] As this inscription is rife with excellent morality, I transcribe it for the admonition of delinquent tapsters. It is, no doubt, the production of some choice spirit, who once frequented the Boar's Head.

"Bacchus, to give the toping world surprise,
Produced one sober son, and here he lies.
Though rear'd among full hogsheads, he defy'd
The charms of wine, and every one beside.
O reader, if to justice thou'rt inclined,
Keep honest Preston daily in thy mind.
He drew good wine, took care to fill his pots,
Had sundry virtues that excused his faults.
You that on Bacchus have the like dependance,
Pray copy Bob in measure and attendance."

No. 12 Miles Lane, bearing the title of The Mason's Arms, and is kept by Master Edward Honeyball, the "bully rock" of the establishment. It is one of those little taverns which abound in the heart of the city, and form the centre of gossip and intelligence of the neighborhood. We entered the bar-room, which was narrow and darkling; for in these close lanes but a few rays of reflected light are enabled to struggle down to the inhabitants, whose broad day is at best but a tolerable twilight. The room was partitioned into boxes, each containing a table spread with a clean white cloth, ready for dinner. This showed that the guests were of the good old stamp, and divided their day equally, for it was but just one o'clock. At the lower end of the room was a clear coal fire, before which a breast of lamb was roasting. A row of bright brass candlesticks and pewter mugs glistened along the mantel-piece, and an old-fashioned clock ticked in one corner. There was something primitive in this medley of kitchen, parlor, and hall that carried me back to earlier times, and pleased me. The place, indeed, was humble, but everything had that look of order and neatness which bespeaks the superintendence of a notable English housewife. A group of amphibious-looking beings, who might be either fishermen or sailors, were regaling themselves in one of the boxes. As I was a visitor of rather higher pretensions, I was ushered into a little misshapen backroom, having at least nine corners. It was lighted by a skylight, furnished with antiquated leathern chairs, and ornamented with the portrait of a fat pig. It was evidently appropriated to particular customers, and I found a shabby gentleman, in a red nose and oil-cloth hat, seated in one corner, meditating on a half-empty pot of porter.

22. The old sexton had taken the landlady aside, and with an air of profound importance imparted to her my errand. Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling little woman, and no bad substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and hurrying up-stairs to the archives of her house, where the precious vessels of the parish club were deposited,

she returned, smiling and courtesying, with them *in* her hands.

23. The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings, since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence; but what was my delight, at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the Boar's Head Tavern, and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table, in full revel; pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force, with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes, for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

24. On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore, for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head Tavern, and that it was "repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767." Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic; and I question whether the learned Scriblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought Sangreal, with more exultation.

25. While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking-cup or goblet, which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wythers, knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very "antyke." This last opinion was strengthened by the shabby gentleman in the red nose and oil-cloth hat, and whom I strongly suspected of being a lineal descendant from the valiant Bardolph. He suddenly roused from his meditation on the pot of porter, and, casting a knowing look at the goblet, exclaimed,

"Ay, ay! the head don't ache now that made that there article!"

26. The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern church-wardens at first puzzled me; but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical "parcel-gilt goblet" on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly; and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.[1]

FALSTAFF
From the Gower statue at Stratford

27. Mine hostess, indeed, gave me a long history how the goblet had been handed down from generation to generation. She also entertained me with many particulars concerning the worthy vestrymen who have seated themselves thus quietly on the stools of the ancient roisters of Eastcheap, and, like so many commentators, utter clouds of smoke in honor of Shakspeare. These I forbear to relate, lest my readers should not be as curious in these matters as myself. Suffice it to say, the neighbors, one and all, about Eastcheap, believe that Falstaff and his merry crew actually lived and revelled there. Nay, there are several legendary anecdotes concerning him still

[1] "Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel-gilt goblet*, sitting in my Dolphin chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday, in Whitsunweek, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing man at Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it?"—*Henry IV, Part* 2.

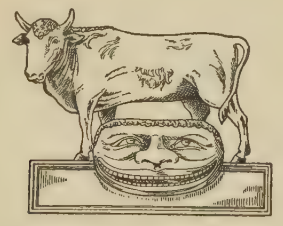
extant among the oldest frequenters of the Mason's Arms, which they give as transmitted down from their forefathers; and Mr. M'Kash, an Irish hair-dresser, whose shop stands on the site of the old Boar's Head, has several dry jokes of Fat Jack's, not laid down in the books, with which he makes his customers ready to die of laughter.

28. I now turned to my friend the sexton to make some further inquiries, but I found him sunk in pensive meditation. His head had declined a little on one side; a deep sigh heaved from the very bottom of his stomach; and, though I could not see a tear trembling in his eye, yet a moisture was evidently stealing from a corner of his mouth. I followed the direction of his eye through the door which stood open, and found it fixed wistfully on the savory breast of lamb, roasting in dripping richness before the fire.

29. I now called to mind that, in the eagerness of my recondite investigation, I was keeping the poor man from his dinner. My bowels yearned with sympathy, and, putting in his hand a small token of my gratitude and goodness, I departed, with a hearty benediction on him, Dame Honeyball, and the Parish Club of Crooked Lane;—not forgetting my shabby but sententious friend in the oil-cloth hat and copper nose.

30. Thus have I given a "tedious brief" account of this interesting research, for which, if it prove too short and unsatisfactory, I can only plead my inexperience in this branch of literature, so deservedly popular at the present day. I am aware that a more skilful illustrator of the immortal bard would have swelled the materials I have touched upon to a good merchantable bulk; comprising the biographies of William Walworth, Jack Straw, and Robert Preston; some notice of the eminent fishmongers of St. Michael's; the history of Eastcheap, great and little; private anecdotes of Dame Honeyball, and her pretty daughter, whom I have not even mentioned; to say nothing of a damsel tending the breast of lamb, (and whom, by the way, I remarked to be a comely lass, with a neat foot and ankle;) — the whole enlivened by the riots of Wat Tyler, and illuminated by the great fire of London.

31. All this I leave, as a rich mine, to be worked by future commentators; nor do I despair of seeing the tobacco-box, and the "parcel-gilt goblet," which I have thus brought to light, the subjects of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles, or the far-famed Portland vase.



SIGN OF THE BULL AND MOUTH INN
From Callow's "London Taverns"

WESTMINSTER ABBEY FROM THE DEAN'S YARD

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[COMMENT. — The essay on Westminster Abbey records an emotional experience. In other excursions Irving transported himself into the past by an intellectual effort in which the lore and the sentiment of many brooding hours in the library mingled with the emotions awakened by the prospect of places long dreamed of. When he came to Westminster, the great Abbey took possession of him. To enter its arched doorway was, at once, an open sesamé to the days of buried kings and queens; its storied walls surrounded him with the traditions of centuries, and, at each step, new emotions and associations thronged upon him. He, alone, the living man, seemed the unreal mortal being in this shrine of England's past.

His mind was busy with close observation, but whatever he saw or recalled contributed to the impression made upon his imagination; he walked in a dream fashioned of all ancient stuff of human lives, recorded in stone.

In writing the essay, however, Irving sought to give an account, in some order, of the features of the Abbey most noteworthy for the visitor who sought in it historic memorials of the English people, but, throughout, the emotion and awe

always felt by him whenever he revisited the place furnished the keynote of the description. A sharp distinction should be made between the emotional experience and the descriptive narrative. In the essay Irving is often the antiquarian, busy with imparting curious information, but he never quite escapes from the personal point of view, and when, at length, he comes in his narrative to the point of leaving the dim aisles of the old minster to the gathering shadows, all that he has seen or recalled falls into indistinctness, while feelings of awe and the reflections of the moralizer mingle in his mind. D.]

When I behold, with deep astonishment,
To famous Westminster how there resorte
Living in brasse or stoney monument,
The princes and the worthies of all sorte:
Doe not I see reformde nobilitie,
Without contempt, or pride, or ostentation,
And looke upon offenselesse majesty,
Naked of pomp or earthly domination?
And how a play-game of a painted stone
Contents the quiet now and silent sprites,
Whome all the world which late they stood upon
Could not content or quench their appetites.
Life is a frost of cold felicitie,
And death the thaw of all our vanitie.
—CHRISTOLERO'S EPIGRAMS, BY T. B., 1598.

1. On one of those sober and rather melancholy days, in the latter part of Autumn, when the shadows of morning and evening almost mingle together, and throw a gloom over the decline of the year, I passed several hours in rambling about Westminster Abbey. There was something congenial to the season in the mournful magnificence of the old pile; and, as I passed its threshold, it seemed like stepping back into the regions of antiquity, and losing myself among the shades of former ages.

2. I entered from the inner court of Westminster School, through a long, low, vaulted passage, that had an almost subterranean look, being dimly lighted in one part by circular perforations in the massive walls. Through this dark avenue I had a distant view of the cloisters, with the figure of an old verger, in his black gown, moving along their shadowy vaults, and seeming like a spectre from one of the neighboring tombs. The approach to the abbey through these gloomy monastic remains prepares the mind for its solemn contempla-

tion. The cloisters still retain something of the quiet and seclusion of former days. The gray walls are discolored by damps, and crumbling with age; a coat of hoary moss has gathered over the inscriptions of the mural monuments, and obscured the death's-heads, and other funereal emblems. The sharp touches of the chisel are gone from the rich tracery of the arches; the roses which adorned the keystones have lost their leafy beauty; everything bears marks of the gradual dilapidations of time, which yet has something touching and pleasing in its very decay.

3. The sun was pouring down a yellow autumnal ray into the square of the cloisters; beaming upon a scanty plot of grass in the centre, and lighting up an angle of the vaulted passage with a kind of dusky splendor. From between the arcades, the eye glanced up to a bit of blue sky or a passing cloud, and beheld the sun-gilt pinnacles of the abbey towering into the azure heaven.

4. As I paced the cloisters, sometimes contemplating this mingled picture of glory and decay, and sometimes endeavoring to decipher the inscriptions on the tombstones, which formed the pavement beneath my feet, my eye was attracted to three figures, rudely carved in relief, but nearly worn away by the footsteps of many generations. They were the effigies of three of the early abbots; the epitaphs were entirely effaced; the names alone remained, having no doubt been renewed in later times. (Vitalis Abbas. 1082, and Gislebertus Crispinus. Abbas. 1114, and Laurentius. Abbas. 1176.) I remained some little while, musing over these casual relics of antiquity, thus left like wrecks upon this distant shore of time, telling no tale but that such beings had been, and had perished; teaching no moral but the futility of that pride which hopes still to exact homage in its ashes, and to live in an inscription. A little longer, and even these faint records will be obliterated, and the monument will cease to be a memorial. Whilst I was yet looking down upon these gravestones, I was roused by the sound of the abbey clock, reverberating from buttress to buttress, and echoing among the cloisters. It is almost startling to hear this warning of de-

parted time sounding among the tombs, and telling the lapse of the hour, which, like a billow, has rolled us onward towards the grave. I pursued my walk to an arched door opening to the interior of the abbey. On entering here, the magnitude of the building breaks fully upon the mind, contrasted with the vaults of the cloisters. The eyes gaze with wonder at clustered columns of gigantic dimensions, with arches spring-

SOUTHEAST CORNER OF THE CLOISTERS, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

ing from them to such an amazing height; and man wandering about their bases, shrunk into insignificance in comparison with his own handiwork. The spaciousness and gloom of this vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. We step cautiously and softly about, as if fearful of disturbing the hallowed silence of the tomb; while every footfall whispers along the walls, and chatters among the sepulchres, making us more sensible of the quiet we have interrupted.

5. It seems as if the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and the earth with their renown.

6. And yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those, whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes, and forms, and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger, and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

7. I passed some time in Poet's Corner, which occupies an end of one of the transepts or cross aisles of the abbey. The monuments are generally simple; for the lives of literary men afford no striking themes for the sculptor. Shakspeare and Addison have statues erected to their memories; but the greater part have busts, medallions, and sometimes mere inscriptions. Notwithstanding the simplicity of these memorials, I have always observed that the visitors to the abbey remained longest about them. A kinder and fonder feeling takes place of that cold curiosity or vague admiration with which they gaze on the splendid monuments of the great and the heroic. They linger about these as about the tombs of friends and companions; for indeed there is something of companionship between the author and the reader. Other men are known to posterity only through the medium of history, which is continually growing faint and obscure; but the intercourse between the author and his fellow-men is ever new, active, and immediate. He has lived for them more than for himself; he has sacrificed surrounding enjoyments, and shut himself up from the delights of social life, that he might the more intimately commune with distant minds and distant ages. Well may the world cherish his renown; for it has been purchased, not by deeds of violence and blood, but by the diligent dispensation of pleasure. Well may posterity be grateful to his memory; for he has left it an inheritance, not of empty names and sounding actions, but whole treasures of wisdom, bright gems of thought, and golden veins of language.

8. From Poet's Corner I continued my stroll towards that

THE POETS' CORNER, WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

part of the abbey which contains the sepulchres of the kings. I wandered among what once were chapels, but which are now occupied by the tombs and monuments of the great. At every turn I met with some illustrious name, or the cognizance of some powerful house renowned in history. As the eye darts into these dusky chambers of death, it catches glimpses of quaint effigies; some kneeling in niches, as if in devotion; others stretched upon the tombs, with hands piously pressed together; warriors in armor, as if reposing after battle; prelates with crosiers and mitres; and nobles in robes and coronets, lying as it were in state. In glancing over this scene, so strangely populous, yet where every form is so still and silent, it seems almost as if we were treading a mansion of that fabled city, where every being had been suddenly transmuted into stone.

9. I paused to contemplate a tomb on which lay the effigy of a knight in complete armor. A large buckler was on one arm; the hands were pressed together in supplication upon the breast: the face was almost covered by the morion; the legs were crossed in token of the warrior's having been engaged in the holy war. It was the tomb of a Crusader; of one of those military enthusiasts who so strangely mingled religion and romance, and whose exploits form the connecting link between fact and fiction; between the history and the fairy tale. There is something extremely picturesque in the tombs of these adventurers, decorated as they are with rude armorial bearings and Gothic sculpture. They comport with the antiquated chapels in which they are generally found; and in considering them, the imagination is apt to kindle with the legendary associations, the romantic fiction, the chivalrous pomp and pageantry, which poetry has spread over the wars for the sepulchre of Christ. They are the relics of times utterly gone by; of beings passed from recollection; of customs and manners with which ours have no affinity. They are like objects from some strange and distant land, of which we have no certain knowledge, and about which all our conceptions are vague and visionary. There is something extremely solemn and awful in those effigies on Gothic tombs,

extended as if in the sleep of death, or in the supplication of the dying hour. They have an effect infinitely more impressive on my feelings than the fanciful attitudes, the overwrought conceits, and allegorical groups, which abound on modern monuments. I have been struck, also, with the superiority of many of the old sepulchral inscriptions. There was a noble way, in former times, of saying things simply, and yet saying them proudly; and I do not know an epitaph that breathes a loftier consciousness of family worth and honorable lineage than one which affirms, of a noble house, that "all the brothers were brave, and all the sisters virtuous."

10. In the opposite transept to Poet's Corner stands a monument which is among the most renowned achievements of modern art; but which to me appears horrible rather than sublime. It is the tomb of Mrs. Nightingale, by Roubillac. The bottom of the monument is represented as throwing open its marble doors, and a sheeted skeleton is starting forth. The shroud is falling from his fleshless frame as he launches his dart at his victim. She is sinking into her affrighted husband's arms, who strives, with vain and frantic effort, to avert the blow. The whole is executed with terrible truth and spirit; we almost fancy we hear the gibbering yell of triumph bursting from the distended jaws of the spectre. — But why should we thus seek to clothe death with unnecessary terrors, and to spread horrors round the tomb of those we love? The grave should be surrounded by everything that might inspire tenderness and veneration for the dead; or that might win the living to virtue. It is the place, not of disgust and dismay, but of sorrow and meditation.

11. While wandering about these gloomy vaults and silent aisles, studying the records of the dead, the sound of busy existence from without occasionally reaches the ear; — the rumbling of the passing equipage; the murmur of the multitude; or perhaps the light laugh of pleasure. The contrast is striking with the deathlike repose around: and it has a strange effect upon the feelings, thus to hear the surges of active life hurrying along, and beating against the very walls of the sepulchre.

12. I continued in this way to move from tomb to tomb, and from chapel to chapel. The day was gradually wearing away; the distant tread of loiterers about the abbey grew less and less frequent; the sweet-tongued bell was summoning to evening prayers; and I saw at a distance the choristers, in their white surplices, crossing the aisle and entering the choir. I stood before the entrance to Henry the Seventh's chapel. A flight of steps lead up to it, through a deep and gloomy, but magnificent arch. Great gates of brass, richly and delicately wrought, turn heavily upon their hinges, as if proudly reluctant to admit the feet of common mortals into this most gorgeous of sepulchres.

13. On entering, the eye is astonished by the pomp of architecture, and the elaborate beauty of sculptured detail. The very walls are wrought into universal ornament, incrusted with tracery, and scooped into niches, crowded with the statues of saints and martyrs. Stone seems, by the cunning labor of the chisel, to have been robbed of its weight and density, suspended aloft, as if by magic, and the fretted roof achieved with the wonderful minuteness and airy security of a cobweb.

14. Along the sides of the chapel are the lofty stalls of the Knights of the Bath, richly carved of oak, though with the grotesque decorations of Gothic architecture. On the pinnacles of the stalls are affixed the helmets and crests of the knights, with their scarfs and swords; and above them are suspended their banners, emblazoned with armorial bearings, and contrasting the splendor of gold and purple and crimson with the cold gray fretwork of the roof. In the midst of this grand mausoleum stands the sepulchre of its founder, — his effigy, with that of his queen, extended on a sumptuous tomb, and the whole surrounded by a superbly wrought brazen railing.

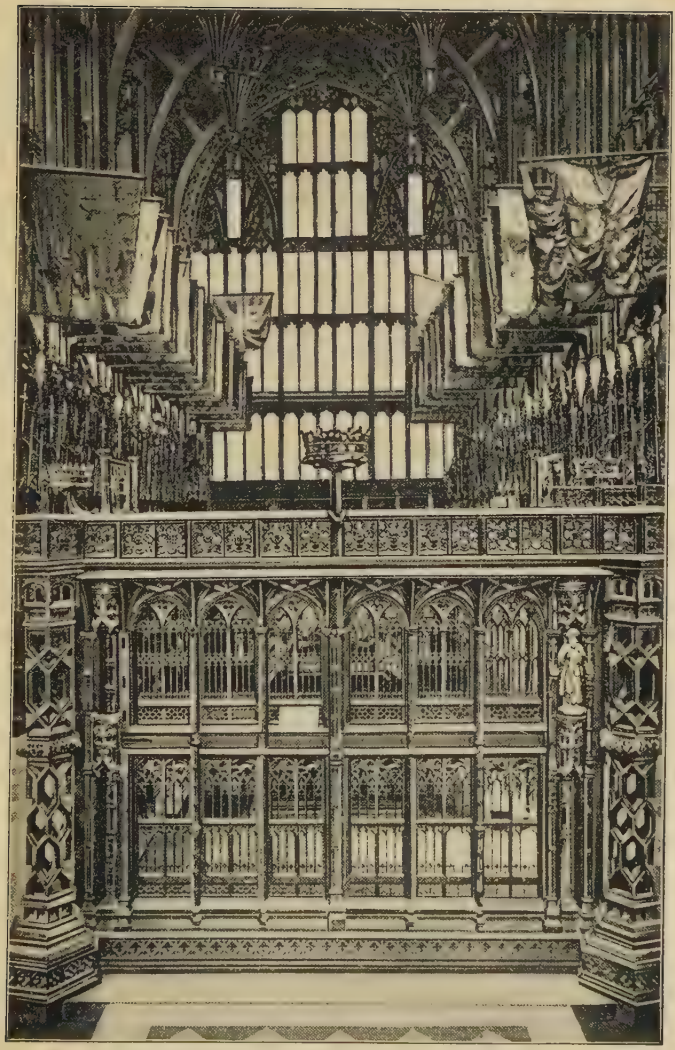
15. There is a sad dreariness in this magnificence; this strange mixture of tombs and trophies; these emblems of living and aspiring ambition, close beside mementos which show the dust and oblivion in which all must sooner or later terminate. Nothing impresses the mind with a deeper feeling

of loneliness than to tread the silent and deserted scene of former throng and pageant. On looking round on the vacant stalls of the knights and their esquires, and on the rows of dusty but gorgeous banners that were once borne before them, my imagination conjured up the scene when this hall was bright with the valor and beauty of the land; glittering with the splendor of jewelled rank and military array; alive with the tread of many feet and the hum of an admiring multitude. All had passed away; the silence of death had settled again upon the place, interrupted only by the casual chirping of birds, which had found their way into the chapel, and built their nests among its friezes and pendants — sure signs of solitariness and desertion.

16. When I read the names inscribed on the banners, they were those of men scattered far and wide about the world; some tossing upon distant seas; some under arms in distant lands; some mingling in the busy intrigues of courts and cabinets; all seeking to deserve one more distinction in this mansion of shadowy honors: the melancholy reward of a monument.

17. Two small aisles on each side of this chapel present a touching instance of the equality of the grave; which brings down the oppressor to a level with the oppressed, and mingles the dust of the bitterest enemies together. In one is the sepulchre of the haughty Elizabeth; in the other is that of her victim, the lovely and unfortunate Mary. Not an hour in the day but some ejaculation of pity is uttered over the fate of the latter, mingled with indignation at her oppressor. The walls of Elizabeth's sepulchre continually echo with the sighs of sympathy heaved at the grave of her rival.

18. A peculiar melancholy reigns over the aisle where Mary lies buried. The light struggles dimly through windows darkened by dust. The greater part of the place is in deep shadow, and the walls are stained and tinted by time and weather. A marble figure of Mary is stretched upon the tomb, round which is an iron railing, much corroded, bearing her national emblem — the thistle. I was weary with wandering, and sat down to rest myself by the monument, revolving in my mind the checkered and disastrous story of poor Mary.



HENRY VII CHAPEL, WESTMINSTER ABBEY

19. The sound of casual footsteps had ceased from the abbey. I could only hear, now and then, the distant voice of the priest repeating the evening service, and the faint responses of the choir; these paused for a time, and all was hushed. The stillness, the desertion and obscurity that were gradually prevailing around, gave a deeper and more solemn interest to the place.

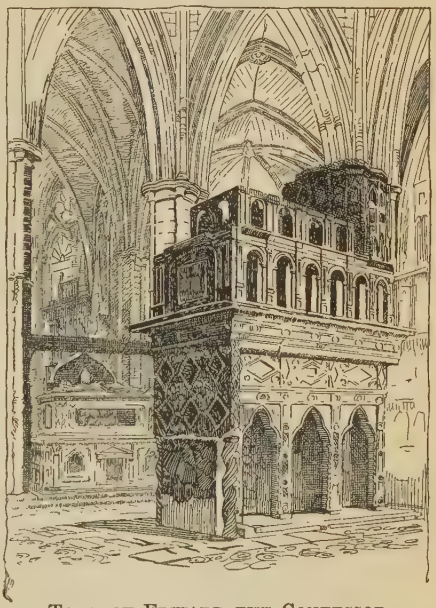
> For in the silent grave no conversation,
> No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
> No careful father's counsel — nothing's heard,
> For nothing is, but all oblivion,
> Dust, and an endless darkness.

20. Suddenly the notes of the deep-laboring organ burst upon the ear, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well do their volume and grandeur accord with this mighty building! With what pomp do they swell through its vast vaults, and breathe their awful harmony through these caves of death, and make the silent sepulchre vocal! — And now they rise in triumph and acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. — And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about these lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful — it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls — the ear is stunned — the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee — it is rising from the earth to heaven — the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on this swelling tide of harmony!

21. I sat for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of music is apt sometimes to inspire: the shadows of evening were gradually thickening round me; the monuments began to cast deeper and deeper gloom: and the distant clock again gave token of the slowly waning day.

22. I rose and prepared to leave the abbey. As I descended the flight of steps which lead into the body of the building, my eye was caught by the shrine of Edward the Confessor, and I ascended the small staircase that conducts to it, to take from thence a general survey of this wilderness of tombs. The shrine is elevated upon a kind of platform, and close around it are the sepulchres of various kings and queens. From this eminence the eye looks down between pillars and funeral trophies to the chapels and chambers below, crowded with tombs, — where warriors, prelates, courtiers, and statesmen lie mouldering in their "beds of darkness." Close by me stood the great chair of coronation, rudely carved of oak, in the barbarous taste of a remote and Gothic age. The scene seemed almost as if contrived, with theatrical artifice, to produce an effect upon the beholder. Here was a type of the beginning and the end of human pomp and power; here it was literally but a step from the throne to the sepulchre. Would not one think that these incongruous mementos had been gathered together as a lesson to living greatness? — to show it, even in the moment of its proudest exaltation, the neglect and dishonor to which it must soon arrive; how soon that crown which encircles its brow must pass away, and it must lie down in the dust and disgraces of the tomb, and be trampled upon by the feet of the meanest of the multitude. For, strange to tell, even the grave is here no longer a sanctuary. There is a shocking levity in some natures, which leads them to sport with awful and hallowed things; and there are base minds, which delight to revenge on the illustrious dead the abject homage and grovelling servility which they pay to the living. The coffin of Edward the Confessor has been broken open, and his remains despoiled of their funereal ornaments; the sceptre has been stolen from the hand of the imperious Elizabeth, and the effigy of Henry the Fifth lies headless. Not a royal monument but bears some proof how false and fugitive is the homage of mankind. Some are plundered; some mutilated; some covered with ribaldry and insult, — all more or less outraged and dishonored!

23. The last beams of day were now faintly streaming through the painted windows in high vaults above me; the lower parts of the abbey were already wrapped in the obscurity of twilight. The chapels and aisles grew darker and darker. The effigies of the kings faded into shadows; the marble figures of the monuments assumed strange shapes in the uncertain light; the evening breeze crept through the aisles like the cold breath of the grave; and even the distant footfall of a verger, traversing the Poet's Corner, had something strange and dreary in its sound. I slowly retraced my morning's walk, and as I passed out at the portal of the cloisters, the door, closing with a jarring noise behind me, filled the whole building with echoes.



Tomb of Edward the Confessor

24. I endeavored to form some arrangement in my mind of the objects I had been contemplating but found they were already fallen into indistinctness and confusion. Names, inscriptions, trophies, had all become confounded in my recollection, though I had scarcely taken my foot from off the threshold. What, thought I, is this vast assemblage of sepulchres but a treasury of humiliation; a huge pile of reiterated homilies on the emptiness of renown, and the

certainty of oblivion! It is, indeed, the empire of death — his great shadowy palace, where he sits in state, mocking at the relics of human glory, and spreading dust and forgetfulness on the monuments of princes. How idle a boast, after all, is the immortality of a name. Time is ever silently turning over his pages; we are too much engrossed by the story of the present, to think of the characters and anecdotes that gave interest to the past; and each age is a volume thrown aside to be speedily forgotten. The idol of to-day pushes the hero of yesterday out of our recollection; and will, in turn, be supplanted by his successor of to-morrow. "Our fathers," says Sir Thomas Browne, "find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors." History fades into fable; fact becomes clouded with doubt and controversy; the inscription moulders from the tablet; the statue falls from the pedestal. Columns, arches, pyramids, what are they but heaps of sand; and their epitaphs, but characters written in the dust? What is the security of a tomb, or the perpetuity of an embalmment? The remains of Alexander the Great have been scattered to the wind, and his empty sarcophagus is now the mere curiosity of a museum. "The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams."[1]

25. What then is to insure this pile which now towers above me from sharing the fate of mightier mausoleums? The time must come when its gilded vaults, which now spring so loftily, shall lie in rubbish beneath the feet; when, instead of the sound of melody and praise, the wind shall whistle through the broken arches, and the owl hoot from the shattered tower, — when the garish sunbeam shall break into these gloomy mansions of death, and the ivy twine round the fallen column; and the foxglove hang its blossoms about the nameless urn, as if in mockery of the dead. Thus man passes away; his name perishes from record and recollection; his history is as a tale that is told, and his very monument becomes a ruin.[2]

[1] Sir T. Browne. [2] For notes on Westminster Abbey, see Appendix.

THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE

A COLLOQUY IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

[COMMENT. — "The Mutability of Literature" has been included in this edition of "The Sketch-Book" so that it may be read with "Westminster Abbey." The library which is the scene of the reveries here set down is in one of the buildings belonging to Westminster. From the middle of the east side of the cloister opens the two-arched entrance to the chapter-house. In Irving's day, the northern arch and one-half the entrance were walled in to enclose a stair which led to the northern end of the library. Since then, the chapter-house entrance has been removed and an earlier stone stair restored, leading from the same east cloister up through the floor of the library to a point nearer the centre of the hall. In the olden time, the hall, one end of which is now the library, was the dormitory of the monks, and for their convenience in going to night services, a narrow passage led from its northern end directly into the southern transept of the minster.

Westminster School, to which the library belongs, dates from the dissolution of the monastic house of Henry VIII, who used a part of the confiscated revenues to found a bishopric and establish a school for forty scholars with an upper and an under master. School and bishopric were both abolished under Queen Mary, but Elizabeth restored the school practically in accordance with her father's plan, and established the Dean and twelve Prebendaries under the name of the college or collegiate church of St. Peter, Westminster, with the distinct intention of creating a great academical as well as an ecclesiastical body. There were forty scholars, as before, on the Queen's foundation, who were to be supported at Westminster. Besides these, other students, eighty in all, were admitted either as pensioners, that is, as boarding pupils, or as townsmen of Westminster. Students from outside of the city of Westminster were required to become townsmen by securing some householder who would take them into his house and be responsible for their bills and conduct. The charter and statutes which were granted for the government of this school remain in force to the present time, and it is in accordance with them that Latin plays are produced at intervals by the pupils of the

school. The privilege of Westminster for prayers has belonged to the school immemorially, and each morning the scholars assemble for this purpose in the Poets' Corner.

Dean Stanley, in "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey," quotes Irving's description of the library as better than any he could himself write. D.]

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought,
In time's great period shall return to nought.
I know that all the muse's heavenly lays,
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than mere praise.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN.

1. There are certain half-dreaming moods of mind, in which we naturally steal away from noise and glare, and seek some quiet haunt, where we may indulge our reveries and build our air-castles undisturbed. In such a mood I was loitering about the old gray cloisters of Westminster Abbey, enjoying that luxury of wandering thought which one is apt to dignify with the name of reflection; when suddenly an interruption of madcap boys from Westminster School, playing at football, broke in upon the monastic stillness of the place, making the vaulted passages and mouldering tombs echo with their merriment. I sought to take refuge from their noise by penetrating still deeper into the solitudes of the pile, and applied to one of the vergers for admission to the library. He conducted me through a portal rich with the crumbling sculpture of former ages, which opened upon a gloomy passage leading to the chapter-house and the chamber in which doomsday-book is deposited. Just within the passage is a small door on the left. To this the verger applied a key; it was double locked, and opened with some difficulty, as if seldom used. We now ascended a dark, narrow staircase, and, passing through a second door, entered the library.

2. I found myself in a lofty antique hall, the roof supported by massive joists of old English oak. It was soberly lighted by a row of Gothic windows at a considerable height from the floor, and which apparently opened upon the roofs of the

cloisters. An ancient picture of some reverend dignitary of the church in his robes hung over the fireplace. Around the hall and in a small gallery were the books, arranged in carved oaken cases. They consisted principally of old polemical writers, and were much more worn by time than use. In the centre of the library was a solitary table with two or three

THE LIBRARY, WESTMINSTER

books on it, an inkstand without ink, and a few pens parched by long disuse. The place seemed fitted for quiet study and profound meditation. It was buried deep among the massive walls of the abbey, and shut up from the tumult of the world. I could only hear now and then the shouts of the schoolboys faintly swelling from the cloisters, and the sound of a bell tolling for prayers, echoing soberly along the roofs of the

abbey. By degrees the shouts of merriment grew fainter and fainter, and at length died away; the bell ceased to toll, and a profound silence reigned through the dusky hall.

3. I had taken down a little thick quarto, curiously bound in parchment, with brass clasps, and seated myself at the table in a venerable elbow-chair. Instead of reading, however, I was beguiled by the solemn monastic air, and lifeless quiet of the place, into a train of musing. As I looked around upon the old volumes in their mouldering covers, thus ranged on the shelves, and apparently never disturbed in their repose, I could not but consider the library a kind of literary catacomb, where authors, like mummies, are piously entombed, and left to blacken and moulder in dusty oblivion.

4. How much, thought I, has each of these volumes, now thrust aside with such indifference, cost some aching head! how many weary days! how many sleepless nights! How have their authors buried themselves in the solitude of cells and cloisters; shut themselves up from the face of man, and the still more blessed face of nature; and devoted themselves to painful research and intense reflection! And all for what? to occupy an inch of dusty shelf, — to have the title of their works read now and then in a future age, by some drowsy churchman or casual straggler like myself; and in another age to be lost, even to remembrance. Such is the amount of this boasted immortality. A mere temporary rumor, a local sound; like the tone of that bell which has just tolled among these towers, filling the ear for a moment — lingering transiently in echo — and then passing away like a thing that was not!

5. While I sat half murmuring, half meditating these unprofitable speculations, with my head resting on my hand, I was thrumming with the other hand upon the quarto, until I accidentally loosened the clasps; when, to my utter astonishment, the little book gave two or three yawns, like one awaking from a deep sleep; then a husky hem; and at length began to talk. At first its voice was very hoarse and broken, being much troubled by a cobweb which some studious spider had woven across it; and having probably con-

tracted a cold from long exposure to the chills and damps of the abbey. In a short time, however, it became more distinct, and I soon found it an exceedingly fluent, conversable little tome. Its language, to be sure, was rather quaint and obsolete, and its pronunciation, what, in the present day, would be deemed barbarous; but I shall endeavor, as far as I am able, to render it in modern parlance.

6. It began with railings about the neglect of the world — about merit being suffered to languish in obscurity, and other such commonplace topics of literary repining, and complained bitterly that it had not been opened for more than two centuries. That the dean only looked now and then into the library, sometimes took down a volume or two, trifled with them for a few moments, and then returned them to their shelves. "What a plague do they mean," said the little quarto, which I began to perceive was somewhat choleric, "what a plague do they mean by keeping several thousand volumes of us shut up here, and watched by a set of old vergers, like so many beauties in a harem, merely to be looked at now and then by the dean? Books were written to give pleasure and to be enjoyed; and I would have a rule passed that the dean should pay each of us a visit at least once a year; or, if he is not equal to the task, let them once in a while turn loose the whole School of Westminster among us, that at any rate we may now and then have an airing."

7. "Softly, my worthy friend," replied I; "you are not aware how much better you are off than most books of your generation. By being stored away in this ancient library, you are like the treasured remains of those saints and monarchs which lie enshrined in the adjoining chapels; while the remains of your contemporary mortals, left to the ordinary course of nature, have long since returned to dust."

8. "Sir," said the little tome, ruffling his leaves and looking big, "I was written for all the world, not for the bookworms of an abbey. I was intended to circulate from hand to hand, like other great contemporary works; but here have I been clasped up for more than two centuries, and might have silently fallen a prey to these worms that are playing the very

vengeance with my intestines, if you had not by chance given me an opportunity of uttering a few last words before I go to pieces."

9. "My good friend," rejoined I, "had you been left to the circulation of which you speak, you would long ere this have been no more. To judge from your physiognomy, you are now well stricken in years: very few of your contemporaries can be at present in existence; and those few owe their longevity to being immured like yourself in old libraries; which, suffer me to add, instead of likening to harems, you might more properly and gratefully have compared to those infirmaries attached to religious establishments, for the benefit of the old and decrepit, and where, by quiet fostering and no employment, they often endure to an amazingly good-for-nothing old age. You talk of your contemporaries as if in circulation, — where do we meet with their works? What do we hear of Robert Groteste, of Lincoln? No one could have toiled harder than he for immortality. He is said to have written nearly two hundred volumes. He built, as it were, a pyramid of books to perpetuate his name; but, alas! the pyramid has long since fallen, and only a few fragments are scattered in various libraries, where they are scarcely disturbed even by the antiquarian. What do we hear of Giraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics, that he might shut himself up and write for posterity: but posterity never inquires after his labors. What of Henry of Huntingdon, who, besides a learned history of England, wrote a treatise on the contempt of the world, which the world has revenged by forgetting him? What is quoted of Joseph of Exeter, styled the miracle of his age in classical composition? Of his three great heroic poems one is lost forever excepting a mere fragment; the others are known only to a few of the curious in literature; and as to his love-verses and epigrams, they have entirely disappeared. What is in current use of John Wallis, the Franciscan, who acquired the name of the tree of life? Of William of Malmsbury; — of Simeon of Durham; — of Benedict of Peterborough; — of John Hanvill of St. Albans; — of ——"

10. "Prithee, friend," cried the quarto, in a testy tone, "how old do you think me? You are talking of authors that lived long before my time, and wrote either in Latin or French, so that they in a manner expatriated themselves, and deserved to be forgotten;[1] but I, sir, was ushered into the world from the press of the renowned Wynkyn de Worde. I was written in my own native tongue, at a time when the language had become fixed; and indeed I was considered a model of pure and elegant English."

11. (I should observe that these remarks were couched in such intolerably antiquated terms, that I have had infinite difficulty in rendering them into modern phraseology.)

12. "I cry your mercy," said I, "for mistaking your age; but it matters little: almost all the writers of your time have likewise passed into forgetfulness; and De Worde's publications are mere literary rarities among book-collectors. The purity and stability of language, too, on which you found your claims to perpetuity, have been the fallacious dependence of authors of every age, even back to the times of the worthy Robert of Gloucester, who wrote his history in rhymes of mongrel Saxon.[2] Even now many talk of Spenser's 'Well of pure English undefiled' as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain-head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermixtures. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting. Unless thought can be committed to something

[1] In Latin and French hath many soueraine wittes had great delyte to endite, and have many noble thinges fulfilde, but certes there ben some that speaken their poisye in French, of which speche the Frenchmen have as good a fantasye as we have in hearying of Frenchmen's Englishe. — *Chaucer's Testament of Love.*

[2] Holinshed, in his Chronicle, observes, "afterwards, also by deligent travell of Geffry Chaucer and of John Gowre, in the time of Richard the Second, and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monke of Berrie, our said toong was brought to an excellent passe, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewell, Bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundrie learned and excellent writers have fully accomplished the ornature of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation."

more permanent and unchangeable than such a medium, even thought must share the fate of everything else, and fall into decay. This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time and the caprice of fashion. He looks back and beholds the early authors of his country, once the favorites of their day, supplanted by modern writers. A few short ages have covered them with obscurity, and their merits can only be relished by the quaint taste of the book-worm. And such, he anticipates, will be the fate of his own work, which, however it may be admired in its day, and held up as a model of purity, will in the course of years grow antiquated and obsolete, until it shall become almost as unintelligible in its native land as an Egyptian obelisk, or one of those Runic inscriptions said to exist in the deserts of Tartary. I declare," added I, with some emotion, "when I contemplate a modern library, filled with new works, in all the bravery of rich gilding and binding, I feel disposed to sit down and weep; like the good Xerxes, when he surveyed his army, pranked out in all the splendor of military array, and reflected that in one hundred years not one of them would be in existence!"

13. "Ah," said the little quarto, with a heavy sigh, "I see how it is; these modern scribblers have superseded all the good old authors. I suppose nothing is read nowadays but Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' Sackville's stately plays, and 'Mirror for Magistrates,' or the fine-spun euphuisms of the 'unparalleled John Lyly.'"

14. "There you are again mistaken," said I; "the writers whom you suppose in vogue, because they happened to be so when you were last in circulation, have long since had their day. Sir Philip Sydney's 'Arcadia,' the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers,[1] and which,

[1] Live ever sweete booke; the simple image of his gentle witt, and the golden-pillar of his noble courage; and ever notify unto the world that thy writer was the secretary of eloquence, the breath of the muses, the honey-bee of the daintyest flowers of witt and arte,

in truth, is full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. Sackville has strutted into obscurity; and even Lyly, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. A whole crowd of authors who wrote and wrangled at the time, have likewise gone down, with all their writings and their controversies. Wave after wave of succeeding literature has rolled over them, until they are buried so deep, that it is only now and then that some industrious diver after fragments of antiquity brings up a specimen for the gratification of the curious.

15. "For my part," I continued, "I consider this mutability of language a wise precaution of Providence for the benefit of the world at large, and of authors in particular. To reason from analogy, we daily behold the varied and beautiful tribes of vegetables springing up, flourishing, adorning the fields for a short time, and then fading into dust, to make way for their successors. Were not this the case, the fecundity of nature would be a grievance instead of a blessing. The earth would groan with rank and excessive vegetation, and its surface become a tangled wilderness. In like manner the works of genius and learning decline and make way for subsequent productions. Language gradually varies, and with it fade away the writings of authors who have flourished their allotted time; otherwise, the creative powers of genius would overstock the world, and the mind would be completely bewildered in the endless mazes of literature. Formerly there were some restraints on this excessive multiplication. Works had to be transcribed by hand, which was a slow and laborious operation; they were written either on parchment, which was expensive, so that one work was often erased to make way for another; or on papyrus, which was fragile and extremely perishable. Authorship was a limited and unprofitable craft,

the pith of morale and intellectual virtues, the arme of Bellona in the field, the tonge of Suada in the chamber, the sprite of Practise in esse, and the paragon of excellency in print. — *Harvey Pierce's Supererogation.*

pursued chiefly by monks in the leisure and solitude of their cloisters. The accumulation of manuscripts was slow and costly, and confined almost entirely to monasteries. To these circumstances it may, in some measure, be owing that we have not been inundated by the intellect of antiquity; that the fountains of thought have not been broken up, and modern genius drowned in the deluge. But the inventions of paper and the press have put an end to all these restraints. They have made every one a writer, and enabled every mind to pour itself into print, and diffuse itself over the whole intellectual world. The consequences are alarming. The stream of literature has swollen into a torrent — augmented into a river — expanded into a sea. A few centuries since, five or six hundred manuscripts constituted a great library; but what would you say to libraries such as actually exist containing three or four hundred thousand volumes; legions of authors at the same time busy; and the press going on with activity, to double and quadruple the number? Unless some unforeseen mortality should break out among the progeny of the muse, now that she has become so prolific, I tremble for posterity. I fear the mere fluctuation of language will not be sufficient. Criticism may do much. It increases with the increase of literature, and resembles one of those salutary checks on population spoken of by economists. All possible encouragement, therefore, should be given to the growth of critics, good or bad. But I fear all will be in vain; let criticism do what it may, writers will write, printers will print, and the world will inevitably be overstocked with good books. It will soon be the employment of a lifetime merely to learn their names. Many a man of passable information, at the present day, reads scarcely anything but reviews; and before long a man of erudition will be little better than a mere walking catalogue."

16. "My very good sir," said the little quarto, yawning most drearily in my face, "excuse my interrupting you, but I perceive you are rather given to prose. I would ask the fate of an author who was making some noise just as I left the world. His reputation, however, was considered quite tem-

porary. The learned shook their heads at him, for he was a poor half-educated varlet, that knew little of Latin, and nothing of Greek, and had been obliged to run the country for deer-stealing. I think his name was Shakspeare. I presume, he soon sunk into oblivion."

17. "On the contrary," said I, "it is owing to that very man that the literature of his period has experienced a duration beyond the ordinary term of English literature. There rise authors now and then, who seem proof against the mutability of language, because they have rooted themselves in the unchanging principles of human nature. They are like gigantic trees that we sometimes see on the banks of a stream; which, by their vast and deep roots, penetrating through the mere surface, and laying hold on the very foundations of the earth, preserve the soil around them from being swept away by the ever-flowing current and hold up many a neighboring plant, and, perhaps, worthless weed, to perpetuity. Such is the case with Shakspeare, whom we behold defying the encroachments of time, retaining in modern use the language and literature of his day, and giving duration to many an indifferent author merely from having flourished in his vicinity. But even he, I grieve to say, is gradually assuming the tint of age, and his whole form is overrun by a profusion of commentators, who, like clambering vines and creepers, almost bury the noble plant that upholds them."

18. Here the little quarto began to heave his sides and chuckle, until at length he broke out in a plethoric fit of laughter that had wellnigh choked him, by reason of his excessive corpulency. "Mighty well!" cried he, as soon as he could recover breath, "mighty well! and so you would persuade me that the literature of an age is to be perpetuated by a vagabond deer-stealer! by a man without learning; by a poet, forsooth — a poet." And here he wheezed forth another fit of laughter.

19. I confess that I felt somewhat nettled at this rudeness, which, however, I pardoned on account of his having flourished in a less polished age. I determined, nevertheless, not to give up my point.

20. "Yes," resumed I, positively, "a poet; for of all writers he has the best chance for immortality. Others may write from the head, but he writes from the heart, and the heart will always understand him. He is the faithful portrayer of nature, whose features are always the same, and always interesting. Prose-writers are voluminous and unwieldy; their pages are crowded with common-places, and their thoughts expanded into tediousness. But with the true poet everything is terse, touching, or brilliant. He gives the choicest thoughts in the choicest language. He illustrates them by everything that he sees most striking in nature and art. He enriches them by pictures of human life, such as it is passing before him. His writings, therefore, contain the spirit, the aroma, if I may use the phrase, of the age in which he lives. They are caskets which enclose within a small compass the wealth of the language, — its family jewels, which are thus transmitted in a portable form to posterity. The setting may occasionally be antiquated, and require now and then to be renewed, as in the case of Chaucer; but the brilliancy and intrinsic value of the gems continue unaltered. Cast a look back over the long reach of literary history. What vast valleys of dulness, filled with monkish legends and academical controversies! what bogs of theological speculations! what dreary wastes of metaphysics. Here and there only do we behold the heaven-illuminated bards, elevated like beacons on their widely separate heights, to transmit the pure light of poetical intelligence from age to age." [1]

[1] Thorow earth and waters deepe,
The pen by skill doth passe:
And featly nyps the worldes abuse,
And shoes us in a glasse,
The vertu and the vice
Of every wight alyve;
The honey comb that bee doth make
Is not so sweet in hyve,
As are the golden leves
That drop from poet's head!
Which doth surmount our common talke
As farre as dross hoth lead.

Churchyard.

21. I was just about to launch forth into eulogiums upon the poets of the day, when the sudden opening of the door caused me to turn my head. It was the verger, who came to inform me that it was time to close the library. I sought to have a parting word with the quarto, but the worthy little tome was silent; the clasps were closed; and it looked perfectly unconscious of all that had passed. I have been to the library two or three times since, and have endeavored to draw it into further conversation, but in vain; and whether all this rambling colloquy actually took place, or whether it was another of those odd day-dreams to which I am subject, I have never to this moment been able to discover.

JOHN BULL

[Comment. — In the essay, "John Bull," Irving makes the subject of caricatures in general, and also in particular, serve as an excuse for a discourse upon the traits and characteristics of the English. He discusses first the nature of caricature, then its relation to real traits and characteristics in the originals; after that, he speaks of the use of caricatures as a means of defining in the mind of an alien and a stranger national characteristics. From this beginning, he readily introduces his own purpose of using the popular caricature of John Bull as a text for discourse upon the peculiarities, tastes, manner of life, and qualities of the English. In a recent story, "An Enforced Habitation," Rudyard Kipling has presented, in sharp contrast, national characteristics of the English and of Americans. This story illustrates more than one of the qualities remarked upon by Irving. In "Bracebridge Hall" will be found several essays illustrating Irving's idea of the English. These may be read for comparison and reference, especially, "An English Country Gentleman," "English Gravity," etc. D.]

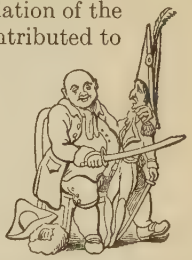
An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate.
With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,
With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen that maintained half-a-dozen old cooks.
Like an old courtier, etc.
— Old Song.

1. There is no species of humor in which the English more excel than that which consists in caricaturing and giving ludicrous appellations, or nicknames. In this way they have whimsically designated, not merely individuals, but nations; and, in their fondness for pushing a joke, they have not spared even themselves. One would think that, in personifying itself, a nation would be apt to picture something grand, heroic, and imposing; but it is characteristic of the popular humor of the English, and of their love for what is blunt, comic, and

familiar, that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure of a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with a three-cornered hat, red waistcoat, leather breeches, and stout oaken cudgel. Thus they have taken a singular delight in exhibiting their most private foibles in a laughable point of view; and have been so successful in their delineations, that there is scarcely a being in actual existence more absolutely present to the public mind than that eccentric personage, John Bull.

2. Perhaps the continual contemplation of the character thus drawn of them has contributed to

JOHN BULL AND HIS SAILORS, 1807



JOHN BULL PLAYING ON THE BASS VIOLIN (*base villain*)

From caricatures reproduced in Wright's "England under the House of Hanover."

fix it upon the nation, and thus to give reality to what at first may have been painted in a great measure from the imagination. Men are apt to acquire peculiarities that are continually ascribed to them. The common orders of English seem wonderfully captivated with the *beau ideal* which they have formed of John Bull, and endeavor to act up to the broad caricature that is perpetually before their eyes. Unluckily, they sometimes make their boasted Bull-ism an apology for their prejudice or grossness; and this I have especially noticed among those truly homebred and genuine sons of the soil who have never migrated beyond the sound of Bow-bells. If one of these should be a little uncouth in speech, and apt to utter impertinent truths, he confesses that he is a real John Bull, and always speaks his mind. If he now and then flies into an unreasonable burst of passion about trifles, he observes, that John Bull is a choleric

old blade, but then his passion is over in a moment, and he bears no malice. If he betrays a coarseness of taste, and an insensibility to foreign refinements, he thanks heaven for his ignorance — he is a plain John Bull, and has no relish for frippery and knick-knacks. His very proneness to be gulled by strangers, and to pay extravagantly for absurdities, is excused under the plea of munificence — for John is always more generous than wise.

3. Thus, under the name of John Bull, he will contrive to argue every fault into a merit, and will frankly convict himself of being the honestest fellow in existence.

4. However little, therefore, the character may have suited in the first instance, it has gradually adapted itself to the nation, or rather they have adapted themselves to each other; and a stranger who wishes to study English peculiarities, may gather much valuable information from the innumerable portraits of John Bull, as exhibited in the windows of the caricature-shops. Still, however, he is one of those fertile humorists, that are continually throwing out new portraits, and presenting different aspects from different points of view; and, often as he has been described, I cannot resist the temptation to give a slight sketch of him, such as he has met my eye.

5. John Bull, to all appearance, is a plain, downright matter-of-fact fellow, with much less of poetry about him than rich prose. There is little of romance in his nature, but a vast deal of strong natural feeling. He excels in humor more than in wit; is jolly rather than gay; melancholy rather than morose; can easily be moved to a sudden tear, or surprised into a broad laugh; but he loathes sentiment, and has no turn for light pleasantry. He is a boon-companion, if you allow him to have his humor, and to talk about himself; and he will stand by a friend in a quarrel, with life and purse, however soundly he may be cudgelled.

6. In this last respect, to tell the truth, he has a propensity to be somewhat too ready. He is a busy-minded personage, who thinks not merely for himself and family, but for all the country round, and is most generously disposed to be everybody's champion. He is continually volunteering his services

to settle his neighbors' affairs, and takes it in great dudgeon if they engage in any matter of consequence without asking his advice; though he seldom engages in any friendly office of the kind without finishing by getting into a squabble with all parties, and then railing bitterly at their ingratitude. He unluckily took lessons in his youth in the noble science of defence, and having accomplished himself in the use of his limbs and his weapons, and become a perfect master at boxing and cudgel-play, he has had a troublesome life of it ever since. He cannot hear of a quarrel between the most distant of his neighbors, but he begins incontinently to fumble with the head of his cudgel, and consider whether his interest or honor does not require that he should meddle in the broil. Indeed he has extended his relations of pride and policy so completely over the whole country, that no event can take place, without infringing some of his finely-spun rights and dignities. Couched in his little domain, with these filaments stretching forth in every direction, he is like some choleric, bottle-bellied old spider, who has woven his web over a whole chamber, so that a fly cannot buzz, nor a breeze blow, without startling his repose, and causing him to sally forth wrathfully from his den.

7. Though really a good-hearted, good-tempered old fellow at bottom, yet he is singularly fond of being in the midst of contention. It is one of his peculiarities, however, that he only relishes the beginning of an affray; he always goes into a fight with alacrity, but comes out of it grumbling even when victorious; and though no one fights with more obstinacy to carry a contested point, yet, when the battle is over, and he comes to the reconciliation, he is so much taken up with the mere shaking of hands, that he is apt to let his antagonist pocket all that they have been quarrelling about. It is not, therefore, fighting that he ought so much to be on his guard against, as making friends. It is difficult to cudgel him out of a farthing; but put him in a good-humor, and you may bargain him out of all the money in his pocket. He is like a stout ship, which will weather the roughest storm uninjured, but roll its masts overboard in the succeeding calm.

8. He is a little fond of playing the magnifico abroad; of pulling out a long purse; flinging his money bravely about at boxing-matches, horse-races, cock-fights, and carrying a high head among "gentlemen of the fancy;" but immediately after one of these fits of extravagance he will be taken with violent qualms of economy; stop short at the most trivial expenditure; talk desperately of being ruined and brought upon the parish; and, in such moods, will not pay the smallest tradesman's bill without violent altercation. He is in fact the most punctual and discontented paymaster in the world; drawing his coin out of his breeches pocket with infinite reluctance; paying to the uttermost farthing, but accompanying every guinea with a growl.

9. With all his talk of economy, however, he is a bountiful provider, and a hospitable housekeeper. His economy is of a whimsical kind, its chief object being to devise how he may afford to be extravagant; for he will begrudge himself a beefsteak and pint of port one day, that he may roast an ox whole, broach a hogshead of ale, and treat all his neighbors on the next.

10. His domestic establishment is enormously expensive; not so much from any great outward parade, as from the great consumption of solid beef and pudding; the vast number of followers he feeds and clothes; and his singular disposition to pay hugely for small services. He is a most kind and indulgent master, and, provided his servants humor his peculiarities, flatter his vanity a little now and then, and do not peculate grossly on him before his face, they may manage him to perfection. Everything that lives on him seems to thrive and grow fat. His house-servants are well paid, and pampered, and have little to do. His horses are sleek and lazy, and prance slowly before his state carriage; and his house-dogs sleep quietly about the door, and will hardly bark at a housebreaker.

11. His family mansion is an old castellated manor-house, gray with age, and of a most venerable though weather-beaten appearance. It has been built upon no regular plan, but is a vast accumulation of parts, erected in various tastes and

ages. The centre bears evident traces of Saxon architecture, and is as solid as ponderous stone and old English oak can make it. Like all the relics of that style, it is full of obscure passages, intricate mazes, and dusky chambers; and though these have been partially lighted up in modern days, yet there are many places where you must still grope in the dark. Additions have been made to the original edifice from time to time, and great alterations have taken place; towers and battlements have been erected during wars and tumults; wings built in time of peace; and outhouses, lodges, and offices run up according to the whim or convenience of different generations, until it has become one of the most spacious, rambling tenements imaginable. An entire wing is taken up with the family chapel, a reverend pile, that must have been exceedingly sumptuous, and, indeed, in spite of having been altered and simplified at various periods, has still a look of solemn religious pomp. Its walls within are storied with the monuments of John's ancestors; and it is snugly fitted up with soft cushions and well-lined chairs, where such of his family as are inclined to church services may doze comfortably in the discharge of their duties.

12. To keep up this chapel has cost John much money; but he is stanch in his religion, and piqued in his zeal, from the circumstance that many dissenting chapels have been erected in his vicinity, and several of his neighbors, with whom he has had quarrels, are strong Papists.

13. To do the duties of the chapel he maintains at a large expense, a pious and portly family chaplain. He is a most learned and decorous personage, and a truly well-bred Christian, who always backs the old gentleman in his opinions, winks discreetly at his little peccadilloes, rebukes the children when refractory, and is of great use in exhorting the tenants to read their Biblies, say their prayers, and, above all, to pay their rents punctually and without grumbling.

14. The family apartments are in a very antiquated taste, somewhat heavy, and often inconvenient, but full of the solemn magnificence of former times; fitted up with rich though faded tapestry, unwieldy furniture, and loads of

massy gorgeous old plate. The vast fireplaces, ample kitchens, extensive cellars, and sumptuous banqueting halls, all speak of the roaring hospitality of days of yore, of which the modern festivity at the manor-house is but a shadow. There are, however, complete suites of rooms apparently deserted and timeworn; and towers and turrets that are tottering to decay; so that in high winds there is danger of their tumbling about the ears of the household.

15. John has frequently been advised to have the old edifice thoroughly overhauled; and to have some of the useless parts pulled down, and the others strengthened with their materials; but the old gentleman always grows testy on this subject. He swears the house is an excellent house — that it is tight and weather-proof, and not to be shaken by tempests — that it has stood for several hundred years, and, therefore, is not likely to tumble down now — that, as to its being inconvenient, his family is accustomed to the inconveniences and would not be comfortable without them — that, as to its unwieldy size and irregular construction, these result from its being the growth of centuries, and being improved by the wisdom of every generation — that an old family, like his, requires a large house to dwell in; new, upstart families may live in modern cottages and snug boxes; but an old English family should inhabit an old English manor-house. If you point out any part of the building as superfluous, he insists that it is material to the strength or decoration of the rest, and the harmony of the whole; and swears that the parts are so built into each other, that, if you pull down one, you run the risk of having the whole about your ears.

16. The secret of the matter is, that John has a great disposition to protect and patronize. He thinks it indispensable to the dignity of an ancient and honorable family to be bounteous in its appointments, and to be eaten up by dependents; and so, partly from pride and partly from kind-heartedness, he makes it a rule always to give shelter and maintenance to his superannuated servants.

17. The consequence is, that, like many other venerable

family establishments, his manor is encumbered by old retainers whom he cannot turn off, and an old style which he cannot lay down. His mansion is like a great hospital of invalids, and with all its magnitude, is not a whit too large for its inhabitants. Not a nook or corner but is of use in housing some useless personage. Groups of veteran beef-eaters, gouty pensioners, and retired heroes of the buttery and the larder, are seen lolling about its walls, crawling over its lawns, dozing under its trees, or sunning themselves upon the benches at its doors. Every office and out-house is garrisoned by these supernumeraries and their families; for they are amazingly prolific, and when they die off, are sure to leave John a legacy of hungry mouths to be provided for. A mattock cannot be struck against the most mouldering tumble-down tower, but out pops, from some cranny or loop-hole, the gray pate of some superannuated hanger-on, who has lived at John's expense all his life, and makes the most grievous outcry at their pulling down the roof from over the head of a worn-out servant of the family. This is an appeal that John's honest heart never can withstand; so that a man, who has faithfully eaten his beef and pudding all his life, is sure to be rewarded with a pipe and tankard in his old days.

18. A great part of his park, also, is turned into paddocks, where his broken-down chargers are turned loose to graze undisturbed for the remainder of their existence, — a worthy example of grateful recollection, which if some of his neighbors were to imitate, would not be to their discredit. Indeed, it is one of his great pleasures to point out these old steeds to his visitors, to dwell on their good qualities, extol their past services, and boast, with some little vainglory, of the perilous adventures and hardy exploits through which they have carried him.

19. He is given, however, to indulge his veneration for family usages, and family incumbrances, to a whimsical extent. His manor is infested by gangs of gypsies; yet he will not suffer them to be driven off, because they have infested the place time out of mind, and been regular poachers upon every generation of the family. He will scarcely permit a

dry branch to be lopped from the great trees that surround the house, lest it should molest the rooks, that have bred there for centuries. Owls have taken possession of the dove-cot; but they are hereditary owls, and must not be disturbed. Swallows have nearly choked up every chimney with their nests; martins build in every frieze and cornice; crows flutter about the towers, and perch on every weathercock; and old gray-headed rats may be seen in every quarter of the house, running in and out of their holes undauntedly in broad daylight. In short, John has such a reverence for everything that has been long in the family, that he will not hear even of abuses being reformed, because they are good old family abuses.

20. All these whims and habits have concurred wofully to drain the old gentleman's purse; and as he prides himself on punctuality in money matters and wishes to maintain his credit in the neighborhood, they have caused him great perplexity in meeting his engagements. This, too, has been increased by the altercations and heart-burnings which are continually taking place in his family. His children have been brought up to different callings, and are of different ways of thinking; and as they have always been allowed to speak their minds freely, they do not fail to exercise the privilege most clamorously in the present posture of his affairs. Some stand up for the honor of the race, and are clear that the old establishment should be kept up in all its state, whatever may be the cost; others, who are more prudent and considerate, entreat the old gentleman to retrench his expenses, and to put his whole system of housekeeping on a more moderate footing. He has, indeed, at times, seemed inclined to listen to their opinions, but their wholesome advice has been completely defeated by the obstreperous conduct of one of his sons. This is a noisy, rattle-pated fellow, of rather low habits, who neglects his business to frequent ale-houses, is the orator of village clubs, and a complete oracle among the poorest of his father's tenants. No sooner does he hear any of his brothers mention reform or retrenchment, than up he jumps, takes the words out of their mouths, and roars out for an overturn.

When his tongue is once going, nothing can stop it. He rants about the room; hectors the old man about his spendthrift practices; ridicules his tastes and pursuits; insists that he shall turn the old servants out-of-doors; give the broken-down horses to the hounds; send the fat chaplain packing, and take a field-preacher in his place, — nay, that the whole family mansion shall be levelled with the ground, and a plain one of brick and mortar built in its place. He rails at every social entertainment and family festivity, and skulks away growling to the ale-house whenever an equipage drives up to the door. Though constantly complaining of the emptiness of his purse, yet he scruples not to spend all his pocket-money in these tavern convocations, and even runs up scores for the liquor over which he preaches about his father's extravagance.

21. It may readily be imagined how little such thwarting agrees with the old cavalier's fiery temperament. He has become so irritable, from repeated crossings, that the mere mention of retrenchment or reform is a signal for a brawl between him and the tavern oracle. As the latter is too sturdy and refractory for paternal discipline, having grown out of all fear of the cudgel, they have frequent scenes of wordy warfare, which at times run so high, that John is fain to call in the aid of his son Tom, an officer who has served abroad, but is at present living at home, on half-pay. This last is sure to stand by the old gentleman, right or wrong; likes nothing so much as a racketing, roistering life; and is ready at a wink or nod, to out sabre, and flourish it over the orator's head, if he dares to array himself against paternal authority.

22. These family dissensions, as usual, have got abroad, and are rare food for scandal in John's neighborhood. People begin to look wise, and shake their heads, whenever his affairs are mentioned. They all "hope that matters are not so bad with him as represented; but when a man's own children begin to rail at his extravagance, things must be badly managed. They understand he is mortgaged over head and ears, and is continually dabbling with money-lenders. He is certainly

an open-handed old gentleman, but they fear he has lived too fast; indeed, they never knew any good come of this fondness for hunting, racing, revelling, and prize-fighting. In short, Mr. Bull's estate is a very fine one, and has been in the family a long time; but, for all that, they have known many finer estates come to the hammer."

23. What is worst of all, is the effect which these pecuniary embarrassments and domestic feuds have had on the poor man himself. Instead of that jolly round corporation, and smug rosy face, which he used to present, he has of late become as shrivelled and shrunk as a frost-bitten apple. His scarlet gold-laced waistcoat, which bellied out so bravely in those prosperous days when he sailed before the wind, now hangs loosely about him like a mainsail in a calm. His leather breeches are all in folds and wrinkles, and apparently have much ado to hold up the boots that yawn on both sides of his once sturdy legs.

24. Instead of strutting about as formerly, with his three-cornered hat on one side; flourishing his cudgel, and bringing it down every moment with a hearty thump upon the ground; looking every one sturdily in the face, and trolling out a stave of a catch or a drinking song; he now goes about whistling thoughtfully to himself, with his head drooping down, his cudgel tucked under his arm, and his hands thrust to the bottom of his breeches pockets, which are evidently empty.

25. Such is the plight of honest John Bull at present; yet for all this the old fellow's spirit is as tall and as gallant as ever. If you drop the least expression of sympathy or concern, he takes fire in an instant; swears that he is the richest and stoutest fellow in the country; talks of laying out large sums to adorn his house or buy another estate; and with a valiant swagger and grasping of his cudgel, longs exceedingly to have another bout at quarter-staff.

26. Though there may be something rather whimsical in all this, yet I confess I cannot look upon John's situation without strong feelings of interest. With all his odd humors and obstinate prejudices, he is a sterling-hearted old blade. He may not be so wonderfully fine a fellow as he thinks him-

self, but he is at least twice as good as his neighbors represent him. His virtues are all his own; all plain, homebred, and unaffected. His very faults smack of the raciness of his good qualities. His extravagance savors of his generosity; his quarrelsomeness of his courage; his credulity of his open faith; his vanity of his pride; and his bluntness of his sincerity. They are all the redundancies of a rich and liberal character. He is like his own oak, rough without, but sound and solid within; whose bark abounds with excrescences in proportion to the growth and grandeur of the timber; and whose branches make a fearful groaning and murmuring in the least storm, from their very magnitude and luxuriance. There is something, too, in the appearance of his old family mansion that is extremely poetical and picturesque; and, as long as it can be rendered comfortably habitable, I should almost tremble to see it meddled with, during the present conflict of tastes and opinions. Some of his advisers are no doubt good architects, that might be of service; but many, I fear, are mere levellers, who, when they had once got to work with their mattocks on this venerable edifice, would never stop until they had brought it to the ground, and perhaps buried themselves among the ruins. All that I wish is, that John's present troubles may teach him more prudence in future; — that he may cease to distress his mind about other people's affairs; that he may give up the fruitless attempt to promote the good of his neighbors, and the peace and happiness of the world, by dint of the cudgel; that he may remain quietly at home; gradually get his house into repair; cultivate his rich estate according to his fancy; husband his income — if he thinks proper; bring his unruly children into order — if he can; renew the jovial scenes of ancient prosperity; and long enjoy, on his paternal lands, a green, an honorable, and a merry old age.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

[Comment. — One of the earliest excursions undertaken by Irving after his return to England included Shakespeare's birthplace, and it seems probable that he revisited a spot so congenial to his humor more than once before the composition of "Stratford-on-Avon," in 1820. Liverpool, Birmingham, and London were, perforce, centres of interest between which he divided his time, and whichever way he travelled, it was not difficult to halt for a night at the familiar Red Horse Inn, where he might "snatch a momentary pleasure" in compensation for the irksome duties of this period of his life.

If we may trust a realist so prone to indulge the humors of the hour, the visit which our author chose as frame and setting of the descriptive narrative of the essay was made in March. In the "Life and Letters," we merely read that in March, 1820, Irving visited Birmingham, returning to London at the very end of the month. Number seven of "The Sketch-Book," including this essay, was despatched to New York June 28, and published in September of that year.

In 1832, Irving revisited this favorite spot with Mr. Martin Van Buren and his son; he writes: "We next passed a night and a part of the next day at Stratford-on-Avon, visiting the house where Shakespeare was born and the church where he lies buried. We were quartered at the little inn of the Red Horse, where I found the same obliging little landlady that kept it at the time of the visit recorded in 'The Sketch-Book.' You cannot imagine what a fuss the little woman made when she found out who I was. She showed me the room I had occupied, in which she had hung up my engraved likeness, and she produced a poker which was locked up in the archives of her house, on which she had caused to be engraved, 'Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre.'" — "Life and Letters," Vol. ii, p. 220.

In telling the story of an excursion for sight-seeing, Irving usually follows a definite order: first, the place and the general description of it, or the reason for interest in it; secondly, the person by whom it is shown; thirdly, special points of interest which could only be communicated by the guide; fourthly, the visitor, his opinions, reflections, etc.; and, finally, some suggestion which may serve as transition to the next division of the essay. This general outline varies with the nature of the subject; for instance, in "Stratford-on-Avon," the presence of the

traveller at the Red Horse Inn with a guide-book tells the reader at once where the author is and what he came for. The guide-book suggests, also, the order of his investigations. The evidence of method in these essays is all the more striking for omissions and modifications.

Were "Stratford-on-Avon" no more than the record of an individual tourist, sight-seeing, guide-book in hand, it would long since have yielded place to other and later travels of the same sort; but some touch of personality in the narrative transforms the guide into the friend, some gift of the imagination leads us to forget that we are hastily reviewing tangible objects with curious gaze — for the hour, we linger fondly with Irving, and walk under "the wizard influence of Shakespeare." Nor does it disturb us that we pass, in a breath, from real incidents of the poet's boyhood, to scenes that he himself created and placed in familiar surroundings. The young poacher and Justice Shallow are alike real. In paragraph 37, Irving confesses to the mood that ruled the hour in his brain, and expresses in his own words the point of view from which the essay was written.

Perhaps our traveller found a starting-point for his fancies in the rumination of an older traveller of whom he was fond. Goldsmith tells how, "by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was sometimes honored by Prince Henry, he sat and ruminated . . . and transported his imagination back to the times when the prince and he gave life to the revel." In the very same humor, Irving writes of "stretching himself before an inn fire," of finding in an old arm-chair his throne; and it is, indeed, the same old Sir John who rises from the shades of the past to furnish forth his fancies. D.]

> Thou soft-flowing Avon, by thy silver stream
> Of things more than mortal sweet Shakspeare would dream;
> The fairies by moonlight dance round his green bed,
> For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.
>
> — GARRICK.

1. To a homeless man, who has no spot on this wide world which he can truly call his own, there is a momentary feeling of something like independence and territorial consequence, when, after a weary day's travel, he kicks off his boots, thrusts his feet into slippers, and stretches himself before an inn fire. Let the world without go as it may; let kingdoms rise or fall, so long as he has the wherewithal to pay his bill, he is, for the time being, the very monarch of all he surveys. The

arm-chair is his throne, the poker his sceptre, and the little parlor, some twelve feet square, his undisputed empire. It is a morsel of certainty, snatched from the midst of the uncertainties of life; it is a sunny moment gleaming out kindly on a cloudy day; and he who has advanced some way on a pilgrimage of existence, knows the importance of husbanding

IRVING'S ROOM AT THE RED HORSE INN

even morsels and moments of enjoyment. "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" thought I, as I gave the fire a stir, lolled back in my elbow-chair, and cast a complacent look about the little parlor of the Red Horse, at Stratford-on Avon.

2. The words of sweet Shakspeare were just passing through my mind as the clock struck midnight from the tower of the church in which he lies buried. There was a gentle tap at the door, and a pretty chambermaid, putting in her smiling face, inquired, with a hesitating air, whether I had rung. I understood it as a modest hint that it was time to retire. My dream of absolute dominion was at an end; so abdicating my throne, like a prudent potentate, to avoid being

deposed, and putting the Stratford Guide-Book under my arm, as a pillow companion, I went to bed, and dreamt all night of Shakspeare, the jubilee, and David Garrick.

3. The next morning was one of those quickening mornings which we sometimes have in early spring; for it was about the middle of March. The chills of a long winter had suddenly given way; the north wind had spent its last gasp; and a mild air came stealing from the west, breathing the breath of life into nature, and wooing every bud and flower to burst forth into fragrance and beauty.

4. I had come to Stratford on a poetical pilgrimage. My first visit was to the house where Shakspeare was born, and where, according to tradition, he was brought up to his father's craft of wool-combing. It is a small, mean-looking edifice of wood and plaster, a true nestling-place of genius, which seems to delight in hatching its offspring in by-corners. The walls of its squalid chambers are covered with names and inscriptions in every language, by pilgrims of all nations, ranks, and conditions, from the prince to the peasant; and present a simple, but striking instance of the spontaneous and universal homage of mankind to the great poet of nature.

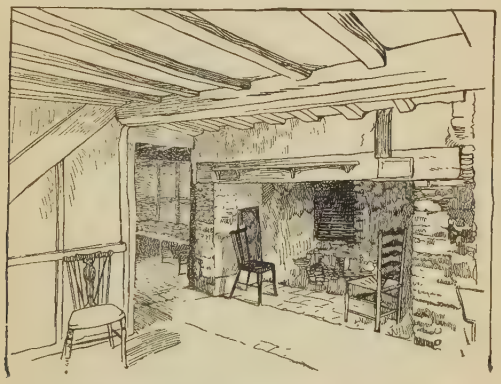
5. The house is shown by a garrulous old lady, in a frosty red face, lighted up by a cold blue anxious eye, and garnished with artificial locks of flaxen hair, curling from under an exceedingly dirty cap. She was peculiarly assiduous in exhibiting the relics with which this, like all other celebrated shrines, abounds. There was the shattered stock of the very matchlock with which Shakspeare shot the deer, on his poaching exploits. There, too, was his tobacco-box; which proves that he was a rival smoker of Sir Walter Raleigh; the sword also with which he played Hamlet; and the identical lantern with which Friar Laurence discovered Romeo and Juliet at the tomb! There was an ample supply also of Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, which seems to have as extraordinary powers of self-multiplication as the wood of the true cross; of which there is enough extant to build a ship of the line.

6. The most favorite object of curiosity, however, is Shakspeare's chair. It stands in the chimney nook of a small gloomy chamber, just behind what was his father's shop. Here he may many a time have sat when a boy, watching the slowly revolving spit with all the longing of an urchin; or of an evening, listening to the cronies and gossips of Stratford, dealing forth churchyard tales and legendary anecdotes of the troublesome times of England. In this chair it is the custom of every one that visits the house to sit: whether this be done with the hope of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say, I merely mention the fact; and mine hostess privately assured me, that, though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of notice also, in the history of this extraordinary chair, that it partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some few years since to a northern princesss, yet, strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner.

7. I am always of easy faith in such matters, and am ever willing to be deceived, where the deceit is pleasant and costs nothing. I am therefore a ready believer in relics, legends, and local anecdotes of goblins and great men; and would advise all travellers who travel for their gratification to be the same. What is it to us, whether these stories be true or false, so long as we can persuade ourselves into the belief of them, and enjoy all the charm of the reality? There is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters; and on this occasion I went even so far as willingly to believe the claims of mine hostess to a lineal descent from the poet, when, luckily for my faith, she put into my hands a play of her own composition, which set all belief in her consanguinity at defiance.

8. From the birthplace of Shakspeare a few paces brought me to his grave. He lies buried in the chancel of the parish church, a large and venerable pile, mouldering with age, but richly ornamented. It stands on the banks of the Avon, on an

embowered point, and separated by adjoining gardens from the suburbs of the town. Its situation is quiet and retired; the river runs murmuring at the foot of the churchyard, and the elms which grow upon its banks droop their branches into its clear bosom. An avenue of limes, the boughs of which are curiously interlaced, so as to form in summer an arched way of foliage, leads up from the gate of the yard to the church porch. The graves are overgrown with grass; the gray tombstones, some of them nearly sunk into the earth, are half covered with moss, which has likewise tinted the reverend old building. Small birds have built their nests among the cornices and fissures of the walls, and keep up a continual flutter



PARLOR IN THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKSPEARE WAS BORN

and chirping; and rooks are sailing and cawing about its lofty gray spire.

9. In the course of my rambles I met with the gray-headed sexton, Edmonds, and accompanied him home to get the key of the church. He had lived in Stratford, man and boy, for eighty years, and seemed still to consider himself a vigorous man, with the trivial exception that he had nearly lost the use of his legs for a few years past. His dwelling was a cottage, looking out upon the Avon and its bordering meadows;

and was a picture of that neatness, order, and comfort, which pervade the humblest dwellings in this country. A low white-washed room, with a stone floor carefully scrubbed, served for parlor, kitchen, and hall. Rows of pewter and earthen dishes glittered along the dresser. On an old oaken table, well rubbed and polished, lay the family Bible and prayer-book, and the drawer contained the family library, composed of about half a score of well-thummed volumes. An ancient clock, that important article of cottage furniture, ticked on the opposite side of the room; with a bright warming-pan hanging on one side of it, and the old man's horn-handled Sunday cane on the other. The fireplace, as usual, was wide and deep enough to admit a gossip knot within its jambs. In one corner sat the old man's granddaughter sewing, a pretty blue-eyed girl, — and in the opposite corner was a superannuated crony, whom he addressed by the name of John Ange, and who, I found, had been his companion from childhood. They had played together in infancy; they had worked together in manhood; they were now tottering about and gossiping away the evening of life; and in a short time they will probably be buried together in the neighboring churchyard. It is not often that we see two streams of existence running thus evenly and tranquilly side by side; it is only in such quiet "bosom scenes" of life that they are to be met with.

10. I had hoped to gather some traditionary anecdotes of the bard from these ancient chroniclers: but they had nothing new to impart. The long interval during which Shakspeare's writing lay in comparative neglect has spread its shadow over his history; and it is his good or evil lot that scarcely anything remains to his biographers but a scanty handful of conjectures.

11. The sexton and his companion had been employed as carpenters on the preparations for the celebrated Stratford jubilee, and they remembered Garrick, the prime mover of the fête, who superintended the arrangements, and who, according to the sexton, was "a short punch man, very lively and bustling." John Ange had assisted also in cutting down

THE STRATFORD MEMORIAL

Shakspeare's mulberry-tree, of which he had a morsel in his pocket for sale; no doubt a sovereign quickener of literary conception.

12. I was grieved to hear these two worthy wights speak very dubiously of the eloquent dame who shows the Shakspeare house. John Ange shook his head when I mentioned her valuable collection of relics, particularly her remains of the mulberry-tree; and the old sexton even expressed a doubt as to Shakspeare having been born in her house. I soon discovered that he looked upon her mansion with an evil eye, as a rival to the poet's tomb: the latter having comparatively but few visitors. Thus it is that historians differ at the very outset, and mere pebbles make the stream of truth diverge into different channels even at the fountain-head.

13. We approached the church through the avenue of limes, and entered by a Gothic porch, highly ornamented, with carved doors of massive oak. The interior is spacious, and the architecture and embellishments superior to those of most country churches. There are several ancient monuments of nobility and gentry, over some of which hang funeral escutcheons, and banners dropping piecemeal from the walls. The tomb of Shakspeare is in the chancel. The place is solemn and sepulchral. Tall elms wave before the pointed windows, and the Avon, which runs at a short distance from the walls, keeps up a low perpetual murmur. A flat stone marks the spot where the bard is buried. There are four lines inscribed on it, said to have been written by himself, and which have in them something extremely awful. If they are indeed his own, they show that solicitude about the quiet of the grave, which seems natural to fine sensibilities and thoughtful minds.

> Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbeare
> To dig the dust enclosed here.
> Blessed be he that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones.

14. Just over the grave, in a niche of the wall, is a bust of Shakspeare, put up shortly after his death, and con-

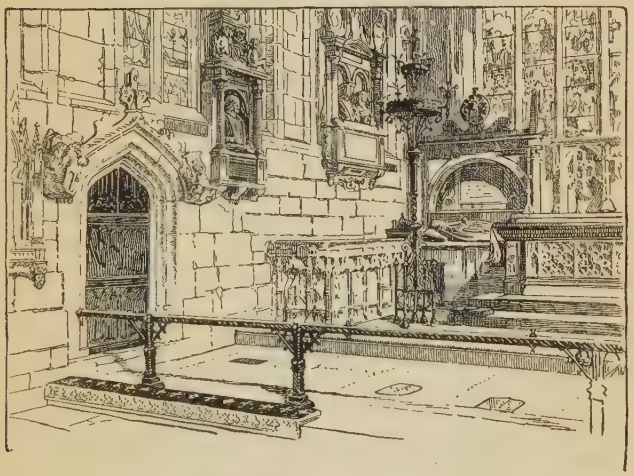
sidered as a resemblance. The aspect is pleasant and serene, with a finely arched forehead, and I thought I could read in it clear indications of that cheerful, social disposition, by which he was as much characterized among his contemporaries as by the vastness of his genius. The inscription mentions his age at the time of his decease — fifty-three years; an untimely death for the world: for what fruit might not have been expected from the golden autumn of such a mind, sheltered as it was from the stormy vicissitudes of life, and flourishing in the sunshine of popular and royal favor.

15. The inscription on the tombstone has not been without its effect. It has prevented the removal of his remains from the bosom of his native place to Westminster Abbey, which was at one time contemplated. A few years since also, as some laborers were digging to make an adjoining vault, the earth caved in, so as to leave a vacant space almost like an arch, through which one might have reached into his grave. No one, however, presumed to meddle with his remains so awfully guarded by a malediction; and lest any of the idle or the curious, or any collector of relics, should be tempted to commit depredations, the old sexton kept watch over the place for two days, until the vault was finished and the aperture closed again. He told me that he had made bold to look in at the hole, but could see neither coffin nor bones; nothing but dust. It was something, I thought, to have seen the dust of Shakspeare.

16. Next to this grave are those of his wife, his favorite daughter, Mrs. Hall, and others of his family. On a tomb close by, also, is a full-length effigy of his old friend John Combe of usurious memory; on whom he is said to have written a ludicrous epitaph. There are other monuments around, but the mind refuses to dwell on anything that is not connected with Shakspeare. His idea pervades the place; the whole pile seems but as his mausoleum. The feelings, no longer checked and thwarted by doubt, here indulge in perfect confidence: other traces of him may be false or dubious, but here is palpable evidence and absolute certainty. As I trod

the sounding pavement, there was something intense and thrilling in the idea, that, in very truth, the remains of Shakspeare were mouldering beneath my feet. It was a long time before I could prevail upon myself to leave the place; and as I passed through the churchyard, I plucked a branch from one of the yew-trees, the only relic that I have brought from Stratford.

17. I had now visited the usual objects of a pilgrim's devotion, but I had a desire to see the old family seat of the



SHAKSPEARE'S TOMB

Lucys, at Charlecot, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hare-brained exploit we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit

as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park gate at Charlecot.[1]

18. This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer-stalker. Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. He forthwith abandoned the pleasant banks of the Avon and his paternal trade; wandered away to London; became a hanger-on to the theatres; then an actor; and, finally, wrote for the stage; and thus, through the persecution of Sir Thomas Lucy, Stratford lost an indifferent wool-comber, and the world gained an immortal poet. He retained, however, for a long time, a sense of the harsh treatment of the Lord of Charlecot, and revenged himself in his writings; but in the sportive way of a good-natured mind. Sir Thomas is said to be the original Justice Shallow, and the satire is slyly fixed upon him by the justice's armorial bearings, which, like those of the knight, had white luces [2] in the quarterings.

19. Various attempts have been made by his biographers to soften and explain away this early transgression of the poet; but I look upon it as one of those thoughtless exploits natural to his situation and turn of mind. Shakspeare, when young, had doubtless all the wildness and irregularity of an ardent, undisciplined, and undirected genius. The poetic temperament has naturally something in it of the vagabond. When left to itself it runs loosely and wildly, and

[1] The following is the only stanza extant of this lampoon: —

A parliament member, a justice of peace,
At home a poor scarecrow, at London an asse,
If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it
Then Lucy is lowsie, whatever befall it.
He thinks himself great;
Yet an asse in his state,
We allow by his ears but with asses to mate,
If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
Then sing lowsie Lucy whatever befall it.

[2] The luce is a pike or jack, and abounds in the Avon about Charlecot.

delights in everything eccentric and licentious. It is often a turn-up of a die, in the gambling freaks of fate, whether a natural genius shall turn out a great rogue or a great poet; and had not Shakspeare's mind fortunately taken a literary bias, he might have as daringly transcended all civil, as he has all dramatic laws.

20. I have little doubt that, in early life, when running, like an unbroken colt, about the neighborhood of Stratford, he was to be found in the company of all kinds of odd anomalous characters, that he associated with all the madcaps of the place, and was one of those unlucky urchins, at mention of whom old men shake their heads, and predict that they will one day come to the gallows. To him the poaching in Sir Thomas Lucy's park was doubtless like a foray to a Scottish knight, and struck his eager, and, as yet untamed, imagination, as something delightfully adventurous.[1]

[1] A proof of Shakspeare's random habits and associates in his youthful days may be found in a traditionary anecdote, picked up at Stratford by the elder Ireland, and mentioned in his "Picturesque Views on the Avon."

About seven miles from Stratford lies the thirsty little market-town of Bedford, famous for its ale. Two societies of the village yeomanry used to meet, under the appellation of the Bedford topers, and to challenge the lovers of good ale of the neighboring villages to a contest of drinking. Among others, the people of Stratford were called out to prove the strength of their heads; and in the number of the champions was Shakspeare, who, in spite of the proverb that "they who drink beer will think beer," was as true to his ale as Falstaff to his sack. The chivalry of Stratford was staggered at the first onset, and sounded a retreat while they had yet legs to carry them off the field. They had scarcely marched a mile when, their legs failing them, they were forced to lie down under a crab-tree, where they passed the night. It is still standing, and goes by the name of Shakspeare's tree.

In the morning his companions awaked the bard, and proposed returning to Bedford, but he declined, saying he had had enough, having drank with

> Piping Pebworth, Dancing Marston,
> Haunted Hilbro', Hungry Grafton,
> Dudging Exhall, Papist Wicksford,
> Beggarly Broom, and Drunken Bedford.

"The villages here alluded to," says Ireland, "still bear the epithets thus given them: the people of Pebworth are still famed for their skill on the pipe and tabor; Hilborough is now called Haunted Hilborough; and Grafton is famous for the poverty of its soil."

21. The old mansion of Charlecot and its surrounding park still remain in the possession of the Lucy family, and are peculiarly interesting, from being connected with this whimsical but eventful circumstance in the scanty history of the bard. As the house stood but little more than three miles distance from Stratford, I resolved to pay it a pedestrian visit, that I might stroll leisurely through some of those scenes from which Shakspeare must have derived his earliest ideas of rural imagery.

22. The country was yet naked and leafless; but English scenery is always verdant, and the sudden change in the temperature of the weather was surprising in its quickening effects upon the landscape. It was inspiring and animating to witness this first awakening of spring; to feel its warm breath stealing over the senses; to see the moist mellow earth beginning to put forth the green sprout and the tender blade; and the trees and shrubs, in their reviving tints and bursting buds, giving the promise of returning foliage and flower. The cold snowdrop, that little borderer on the skirts of winter, was to be seen with its chaste white blossoms in the small gardens before the cottages. The bleating of the new-dropt lambs was faintly heard from the fields. The sparrow twittered about the thatched eaves and budding hedges; the robin threw a livelier note into his late querulous wintry strain; and the lark, springing up from the reeking bosom of the meadow, towered away into the bright fleecy cloud, pouring forth torrents of melody. As I watched the little songster, mounting up higher and higher, until his body was a mere speck on the white bosom of the cloud, while the ear was still filled with his music, it called to mind Shakspeare's exquisite little song in Cymbeline:—

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phœbus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs,
On chaliced flowers that lies.

And winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;
With everything that pretty bin,
My lady sweet arise!

23. Indeed the whole country about here is poetic ground: everything is associated with the idea of Shakspeare. Every old cottage that I saw, I fancied into some resort of his boyhood, where he had acquired his intimate knowledge of rustic life and manners, and heard those legendary tales and wild superstitions which he has woven like witchcraft into his dramas. For in his time we are told, it was popular amusement in winter evenings "to sit round the fire, and tell merry tales of errant knights, queens, lovers, lords, ladies, giants, dwarfs, thieves, cheaters, witches, fairies, goblins, and friars."[1]

24. My route for a part of the way lay in sight of the Avon, which made a variety of the most fancy doublings and windings through a wide and fertile valley; sometimes glittering from among willows which fringed its borders; sometimes disappearing among groves, or beneath green banks; and sometimes rambling out into full view, and making an azure sweep round a slope of meadow land. This beautiful bosom of country is called the Vale of the Red Horse. A distant line of undulating blue hills seems to be its boundary, whilst all the soft intervening landscape lies in a manner enchained in the silver links of the Avon.

25. After pursuing the road for about three miles I turned off into a footpath, which led along the borders of fields, and under hedgerows to a private gate of the park; there was a stile, however, for the benefit of the pedestrian; there being a public right of way through the grounds. I delight in these hospitable estates, in which every one has a kind of property — at least as far as the footpath is concerned. It in some measure reconciles a poor man to his lot, and, what is more, to the better lot of his neighbor, thus to have parks and pleasure-grounds thrown open for his recreation. He breathes

[1] Scot, in his "Discoverie of Witchcraft," enumerates a host of these fireside fancies. "And they have so fraid us with bull-beggars, spirits, witches, urchins, elves, hags, fairies, satyrs, pans, faunes, syrens, kit with the can sticke, tritons, centaurs, dwarfes, giantes, imps, calcars, conjurors, nymphes, changelings, incubus, Robin-goodfellow, the spoorne, the mare, the man in the oke, the hell-waine, the fier drake, the puckle, Tom Thombe, hobgoblins, Tom Tumbler, boneless, and such other bugs, that we were afraid of our own shadows."

the pure air as freely, and lolls as luxuriously under the shade, as the lord of the soil; and if he has not the privilege of calling all that he sees his own, he has not, at the same time, the trouble of paying for it, and keeping it in order.

26. I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. The wind sounded solemnly among their branches, and the rooks cawed from their hereditary nests in the tree-tops. The eye ranged through a long lessening vista, with nothing to interrupt the view but a distant statue; and a vagrant deer stalking like a shadow across the opening.

CHARLECOT HALL

27. There is something about these stately old avenues that has the effect of Gothic architecture, not merely from the pretended similiarity of form, but from their bearing the evidence of long duration, and of having had their origin in a period of time with which we associate ideas of romantic grandeur. They betoken also the long-settled dignity, and proudly concentrated independence of an ancient family; and I have heard a worthy but aristocratic old friend observe, when speaking of the sumptuous palaces of modern gentry, that "money could do much with stone and mortar, but, thank Heaven, there was no such thing as suddenly building up an avenue of oaks.

28. It was from wandering in early life among this rich

scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fullbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques, and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." It is in lonely wanderings through such scenes, that the mind drinks deep but quiet draughts of inspiration, and becomes intensely sensible of the beauty and majesty of nature. The imagination kindles into revery and rapture; vague but exquisite images and ideas keep breaking upon it; and we revel in a mute and almost incommunicable luxury of thought. It was in some such mood, and perhaps under one of those very trees before me, which threw their broad shades over the grassy banks and quivering waters of the Avon, that the poet's fancy may have sallied forth into that little song which breathes the very soul of a rural voluptuary.

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.

29. I had now come in sight of the house. It is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. A great gateway opens from the park into a kind of courtyard in front of the house, ornamented with a grass-plot, shrubs, and flower-beds. The gateway is in imitation of the ancient barbacan; being a kind of outpost, and flanked by towers; though evidently for mere ornament, instead of defence. The front of the house is completely in the old style; with stone-shafted casements, a great bow-window of heavy stonework, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in

stone. At each corner of the building is an octagon tower, surmounted by a gilt ball and weathercock.

30. The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps down from the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were feeding or reposing upon its borders; and swans were sailing majestically upon its bosom. As I contemplated the venerable old mansion, I called to mind Falstaff's encomium on Justice Shallow's abode, and the affected indifference and real vanity of the latter.

"*Falstaff.* You have a goodly dwelling and a rich.
"*Shallow.* Barren, barren, barren; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John: — marry, good air."

31. Whatever may have been the joviality of the old mansion in the days of Shakspeare, it had now an air of stillness and solitude. The great iron gateway that opened into the courtyard was locked; there was no show of servants bustling about the place; the deer gazed quietly at me as I passed, being no longer harried by the moss-troopers of Stratford. The only sign of domestic life that I met with was a white cat, stealing with wary look and stealthy pace towards the stables, as if on some nefarious expedition. I must not omit to mention the carcass of a scoundrel crow which I saw suspended against the barn wall, as it shows that the Lucys still inherit that lordly abhorrence of poachers, and maintain that rigorous exercise of territorial power which was so strenuously manifested in the case of the bard.

32. After prowling about for some time, I at length found my way to a lateral portal, which was the every-day entrance to the mansion. I was courteously received by a worthy old house-keeper, who, with the civility and communicativeness of her order, showed me the interior of the house. The greater part has undergone alterations, and been adapted to modern tastes and modes of living: there is a fine old oaken staircase; and the great hall, that noble feature in an ancient manor-house, still retains much of the appearance it must have had in the days of Shakspeare. The ceiling is arched

and lofty; and at one end is a gallery in which stands an organ. The weapons and trophies of the chase, which formerly adorned the hall of a country gentleman, have made way for family portraits. There is a wide hospitable fireplace, calculated for an ample old-fashioned wood fire, formerly the rallying-place of winter festivity. On the opposite side of the hall is the huge Gothic bow-window, with stone shafts, which looks out upon the courtyard. Here are emblazoned in stained glass the armorial bearings of the Lucy family for many generations, some being dated in 1558. I was delighted to observe in the quarterings the three *white luces*, by which the character of Sir Thomas was first identified with that of Justice Shallow. They are mentioned in the first scene of the "Merry Wives of Windsor," where the Justice is in a rage with Falstaff for having "beaten his men, killed his deer, and broken into his lodge." The poet had no doubt the offences of himself and his comrades in mind at the time, and we may suppose the family pride and vindictive threats of the puissant Shallow to be a caricature of the pompous indignation of Sir Thomas.

"*Shallow.* Sir Hugh, persuade me not; I will make a Star-Chamber matter of it; if he were twenty John Falstaffs, he shall not abuse Sir Robert Shallow, Esq.

"*Slender.* In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and *coram.*

"*Shallow.* Ay, cousin Slender, and *custalorum.*

"*Slender.* Ay, and *ratolorum* too, and a gentleman born, master parson; who writes himself *Armigero* in any bill, warrant, quittance, or obligation, *Armigero.*

"*Shallow.* Ay, that I do; and have done any time these three hundred years.

"*Slender.* All his successors gone before him have done 't, and all his ancestors that come after him may; they may give the dozen *white luces* in their coat. . . .

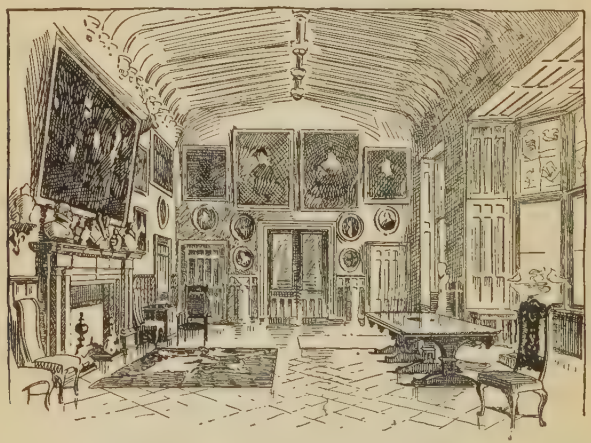
"*Shallow.* The council shall hear it; it is a riot.

"*Evans.* It is not meet the council hear of a riot; there is no fear of Got in a riot: the council, hear you, shall desire to hear the fear of Got, and not to hear a riot; take your vizaments in that.

"*Shallow.* Ha! o' my life, if I were young again, the sword should end it!"

33. Near the window thus emblazoned hung a portrait by Sir Peter Lely, of one of the Lucy family, a great beauty of the time of Charles the Second: the old housekeeper shook her

head as she pointed to the picture, and informed me that this lady had been sadly addicted to cards, and had gambled away a great portion of the family estate, among which was that part of the park where Shakspeare and his comrades had killed the deer. The lands thus lost had not been entirely regained by the family even at the present day. It is but justice to this recreant dame to confess that she had a surpassingly fine hand and arm.



THE GREAT HALL AT CHARLECOT

34. The picture which most attracted my attention was a great painting over the fireplace, containing likenesses of Sir Thomas Lucy and his family, who inhabited the hall in the latter part of Shakspeare's lifetime. I at first thought that it was the vindictive knight himself, but the housekeeper assured me that it was his son; the only likeness extant of the former being an effigy upon his tomb in the church of the neighboring hamlet of Charlecot. The picture[1]

[1] This effigy is in white marble, and represents the Knight in complete armor. Near him lies the effigy of his wife, and on her tomb is the following inscription; which, if really composed by her hus-

gives a lively idea of the costume and manners of the time. Sir Thomas is dressed in ruff and doublet; white shoes with roses in them; and has a beaked yellow, or, as Master Slender would say, "a cane-colored beard." His lady is seated on the opposite side of the picture, in wide ruff and long stomacher, and the children have a most venerable stiffness and formality of dress. Hounds and spaniels are mingled in the family group; a hawk is seated on his perch in the foreground, and one of the children holds a bow; — all intimating the knight's skill in hunting, hawking, and archery — so indispensable to an accomplished gentleman in those days.[2]

35. I regretted to find that the ancient furniture of the hall had disappeared; for I had hoped to meet with the stately elbow-chair of carved oak, in which the country squire of

band, places him quite above the intellectual level of Master Shallow.

Here lyeth the Lady Joyce Lucy wife of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecot in ye county of Warwick, Knight, Daughter and heir of Thomas Acton of Sutton in ye county of Worcester Esquire who departed out of this wretched world to her heavenly kingdom ye 10 day of Februarý in ye yeare of our Lord God 1595 and of her age 60 and three. All the time of her lyfe a true and faythful servant of her good God, never detected of any cryme or vice. In religion most sounde, in love to her husband most faythful and true. In friendship most constant; to what in trust was committed unto her most secret. In wisdom excelling. In governing of her house, bringing up of youth in ye fear of God that did converse with her moste rare and singular. A great maintayner of hospitality. Greatly esteemed of her betters; misliked of none unless of the envyous. When all is spoken that can be saide a woman so garnished with virtue as not to be bettered and hardly to be equalled by any. As shee lived most virtuously so shee died most Godly. Set downe by him yt best did knowe what hath byn written to be true. Thomas Lucye.

[2] Bishop Earle, speaking of the country gentleman of his time, observes, "his housekeeping is seen much in the different families of dogs, and serving-men attendant on their kennels; and the deepness of their throats is the depth of his discourse. A hawk he esteems the true burden of nobility, and is exceedingly ambitious to seem delighted with the sport, and have his fist gloved with his jesses." And Gilpin, in his description of a Mr. Hastings, remarks, "he kept all sorts of hounds that run, buck, fox, hare, otter, and badger, and had hawks of all kinds both long and short winged. His great hall was commonly strewed with marrow-bones, and full of hawk, perches hounds, spaniels, and terriers. On a broad hearth, paved with brick, lay some of the choicest terriers, hounds, and spaniels."

former days was wont to sway the sceptre of empire over his rural domains; and in which it might be presumed the redoubted Sir Thomas sat enthroned in awful state when the recreant Shakspeare was brought before him. As I like to deck out pictures for my own entertainment, I pleased myself with the idea that this very hall had been the scene of the unlucky bard's examination on the morning after his captivity in the lodge. I fancied to myself the rural potentate, surrounded by his body-guard of butler, pages, and blue-coated serving-men, with their badges; while the luckless culprit was brought in, forlorn and chopfallen, in the custody of gamekeepers, huntsmen, and whippers-in, and followed by a rabble rout of country clowns. I fancied bright faces of curious housemaids peeping from the half-opened doors; while from the gallery the fair daughters of the knight leaned gracefully forward, eying the youthful prisoner with that pity "that dwells in womanhood." — Who would have thought that this poor varlet, thus trembling before the brief authority of a country squire, and the sport of rustic boors, was soon to become the delight of princes, the theme of all tongues and ages, the dictator to the human mind, and was to confer immortality on his oppressor by a caricature and a lampoon!

36. I was now invited by the butler to walk into the garden, and I felt inclined to visit the orchard and arbor where the justice treated Sir John Falstaff and Cousin Silence "to a last year's pippin of his own grafting, with a dish of caraways;" but I had already spent so much of the day in my ramblings that I was obliged to give up any further investigations. When about to take my leave, I was gratified by the civil entreaties of the housekeeper and butler, that I would take some refreshment: an instance of good old hospitality, which, I grieve to say, we castle-hunters seldom meet with in modern days. I make no doubt it is a virtue which the present representative of the Lucys inherits from his ancestors; for Shakspeare, even in his caricature, makes Justice Shallow importunate in this respect, as witness his pressing instances to Falstaff.

"By cock and pye, sir, you shall not away to-night . . . I will not excuse you; you shall not be excused; excuses shall not be admitted; there is no excuse shall serve; you shall not be excused . . . Some pigeons, Davy; a couple of short-legged hens; a joint of mutton; and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William Cook."

37. I now bade a reluctant farewell to the old hall. My mind had become so completely possessed by the imaginary scenes and characters connected with it, that I seemed to be actually living among them. Everything brought them as it were before my eyes; and as the door of the dining-room opened, I almost expected to hear the feeble voice of Master Silence quavering forth his favorite ditty: —

> "'Tis merry in hall, when beards wag all,
> And welcome merry shrove-tide!"

38. On returning to my inn, I could not but reflect on the singular gift of the poet; to be able thus to spread the magic of his mind over the very face of nature; to give to things and places a charm and character not their own, and to turn this "working-day world" into a perfect fairy land. He is indeed the true enchanter, whose spell operates, not upon the senses, but upon the imagination and the heart. Under the wizard influence of Shakspeare I had been walking all day in a complete delusion. I had surveyed the landscape through the prism of poetry, which tinged every object with the hues of the rainbow. I had been surrounded with fancied beings; with mere airy nothings, conjured up by poetic power; yet which, to me, had all the charm of reality. I had heard Jaques soliloquize beneath his oak: had beheld the fair Rosalind and her companion adventuring through the woodlands; and, above all, had been once more present in spirit with fat Jack Falstaff and his contemporaries, from the august Justice Shallow, down to the gentle Master Slender and the sweet Anne Page. Ten thousand honors and blessings on the bard who has thus gilded the dull realities of life with innocent illusions; who has spread exquisite and unbought pleasures in my checkered path; and beguiled my spirit in many a lonely hour, with all the cordial and cheerful sympathies of social life!

39. As I crossed the bridge over the Avon on my return, I paused to contemplate the distant church in which the poet lies buried, and could not but exult in the malediction, which has kept his ashes undisturbed in its quiet and hallowed vaults. What honor could his name have derived from being mingled in dusty companionship with the epitaphs and escutcheons and venal eulogiums of a titled multitude? What would a crowded corner in Westminster Abbey have been, compared with this reverend pile, which seems to stand in beautiful loneliness as his sole mausoleum! The solicitude about the grave may be but the off-spring of an over-wrought sensibility; but human nature is made up of foibles and prejudices; and its best and tenderest affections are mingled with these factitious feelings. He who has sought renown about the world, and has reaped a full harvest of worldly favor, will find, after all, that there is no love, no admiration, no applause, so sweet to the soul as that which springs up in his native place. It is there that he seeks to be gathered in peace and honor among his kindred and his early friends. And when the weary heart and failing head begin to warn him that the evening of life is drawing on, he turns as fondly as does the infant to the mother's arms, to sink to sleep in the bosom of the scene of his childhood.

40. How would it have cheered the spirit of the youthful bard when, wandering forth in disgrace upon a doubtful world, he cast back a heavy look upon his paternal home, could he have foreseen that, before many years, he should return to it covered with renown; that his name should become the boast and glory of his native place: that his ashes should be religiously guarded as its most precious treasure; and that its lessening spire, on which his eyes were fixed in tearful contemplation, should one day become the beacon, towering amidst the gentle landscape, to guide the literary pilgrim of every nation to his tomb!

ABBOTSFORD

[Comment. — The visit which furnished the material for this essay took place in 1817, in the same year with the excursion into Derbyshire and the residence in Little Britain. It appears, naturally, therefore, in a volume of essays selected from "The Sketch-Book," although it was written and published many years later than the essays of that volume. Irving speaks of his excursions to Eastcheap and to Stratford as pilgrimages; his journey to Abbotsford arose from the same love of visiting, in the body, the places long ago wandered through in imagination, but it was much more than a pilgrimage. He hoped here, also, to identify places long familiar in story and to see with his own eyes the homes and haunts of a great poet, but more than all, his thought dwelt upon the possibility that he might see the features and hear the Scotch accent of the man whom he admired as the foremost author of his time. This anticipation was sufficient to set beating the heart of a modest young writer not yet secure of fame. When at length the dream became reality and he found himself welcomed as table companion and comrade of Sir Walter, it seemed, in the words of children, too good to be true, and he lay awake on his pillow trying to realize his fortune.

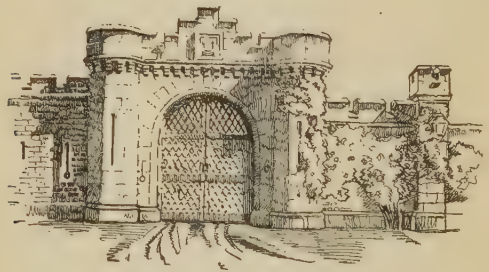
In letters to Irving's brother Peter will be found an account of this visit at the time of its occurrence. — "Life and Letters," Vol. I, pp. 281–288 (Chap. xxi.).

In essays such as "Stratford-on-Avon," it was Irving's purpose to create for readers a lively picture in which scenes and persons known through books, mingle in close association with real places. In "Abbotsford," the purpose was different. Irving sought to share an experience with us that we, too, may be acquainted with Scott at home, in the midst of work or play, surrounded by his family, displaying freely his humors and characteristics. In the study of the following essay this point of view must be borne in mind. Whatever the visit or the ramble, the description of it serves for the illustration of Scott's life or character.

In "Abbotsford" readers have the rare opportunity of admission as eavesdroppers while two men of letters indulge humors and fancies called forth by sympathetic intellectual companionship. The picture of Scott at home with favorite hounds, or abroad on his estate, among dependants who worshipped him, lingers

in the memory longer than any of his own making. His pride in the countryside, or his interest in the building of Abbotsford, or in the education of his son, reveals the Scotsman more truly than all his volumes.

The reminiscent form of the narrative, which is frankly personal and historical, gives an orderly arrangement of material in the essay, and the author infuses, with the remembered enthusiasm of youth, the deeper and more appreciative feeling of mature years, in which he himself had won full recognition and fame. D.]



THE GATE AT ABBOTSFORD

1. I sit down to perform my promise of giving you an account of a visit made many years since to Abbotsford. I hope, however, that you do not expect much from me, for the travelling notes taken at the time are so scanty and vague, and my memory so extremely fallacious, that I fear I shall disappoint you with the meagreness and crudeness of my details.

2. Late in the evening of the 29th of August, 1817, I arrived at the ancient little border-town of Selkirk, where I put up for the night. I had come down from Edinburgh, partly to visit Melrose Abbey and its vicinity, but chiefly to get a sight of the "mighty minstrel of the north." I had a letter of introduction to him from Thomas Campbell the poet, and had reason to think, from the interest he had taken in some of my earlier scribblings, that a visit from me would not be deemed an intrusion.

3. On the following morning, after an early breakfast, I

set off in a post-chaise for the Abbey. On the way thither I stopped at the gate of Abbotsford, and sent the postilion to the house with the letter of introduction and my card, on which I had written that I was on my way to the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and wished to know whether it would be agreeable to Mr. Scott (he had not yet been made a Baronet) to receive a visit from me in the course of the morning.

4. While the postilion was on his errand, I had time to survey the mansion. It stood some short distance below the road, on the side of a hill sweeping down to the Tweed; and was as yet but a snug gentleman's cottage, with something rural and picturesque in its appearance. The whole front was overrun with evergreens, and immediately above the portal was a great pair of elk-horns, branching out from beneath the foliage, and giving the cottage the look of a hunting-lodge. The huge baronial pile, to which this modest mansion in a manner gave birth, was just emerging into existence: part of the walls, surrounded by scaffolding, already had risen to the height of the cottage, and the court-yard in front was encumbered by masses of hewn stone.

5. The noise of the chaise had disturbed the quiet of the establishment. Out sallied the warder of the castle, a black greyhound, and, leaping on one of the blocks of stone, began a furious barking. His alarum brought out the whole garrison of dogs, —

> "Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
> And curs of low degree;"

all open-mouthed and vociferous. —— I should correct my quotation; — not a cur was to be seen on the premises: Scott was too true a sportsman, and had too high a veneration for pure blood, to tolerate a mongrel.

6. In a little while the "lord of the castle" himself made his appearance. I knew him at once by the descriptions I had read and heard, and the likenesses that had been published of him. He was tall, and of a large and powerful frame. His dress was simple, and almost rustic: an old green shooting-coat, with a dog-whistle at the button-hole, brown

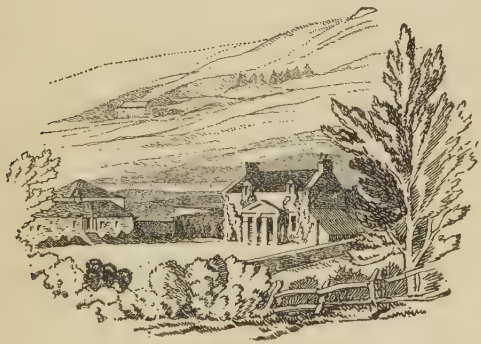
linen pantaloons, stout shoes that tied at the ankles, and a white hat that had evidently seen service. He came limping up the gravel-walk, aiding himself by a stout walking-staff, but moving rapidly and with vigor. By his side jogged along a large iron-gray stag-hound of most grave demeanor, who took no part in the clamor of the canine rabble, but seemed to consider himself bound, for the dignity of the house, to give me a courteous reception.

7. Before Scott had reached the gate he called out in a hearty tone, welcoming me to Abbotsford, and asking news of Campbell. Arrived at the door of the chaise, he grasped me warmly by the hand: "Come, drive down, drive down to the house," said he, "ye're just in time for breakfast, and afterwards ye shall see all the wonders of the Abbey."

8. I would have excused myself, on the plea of having already made my breakfast. "Hoot, man," cried he, "a ride in the morning in the keen air of the Scotch hills is warrant enough for a second breakfast."

9. I was accordingly whirled to the portal of the cottage, and in a few moments found myself seated at the breakfast-table. There was no one present but the family: which consisted of Mrs. Scott; her eldest daughter Sophia, then a fine girl about seventeen; Miss Ann Scott, two or three years younger; Walter, a well-grown stripling; and Charles, a lively boy, eleven or twelve years of age. I soon felt myself quite at home, and my heart in a glow with the cordial welcome I experienced. I had thought to make a mere morning visit, but found I was not to be left off so lightly. "You must not think our neighborhood is to be read in a morning, like a newspaper," said Scott. "It takes several days of study for an observant traveller that has a relish for auld-world trumpery. After breakfast you shall make your visit to Melrose Abbey; I shall not be able to accompany you, as I have some household affairs to attend to, but I will put you in charge of my son Charles, who is very learned in all things touching the old ruin and the neighborhood it stands in, and he and my friend Johnny Bower will tell you the whole truth about it, with a good deal more that you are not called upon

to believe — unless you be a true and nothing-doubting antiquary. When you come back, I'll take you out on a ramble about the neighborhood. To-morrow we will take a look at the Yarrow, and the next day we will drive over to Dryburgh Abbey, which is a fine old ruin well worth your seeing;" — in a word, before Scott had got through with his plan, I found myself committed for a visit of several days, and it seemed as if a little realm of romance was suddenly opened before me.



ABBOTSFORD IN 1812
After an engraving by W. Richardson

10. After breakfast I accordingly set off for the Abbey with my little friend Charles, whom I found a most sprightly and entertaining companion. He had an ample stock of anecdote about the neighborhood, which he had learned from his father, and many quaint remarks and sly jokes, evidently derived from the same source, all which were uttered with a Scottish accent and a mixture of Scottish phraseology, that gave them additional flavor.

11. On our way to the Abbey he gave me some anecdotes of Johnny Bower, to whom his father had alluded; he was sexton of the parish and custodian of the ruin, employed to keep it in order and show it to strangers; — a worthy little

man, not without ambition in his humble sphere. The death of his predecessor had been mentioned in the newspapers, so that his name had appeared in print throughout the land. When Johnny succeeded to the guardianship of the ruin, he stipulated that, on his death, his name should receive like honorable blazon; with this addition, that it should be from the pen of Scott. The latter gravely pledged himself to pay this tribute to his memory, and Johnny now lived in the proud anticipation of a poetic immortality.

12. I found Johnny Bower a decent-looking little old man, in blue coat and red waistcoat. He received us with much greeting, and seemed delighted to see my young companion, who was full of merriment and waggery, drawing out his peculiarities for my amusement. The old man was one of the most authentic and particular of cicerones; he pointed out everything in the Abbey that had been described by Scott in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel"; and would repeat, with broad Scottish accent, the passage which celebrated it.

13. Thus, in passing through the cloisters, he made me remark the beautiful carvings of leaves and flowers wrought in stone with the most exquisite delicacy, and, notwithstanding the lapse of centuries, retaining their sharpness as if fresh from the chisel; rivalling, as Scott has said, the real objects of which they were imitations, —

> "Nor herb nor flowret glistened there
> But was carved in the cloister arches as fair."

14. He pointed out also among the carved work a nun's head of much beauty, which he said Scott always stopped to admire, — "for the shirra had a wonderful eye for all sic matters."

15. I would observe, that Scott seemed to derive more consequence in the neighborhood from being sheriff of the county than from being poet.

16. In the interior of the Abbey, Johnny Bower conducted me to the identical stone on which Stout William of Deloraine and the Monk took their seat on that memorable night when

the wizard's book was to be rescued from the grave. Nay, Johnny had even gone beyond Scott in the minuteness of his antiquarian research, for he had discovered the very tomb of the wizard, the position of which had been left in doubt by the poet. This he boasted to have ascertained by the position of the oriel window, and the direction in which the moon-beams fell at night, through the stained glass, casting the shadow to the red cross on the spot; as had all been specified in the poem. "I pointed out the whole to the shirra," said he, "and he could na' gainsay but it was varra clear." I found afterwards, that Scott used to amuse himself with the simplicity of the old man, and his zeal in verifying every passage of the poem, as though it had been authentic history, and that he always acquiesced in his deductions. I subjoin the description of the wizard's grave, which called forth the antiquarian research of Johnny Bower.

"Lo, warrior! now the cross of red
Points to the grave of the mighty dead;
Slow moved the monk to the broad flag-stone,
Which the bloody cross was traced upon:
He pointed to a sacred nook
An iron bar the warrior took;
And the monk made a sign with his withered hand,
The grave's huge portal to expand.

"It was by dint of passing strength
That he moved the massy stone at length.
I would you had been there, to see
How the light broke forth so gloriously,
Streamed upward to the chancel roof,
And through the galleries far aloof!
And, issuing from the tomb,
Showed the monk's cowl and visage pale,
Danced on the dark brown warrior's mail,
And kissed his waving plume.

"Before their eyes the wizard lay,
As if he had not been dead a day.
His hoary beard in silver rolled,
He seemed some seventy winters old;
A palmer's amice wrapped him round;
With a wrought Spanish baldric bound,
Like a pilgrim from beyond the sea;
His left hand held his book of might;
A silver cross was in his right:
The lamp was placed beside his knee."

17. The fictions of Scott had become facts with honest Johnny Bower. From constantly living among the ruins of Melrose Abbey, and pointing out the scenes of the poem, the "Lay of the Last Minstrel" had, in a manner, become interwoven with his whole existence, and I doubt whether he did not now and then mix up his own identity with the personages of some of its cantos.

18. He could not bear that any other production of the poet should be preferred to the "Lay of the Last Minstrel." "Faith," said he to me, "it's just e'en as gude a thing as Mr. Scott has written — an' if he were stannin' there I'd tell him so —an' then he'd lauff."

19. He was loud in his praises of the affability of Scott. "He'll come here sometimes," said he, "with great folks in his company, an' the first I know of it is his voice, calling out Johnny! — Johnny Bower! — and when I go out, I am sure to be greeted with a joke or a pleasant word. He'll stand and crack and lauff wi' me, just like an auld wife — and to think that of a man that has such an awfu' knowledge o' history!"

20. One of the ingenious devices on which the worthy little man prided himself, was to place a visitor opposite to the Abbey, with his back to it and bid him bend down and look at it between his legs. This, he said, gave an entire different aspect to the ruin. Folks admired the plan amazingly, but as to the "leddies," they were dainty on the matter, and contented themselves with looking from under their arms.

21. As Johnny Bower piqued himself upon showing everything laid down in the poem, there was one passage that perplexed him sadly. It was the opening of one of the cantos:

> "If thou wouldst view fair Melrose aright,
> Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
> For the gay beams of lightsome day
> Gild but to flout the ruins gray," &c.

22. In consequence of this admonition, many of the most devout pilgrims to the ruin could not be contented with a daylight inspection, and insisted it could be nothing, unless seen by the light of the moon. Now, unfortunately, the moon

shines but for a part of the month; and what is still more unfortunate, is very apt in Scotland to be obscured by clouds and mists. Johnny was sorely puzzled, therefore, how to accommodate his poetry-struck visitors with this indispensable moonshine. At length, in a lucky moment, he devised a substitute. This was a great double tallow candle, stuck upon the end of a pole, with which he could conduct his visitors about the ruins on dark nights, so much to their satisfaction that, at length, he began to think it even preferable to the moon itself. "It does na light up a' the Abbey at aince, to be sure," he would say, "but then you can shift it about and show the auld ruin bit by bit, whiles the moon only shines on one side."

MELROSE ABBEY

23. Honest Johnny Bower! so many years have elapsed since the time I treat of, that it is more than probable his simple head lies beneath the walls of his favorite Abbey. It is to be hoped his humble ambition has been gratified, and his name recorded by the pen of the man he so loved and honored.

24. After my return from Melrose Abbey, Scott proposed a ramble to show me something of the surrounding country. As we sallied forth, every dog in the establishment turned out to attend us. There was the old stag-hound Maida, that I have already mentioned, a noble animal, and a great favorite of Scott's; and Hamlet, the black greyhound, a wild thoughtless youngster, not yet arrived to the years of discretion; and

Finette, a beautiful setter, with soft silken hair, long pendent ears, and a mild eye, the parlor favorite. When in the front of the house, we were joined by a superannuated greyhound, who came from the kitchen wagging his tail, and was cheered by Scott as an old friend and comrade.

25. In our walks, Scott would frequently pause in conversation to notice his dogs and speak to them, as if rational companions; and indeed there appears to be a vast deal of rationality in these faithful attendants on man, derived from their close intimacy with him. Maida deported himself with a gravity becoming his age and size, and seemed to consider himself called upon to preserve a great degree of dignity and decorum in our society. As he jogged along a little distance ahead of us, the young dogs would gambol about him, leap on his neck, worry at his ears, and endeavor to tease him into a frolic. The old dog would keep on for a long time with imperturbable solemnity, now and then seeming to rebuke the wantonness of his young companions. At length he would make a sudden turn, seize one of them, and tumble him in the dust; then giving a glance at us, as much as to say, "You see, gentlemen, I can't help giving way to this nonsense," would resume his gravity and jog on as before.

26. Scott amused himself with these peculiarities. "I make no doubt," said he, "when Maida is alone with these young dogs, he throws gravity aside, and plays the boy as much as any of them; but he is ashamed to do so in our company, and seems to say, 'Ha' done with your nonsense, youngsters; what will the laird and that other gentleman think of me if I give way to such foolery?'"

27. Maida reminded him, he said, of a scene on board an armed yacht in which he made an excursion with his friend Adam Ferguson. They had taken much notice of the boatswain, who was a fine sturdy seaman, and evidently felt flattered by their attention. On one occasion the crew were "piped to fun," and the sailors were dancing and cutting all kinds of capers to the music of the ship's band. The boatswain looked on with a wistful eye, as if he would like to join in; but a glance at Scott and Ferguson showed that there was

a struggle with his dignity, fearing to lessen himself in their eyes. At length one of his messmates came up, and, seizing him by the arm, challenged him to a jig. "The boatswain," continued Scott, "after a little hesitation complied, made an awkward gambol or two, like our friend Maida, but soon gave it up. 'It's of no use,' said he, jerking up his waistband and giving a side-glance at us, 'one can't dance always nouther.'"

28. Scott amused himself with the peculiarities of another of his dogs, a little shamefaced terrier, with large glassy eyes, one of the most sensitive little bodies to insult and indignity in the world. If ever he whipped him, he said, the little fellow would sneak off and hide himself from the light of day, in a lumber-garret, whence there was no drawing him forth but by the sound of the chopping-knife, as if chopping up his victuals, when he would steal forth with humbled and downcast look, but would skulk away again if any one regarded him.

29. While we were discussing the humors and peculiarities of our canine companions, some object provoked their spleen, and produced a sharp and petulant barking from the smaller fry, but it was some time before Maida was sufficiently aroused to ramp forward two or three bounds and join in the chorus, with a deep-mouthed bow-wow!

30. It was but a transient outbreak, and he returned instantly, wagging his tail, and looking up dubiously in his master's face; uncertain whether he would censure or applaud.

31. "Aye, aye, old boy!" cried Scott, "you have done wonders. You have shaken the Eildon hills with your roaring; you may now lay by your artillery for the rest of the day. Maida is like the great gun at Constantinople," continued he; "it takes so long to get it ready, that the small guns can fire off a dozen times first, but when it does go off it plays the very d—l."

32. These simple anecdotes may serve to show the delightful play of Scott's humors and feelings in private life. His domestic animals were his friends; everything about him seemed to rejoice in the light of his countenance: the face of

the humblest dependant brightened at his approach, as if he anticipated a cordial and cheering word. I had occasion to observe this particularly in a visit which we paid to a quarry, whence several men were cutting stone for the new edifice; who all paused from their labor to have a pleasant "crack wi' the laird." One of them was a burgess of Selkirk, with whom Scott had some joke about the old song, —

> "Up with the Souters o' Selkirk,
> And down with the Earl of Home."

Another was precentor at the Kirk, and, beside leading the psalmody on Sunday, taught the lads and lasses of the neighborhood dancing on week-days, in the winter-time, when out-of-door labor was scarce.

33. Among the rest was a tall, straight old fellow, with a healthful complexion and silver hair, and a small round-crowned white hat. He had been about to shoulder a hod, but paused, and stood looking at Scott, with a slight sparkling of his blue eye, as if waiting his turn; for the old fellow knew himself to be a favorite.

34. Scott accosted him in an affable tone, and asked for a pinch of snuff. The old man drew forth a horn snuff-box. "Hoot, man," said Scott, "not that old mull: where's the bonnie French one that I brought you from Paris?" — "Troth, your honor," replied the old fellow, "sic a mull as that is nae for week-days."

35. On leaving the quarry, Scott informed me that when absent at Paris, he had purchased several trifling articles as presents for his dependants, and among others the gay snuff-box in question, which was so carefully reserved for Sundays by the veteran. "It was not so much the value of the gifts," said he, "that pleased them, as the idea that the laird should think of them when so far away."

36. The old man in question, I found, was a great favorite with Scott. If I recollect right, he had been a soldier in early life, and his straight, erect person, his ruddy yet rugged countenance, his gray hair, and an arch gleam in his blue eye, re-

minded me of the description of Edie Ochiltree. I find that the old fellow has since been introduced by Wilkie, in his picture of the Scott family.

37. We rambled on among scenes which had been familiar in Scottish song, and rendered classic by the pastoral muse, long before Scott had thrown the rich mantle of his poetry over them. What a thrill of pleasure did I feel when first I saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowden Knowes, peeping above the gray hills of the Tweed; and what touching associations were called up by the sight of Ettrick Vale, Galla Water, and the Braes of Yarrow! Every turn brought to mind some household air — some almost forgotten song of the nursery, by which I had been lulled to sleep in my childhood; and with them the looks and voices of those who had sung them, and who were now no more. It is these melodies, chanted in our ears in the days of infancy, and connected with the memory of those we have loved, and who have passed away, that clothe Scottish landscape with such tender associations. The Scottish songs, in general, have something intrinsically melancholy in them; owing, in all probability, to the pastoral and lonely life of those who composed them; who were often mere shepherds, tending their flocks in the solitary glens, or folding them among the naked hills. Many of these rustic bards have passed away, without leaving a name behind them; nothing remains of them but their sweet and touching songs, which live, like echoes, about the places they once inhabited. Most of these simple effusions of pastoral poets are linked with some favorite haunt of the poet; and in this way, not a mountain or valley, a town or tower, green shaw or running stream, in Scotland, but has some popular air connected with it, that makes its very name a key-note to a whole train of delicious fancies and feelings.

38. Let me step forward in time, and mention how sensible I was to the power of these simple airs, in a visit which I made to Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns. I passed a whole morning about "the banks and braes of bonnie Doon," with his tender little love-verses running in my head. I found a poor Scotch carpenter at work among the ruins of Kirk Alloway,

which was to be converted into a school-house. Finding the purpose of my visit, he left his work, sat down with me on a grassy grave, close by where Burns' father was buried, and talked of the poet, whom he had known personally. He said his songs were familiar to the poorest and most illiterate of the country folk, "*and it seemed to him as if the country had grown more beautiful since Burns had written his bonny little songs about it.*"

39. I found Scott was quite an enthusiast on the subject of the popular songs of his country, and he seemed gratified to find me so alive to them. Their effect in calling up in my mind the recollections of early times and scenes in which I had first heard them, reminded him, he said, of the lines of his poor friend, Leyden, to the Scottish Muse: —

"In youth's first morn, alert and gay,
Ere rolling years had passed away,
Remembered like a morning dream,
I heard the dulcet measures float,
In many a liquid winding note,
Along the bank of Teviot's stream.

"Sweet sounds! that oft have soothed to rest
The sorrows of my guileless breast,
And charmed away mine infant tears;
Fond memory shall your strains repeat,
Like distant echoes, doubly sweet,
That on the wild the traveller hears."

40. Scott went on to expatiate on the popular songs of Scotland. "They are a part of our national inheritance," said he, "and something that we may truly call our own. They have no foreign taint; they have the pure breath of the heather and the mountain breeze. All the genuine legitimate races that have descended from the ancient Britons, such as the Scotch, the Welsh, and the Irish, have national airs. The English have none, because they are not natives of the soil, or, at least, are mongrels. Their music is all made up of foreign scraps, like a harlequin jacket, or a piece of mosaic. Even in Scotland we have comparatively few national songs in the eastern part, where we have had most influx of strangers. A real old Scottish song is a cairn gorm — a gem of our own

mountains; or, rather, it is a precious relic of old times, that bears the national character stamped upon it, — like a cameo, that shows where the national visage was in former days, before the breed was crossed."

41. While Scott was thus discoursing, we were passing up a narrow glen, with the dogs beating about, to right and left, when suddenly a black cock burst upon the wing.

42. "Aha!" cried Scott, "there will be a good shot for master Walter; we must send him this way with his gun, when we go home. Walter's the family sportsman now, and keeps us in game. I have pretty nigh resigned my gun to him; for I find I cannot trudge about as briskly as formerly."

43. Our ramble took us on the hills commanding an extensive prospect. "Now," said Scott, "I have brought you, like the pilgrim in the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' to the top of the Delectable Mountains, that I may show you all the goodly regions hereabouts. Yonder is Lammermuir, and Smailholme; and there you have Gallashiels, and Torwoodlie, and Galla Water; and in that direction you see Teviotdale, and the Braes of Yarrow; and Ettrick stream, winding along, like a silver thread, to throw itself into the Tweed."

44. He went on thus to call over names celebrated in Scottish song, and most of which had recently received a romantic interest from his own pen. In fact, I saw a great part of the border country spread out before me, and could trace the scenes of those poems and romances which had, in a manner, bewitched the world. I gazed about me for a time with mute surprise, I may almost say with disappointment. I beheld a mere succession of gray waving hills, line beyond line, as far as my eye could reach; monotonous in their aspect, and so destitute of trees that one could almost see a stout fly walking along their profile; and the far-famed Tweed appeared a naked stream, flowing between bare hills, without a tree or thicket on its banks; and yet, such had been the magic web of poetry and romance thrown over the whole, that it had a greater charm for me than the richest scenery I beheld in England.

45. I could not help giving utterance to my thoughts.

Scott hummed for a moment to himself, and looked grave; he had no idea of having his muse complimented at the expense of his native hills. "It may be partiality," said he, at length; "but to my eye these gray hills and all this wild border country have beauties peculiar to themselves. I like the very nakedness of the land; it has something bold, and stern, and solitary about it. When I have been for some time in the rich scenery about Edinburgh, which is like ornamented garden-land, I begin to wish myself back again among my own honest gray hills; and if I did not see the heather at least once a year, *I think I should die!*"

46. The last words were said with an honest warmth, accompanied with a thump on the ground with his staff, by way of emphasis, that showed his heart was in his speech. He vindicated the Tweed, too, as a beautiful stream in itself, and observed that he did not dislike it for being bare of trees, probably from having been much of an angler in his time, and an angler does not like to have a stream overhung by trees, which embarrass him in the exercise of his rod and line.

47. I took occasion to plead, in like manner, the associations of early life, for my disappointment in respect to the surrounding scenery. I had been so accustomed to hills crowned with forests, and streams breaking their way through a wilderness of trees, that all my ideas of romantic landscape were apt to be well wooded.

48. "Aye, and that's the great charm of your country," cried Scott. "You love the forest as I do the heather, — but I would not have you think I do not feel the glory of a great woodland prospect. There is nothing I should like more than to be in the midst of one of your grand, wild, original forests: with the idea of hundreds of miles of untrodden forest around me. I once saw, at Leith, an immense stick of timber, just landed from America. It must have been an enormous tree when it stood on its native soil, at its full height, and with all its branches. I gazed at it with admiration; it seemed like one of the gigantic obelisks which are now and then brought from Egypt, to shame the pigmy monuments of Europe; and, in fact, these vast aboriginal trees,

that have sheltered the Indians before the intrusion of the white men, are the monuments and antiquities of your country."

49. The conversation here turned upon Campbell's poem of "Gertrude of Wyoming," as illustrative of the poetic materials furnished by American scenery. Scott spoke of it in that liberal style in which I always found him to speak of the writings of his contemporaries. He cited several passages of it with great delight. "What a pity it is," said he, "that Campbell does not write more and oftener, and give full sweep to his genius. He has wings that would bear him to the skies; and he does now and then spread them grandly, but folds them up again and resumes his perch, as if he was afraid to launch away. He don't know or won't trust his own strength. Even when he has done a thing well, he has often misgivings about it. He left out several fine passages of his 'Lochiel,' but I got him to restore some of them." Here Scott repeated several passages in a magnificent style. "What a grand idea is that," said he, "about prophetic boding, or, in common parlance, second sight, —

"'Coming events cast their shadows before.'

It is a noble thought, and nobly expressed. And there's that glorious little poem, too, of 'Hohenlinden'; after he had written it, he did not seem to think much of it, but considered some of it 'd—d drum and trumpet lines.' I got him to recite it to me, and I believe that the delight I felt and expressed had an effect in inducing him to print it. The fact is," added he, "Campbell is, in a manner, a bugbear to himself. The brightness of his early success is a detriment to all his further efforts. *He is afraid of the shadow that his own fame casts before him.*"

50. While we were thus chatting, we heard the report of a gun among the hills. "That's Walter, I think," said Scott; "he has finished his morning's studies, and is out with his gun. I should not be surprised if he had met with the black cock;

if so, we shall have an addition to our larder, for Walter is a pretty sure shot."

51. I inquired into the nature of Walter's studies. "Faith," said Scott, "I can't say much on that head. I am not over-bent upon making prodigies of any of my children. As to Walter, I taught him, while a boy, to ride, and shoot, and speak the truth; as to the other parts of his education, I leave them to a very worthy young man, the son of one of our clergymen, who instructs all my children."

52. I afterwards became acquainted with the young man in question, George Thomson, son of the minister of Melrose, and found him possessed of much learning, intelligence, and modest worth. He used to come every day from his father's residence at Melrose, to superintend the studies of the young folks, and occasionally took his meals at Abbotsford, where he was highly esteemed. Nature had cut him out, Scott used to say, for a stalwart soldier; for he was tall, vigorous, active, and fond of athletic exercises; but accident had marred her work, the loss of a limb in boybood having reduced him to a wooden leg. He was brought up, therefore, for the church, whence he was occasionally called the Dominie, and is supposed, by his mixture of learning, simplicity, and amiable eccentricity, to have furnished many traits for the character of Dominie Sampson. I believe he often acted as Scott's amanuensis, when composing his novels. With him the young people were occupied, in general, during the early part of the day, after which they took all kinds of healthful recreations in the open air; for Scott was as solicitous to strengthen their bodies as their minds.

53. We had not walked much further before we saw the two Miss Scotts advancing along the hillside to meet us. The morning's studies being over, they had set off to take a ramble on the hills, and gather heather-blossoms with which to decorate their hair for dinner. As they came bounding lightly like young fawns, and their dresses fluttering in the pure summer breeze, I was reminded of Scott's own description of his children in his introduction to one of the cantos of "Marmion," —

"My imps, though hardy, bold, and wild,
As best befits the mountain-child,
Their summer gambols tell and mourn,
And anxious ask will spring return,
And birds and lambs again be gay,
And blossoms clothe the hawthorn spray?"

"Yes, prattlers, yes, the daisy's flower,
Again shall paint your summer bower;
Again the hawthorn shall supply
The garlands you delight to tie;
The lambs upon the lea shall bound,
The wild birds carol to the round,
And while you frolic light as they,
Too short shall seem the summer day."

As they approached, the dogs all sprang forward and gambolled around them. They played with them for a time, and then joined us with countenances full of health and glee. Sophia, the eldest, was the most lively and joyous, having much of her father's varied spirit in conversation, and seeming to catch excitement from his words and looks. Ann was of quieter mood, rather silent, owing, in some measure, no doubt, to her being some years younger.

54. At dinner, Scott had laid by his half rustic dress, and appeared clad in black. The girls, too, in completing their toilet, had twisted in their hair the sprigs of purple heather which they had gathered on the hill-side, and looked all fresh and blooming from their breezy walk.

55. There was no guest at dinner but myself. Around the table were two or three dogs in attendance. Maida, the old stag-hound, took his seat at Scott's elbow, looking up wistfully in his master's eye, while Finette, the pet spaniel, placed herself near Mrs. Scott, by whom, I soon perceived, she was completely spoiled.

56. The conversation happening to turn on the merits of his dogs, Scott spoke with great feeling and affection of his favorite, Camp, who is depicted by his side in the earlier engravings of him. He talked of him as of a real friend whom he had lost; and Sophia Scott, looking up archly in his face, observed that papa shed a few tears when poor Camp died. I may here mention another testimonial of Scott's fondness

for his dogs, and his humorous mode of showing it, which I subsequently met with. Rambling with him one morning about the grounds adjacent to the house, I observed a small antique monument, on which was inscribed, in Gothic characters, —

"Cy git le preux Percy."
(Here lies the brave Percy.)

I paused, supposing it to be the tomb of some stark warrior of the olden time, but Scott drew me on. "Pooh!" cried he, "it's nothing but one of the monuments of my nonsense, of which you'll find enough hereabouts." I learnt afterwards that it was the grave of a favorite greyhound.

57. Among the other important and privileged members of the household who figured in attendance at the dinner, was a large gray cat, who, I observed, was regaled from time to time with titbits from the table. This sage grimalkin was a favorite of both master and mistress, and slept at night in their room; and Scott laughingly observed, that one of the least wise parts of their establishment was, that the window was left open at night for puss to go in and out. The cat assumed a kind of ascendency among the quadrupeds — sitting in state in Scott's arm-chair, and occasionally stationing himself on a chair beside the door, as if to review his subjects as they passed, giving each dog a cuff beside the ears as he went by. This clapper-clawing was always taken in good part; it appeared to be, in fact, a mere act of sovereignty on the part of grimalkin, to remind the others of their vassalage; which they acknowledged by the most perfect acquiescence. A general harmony prevailed between sovereign and subjects, and they would all sleep together in the sunshine.

58. Scott was full of anecdote and conversation during dinner. He made some admirable remarks upon the Scottish character, and spoke strongly in praise of the quiet, orderly, honest conduct of his neighbors, which one would hardly expect, said he, from the descendants of moss-troopers and borderers, in a neighborhood famed in old times for brawl and feud, and violence of all kinds. He said he had,

in his official capacity of sheriff, administered the laws for a number of years, during which there had been very few trials.

SIR WALTER SCOTT
After the painting by Sir W. Allan, in 1832

The old feuds and local interests, and rivalries, and animosities of the Scotch, however, still slept, he said, in their ashes, and might easily be roused. Their hereditary feeling for names was still great. It was not always safe to have

even the game of foot-ball between villages, the old clannish spirit was too apt to break out. The Scotch, he said, were more revengeful than the English; they carried their resentments longer, and would sometimes lay them by for years, but would be sure to gratify them in the end.

59. The ancient jealousy between the Highlanders and the Lowlanders still continued to a certain degree, the former looking upon the latter as an inferior race, less brave and hardy, but at the same time suspecting them of a disposition to take airs upon themselves under the idea of superior refinement. This made them techy and ticklish company for a stranger on his first coming among them; ruffling up and putting themselves upon their mettle on the slightest occasion, so that he had in a manner to quarrel and fight his way into their good graces.

60. He instanced a case in point in a brother of Mungo Park, who went to take up his residence in a wild neighborhood of the Highlands. He soon found himself considered as an intruder, and that there was a disposition among these cocks of the hills to fix a quarrel on him, trusting that, being a Lowlander, he would show the white feather.

61. For a time he bore their flings and taunts with great coolness, until one, presuming on his forbearance, drew forth a dirk, and holding it before him, asked him if he had ever seen a weapon like that in his part of the country. Park, who was a Hercules in frame, seized the dirk, and, with one blow, drove it through an oaken table. "Yes," replied he, "and tell your friends that a man from the Lowlands drove it where the devil himself cannot draw it out again." All persons were delighted with the feat, and the words that accompanied it. They drank with Park to a better acquaintance, and were stanch friends ever afterwards.

62. After dinner we adjourned to the drawing-room, which served also for study and library. Against the wall on one side was a long writing-table, with drawers; surmounted by a small cabinet of polished wood, with folding-doors richly studded with brass ornaments, within which Scott kept his

most valuable papers. Above the cabinet, in a kind of niche, was a complete corselet of glittering steel, with a closed helmet, and flanked by gauntlets and battle-axes. Around were hung trophies and relics of various kinds: a cimeter of Tippoo Saib; a Highland broadsword from Floddenfield; a pair of Ripon spurs from Bannockburn, and above all, a gun which had belonged to Rob Roy, and bore his initials, R. M. G., — an object of peculiar interest to me at the time, as it was understood Scott was actually engaged in printing a novel founded on the story of that famous outlaw.

63. On each side of the cabinet were bookcases, well stored with works of romantic fiction in various languages, many of them rare and antiquated. This, however, was merely his cottage library, the principal part of his books being at Edinburgh.

64. From this little cabinet of curiosities Scott drew forth a manuscript picked up on the field of Waterloo, containing copies of several songs popular at the time in France. The paper was dabbled with blood — "the very life-blood, very possibly," said Scott, "of some gay young officer, who had cherished these songs as a keepsake from some lady-love in Paris."

65. He adverted in a mellow and delightful manner to the little half gay, half melancholy campaigning song, said to have been composed by General Wolfe, and sung by him at the messtable, on the eve of the storming of Quebec, in which he fell so gloriously.

"Why, soldiers, why,
Should we be melancholy, boys?
Why, soldiers, why,
Whose business 'tis to die!
For should next campaign
Send us to Him who made us, boys,
We're free from pain:
But should we remain,
A bottle and kind landlady
Makes all well again."

66. "So," added he, "the poor lad who fell at Waterloo, in all probability, had been singing these songs in his tent the night before the battle, and thinking of the fair dame who had

taught him them, and promising himself, should he outlive the campaign, to return to her all glorious from the wars."

67. I find since that Scott published translations of these songs among some of his smaller poems.

68. The evening passed away delightfully in this quaint-looking apartment, half study, half drawing-room. Scott read several passages from the old romance of Arthur, with a fine deep sonorous voice, and a gravity of tone that seemed to suit the antiquated, black-letter volume. It was a rich treat to hear such a work, read by such a person, and in such a place; and his appearance as he sat reading, in a large armed chair, with his favorite hound Maida at his feet, and surrounded by books and relics, and border trophies, would have formed an admirable and most characteristic picture.

69. While Scott was reading, the sage grimalkin already mentioned had taken his seat in a chair beside the fire, and remained with fixed eye and grave demeanor, as if listening to the reader. I observed to Scott that his cat seemed to have a black-letter taste in literature.

70. "Ah," said he, "these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk. There is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of. It comes no doubt from their being so familiar with witches and warlocks." He went on to tell a little story about a gude man who was returning to his cottage one night, when, in a lonely out-of-the-way place, he met with a funeral procession of cats all in mourning, bearing one of their race to the grave in a coffin covered with a black velvet pall. The worthy man, astonished and half frightened at so strange a pageant, hastened home and told what he had seen to his wife and children. Scarce had he finished, when a great black cat that sat beside the fire raised himself up, exclaimed, "Then I am king of the cats!" and vanished up the chimney. The funeral seen by the gude man was one of the cat dynasty.

71. "Our grimalkin here," added Scott, "sometimes reminds me of the story, by the airs of sovereignty which he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince incog., and may some time or other come to the throne."

72. In this way Scott would make the habits and peculiarities of even the dumb animals about him subjects for humorous remark or whimsical story.

73. Our evening was enlivened also by an occasional song from Sophia Scott, at the request of her father. She never wanted to be asked twice, but complied frankly and cheerfully. Her songs were all Scotch, sung without any accompaniment, in a simple manner, but with great spirit and expression, and in their native dialects, which gave them an additional charm. It was delightful to hear her carol off in sprightly style, and with an animated air, some of those generous-spirited old Jacobite songs, once current among the adherents of the Pretender in Scotland, in which he is designated by the appellation of "The Young Chevalier."

74. These songs were much relished by Scott, notwithstanding his loyalty; for the unfortunate "Chevalier" has always been a hero of romance with him, as he has with many other stanch adherents to the House of Hanover, now that the Stuart line has lost all its terrors. In speaking on the subject, Scott mentioned as a curious fact, that, among the papers of the "Chevalier," which had been submitted by government to his inspection, he had found a memorial to Charles from some adherents in America, dated 1778, proposing to set up his standard in the back settlements. I regret that, at the time, I did not make more particular inquiries of Scott on the subject; the document in question, however, in all probability, still exists among the Pretender's papers, which are in the possession of the British Government.

75. In the course of the evening, Scott related the story of a whimsical picture hanging in the room, which had been drawn for him by a lady of his acquaintance. It represented the doleful perplexity of a wealthy and handsome young English knight of the olden time, who, in the course of a border foray, had been captured and carried off to the castle of a hard-headed and high-handed old baron. The unfortunate youth was thrown into a dungeon, and a tall gallows erected before the castle-gate for his execution. When all was ready, he was brought into the castle-hall, where the grim baron was

seated in state, with his warriors armed to the teeth around him, and was given his choice, either to swing on the gibbet or to marry the baron's daughter. The last may be thought an easy alternative, but, unfortunately, the baron's young lady was hideously ugly, with a mouth from ear to ear, so that not a suitor was to be had for her, either for love or money, and she was known throughout the border country by the name of Muckle-mouthed Mag.

76. The picture in question represented the unhappy dilemma of the handsome youth. Before him sat the grim baron, with a face worthy of the father of such a daughter, and looking daggers and ratsbane. On one side of him was Muckle-mouthed Mag, with an amorous smile across the whole breadth of her countenance, and a leer enough to turn a man to stone; on the other side was the father confessor, a sleek friar, jogging the youth's elbow, and pointing to the gallows, seen in perspective through the open portal.

77. The story goes, that, after long laboring in mind between the altar and the halter, the love of life prevailed, and the youth resigned himself to the charms of Muckle-mouthed Mag. Contrary to all the probabilities of romance, the match proved a happy one. The baron's daughter, if not beautiful, was a most exemplary wife; her husband was never troubled with any of those doubts and jealousies which sometimes mar the happiness of connubial life, and was made the father of a fair and undoubtedly legitimate line, which still flourishes on the border.

78. I give but a faint outline of the story from vague recollection; it may, perchance, be more richly related elsewhere, by some one who may retain something of the delightful humor with which Scott recounted it.

79. When I retired for the night, I found it almost impossible to sleep; the idea of being under the roof of Scott, of being on the borders of the Tweed, in the very centre of that region which had for some time past been the favorite scene of romantic fiction, and above all the recollections of the ramble I had taken, the company in which I had taken it, and the conversation which had passed, all

fermented in my mind, and nearly drove sleep from my pillow.

80. On the following morning the sun darted his beams from over the hills through the low lattice window. I rose at an early hour, and looked out between the branches of eglantine which over-hung the casement. To my surprise Scott was already up and forth, seated on a fragment of stone,

ABBOTSFORD AND THE EILDON HILLS
From a photograph by Valentine & Sons, Dundee

and chatting with the workmen employed on the new building. I had supposed, after the time he had wasted upon me yesterday, he would be closely occupied this morning; but he appeared like a man of leisure, who had nothing to do but bask in the sunshine and amuse himself.

81. I soon dressed myself and joined him. He talked about his proposed plans of Abbotsford: happy would it have been for him could he have contented himself with his delightful little vine-covered cottage, and the simple yet hearty and hospitable style in which he lived at the time of my visit. The great pile of Abbotsford, with the huge expense it entailed upon him, of servants, retainers, guests, and baronial

style, was a drain upon his purse, a tax upon his exertions, and a weight upon his mind, that finally crushed him.

82. As yet, however, all was in embryo and perspective, and Scott pleased himself with picturing out his future residence, as he would one of the fanciful creations of his own romances. "It was one of his air-castles," he said, "which he was reducing to solid stone and mortar." About the place were strewed various morsels from the ruins of Melrose Abbey, which were to be incorporated in his mansion. He had already constructed out of simliar materials a kind of Gothic shrine over a spring, and had surmounted it by a small stone cross.

83. Among the relics from the Abbey which lay scattered before us, was a most quaint and antique little lion, either of red stone, or painted red, which hit my fancy. I forget whose cognizance it was; but I shall never forget the delightful observations concerning old Melrose to which it accidentally gave rise.

84. The Abbey was evidently a pile that called up all Scott's poetic and romantic feelings; and one to which he was enthusiastically attached by the most fanciful and delightful of his early associations. He spoke of it, I may say, with affection. "There is no telling," said he, "what treasures are hid in that glorious old pile. It is a famous place for antiquarian plunder; there are such rich bits of old-time sculpture for the architect, and old-time story for the poet. There is as rare picking in it as in a Stilton cheese, and in the same taste — the mouldier the better."

85. He went on to mention circumstances of "mighty import" connected with the Abbey, which had never been touched, and which had even escaped the researches of Johnny Bower. The heart of Robert Bruce, the hero of Scotland, had been buried in it. He dwelt on the beautiful story of Bruce's pious and chivalrous request in his dying hour, that his heart might be carried to the Holy Land and placed in the Holy Sepulchre, in fulfilment of a vow of pilgrimage; and of the loyal expedition of Sir James Douglas to convey the glorious relic. Much might be made, he said,

out of the adventures of Sir James in that adventurous age; of his fortunes in Spain, and his death in a crusade against the Moors; with the subsequent fortunes of the heart of Robert Bruce until it was brought back to its native land, and enshrined within the holy walls of old Melrose.

86. As Scott sat on a stone talking in this way, and knocking with his staff against the little red lion which lay prostrate before him, his gray eyes twinkled beneath his shagged eyebrows; scenes, images, incidents, kept breaking upon his mind as he proceeded, mingled with touches of the mysterious and supernatural as connected with the heart of Bruce. It seemed as if a poem or romance were breaking vaguely on his imagination. That he subsequently contemplated something of the kind, as connected with this subject, and with his favorite ruin of Melrose, is evident from his introduction to "The Monastery"; and it is a pity that he never succeeded in following out these shadowy but enthusiastic conceptions.

87. A summons to breakfast broke off our conversation, when I begged to recommend to Scott's attention my friend the little red lion, who had led to such an interesting topic, and hoped he might receive some niche or station in the future castle, worthy of his evident antiquity and apparent dignity. Scott assured me, with comic gravity, that the valiant little lion should be most honorably entertained; I hope, therefore, that he still flourishes at Abbotsford.

88. Before dismissing the theme of the relics from the Abbey, I will mention another, illustrative of Scott's varied humors. This was a human skull, which had probably belonged of yore to one of those jovial friars so honorably mentioned in the old border ballad, —

> "O the monks of Melrose made gude kale
> On Fridays, when they fasted;
> They wanted neither beef nor ale,
> As long as their neighbors' lasted."

89. This skull Scott had caused to be cleaned and varnished, and placed it on a chest of drawers in his chamber,

immediately opposite his bed; where I have seen it, grinning most dismally. It was an object of great awe and horror to the superstitious housemaids; and Scott used to amuse himself with their apprehensions. Sometimes, in changing his dress, he would leave his neck cloth coiled round it like a turban, and none of the "lasses" dared to remove it. It was a matter of great wonder and speculation among them that the laird should have such an "awsome fancy for an auld girning skull."

90. At breakfast that morning Scott gave an amusing account of a little Highlander called Campbell of the North, who had a lawsuit of many years' standing with a nobleman in his neighborhood about the boundaries of their estates. It was the leading object of the little man's life; the running theme of all his conversations; he used to detail all the circumstances at full length to everybody he met, and, to aid him in his description of the premises, and make his story "mair preceese," he had a great map made of his estate, a huge roll several feet long, which he used to carry about on his shoulder. Campbell was a long-bodied but short and bandy-legged little man, always clad in the Highland garb; and as he went about with this great roll on his shoulder, and his little legs curving like a pair of parentheses below his kilt, he was an odd figure to behold. He was like little David shouldering the spear of Goliath, which was "like unto a weaver's beam."

91. Whenever sheep-shearing was over, Campbell used to set out for Edinburgh to attend to his lawsuit. At the inns he paid double for all his meals and his nights' lodging; telling the land-lords to keep it in mind until his return, so that he might come back that way at free cost; for he knew, he said, that he would spend all his money among the lawyers at Edinburgh, so he thought it best to secure a retreat home again.

92. On one of his visits he called upon his lawyer, but was told he was not at home, but his lady was. "It is just the same thing," said little Campbell. On being shown into the parlor, he unrolled his map, stated his case at full length, and, having gone through with his story, gave her the customary fee. She would have declined it, but he insisted on her

taking it. "I ha' had just as much pleasure," said he, "in telling the whole tale to you as I should have had in telling it to your husband, and I believe full as much profit."

93. The last time he saw Scott, he told him he believed he and the laird were near a settlement, as they agreed to within a few miles of the boundary. If I recollect right, Scott added that he advised the little man to consign his cause and his map to the care of "Slow Willie Mowbray," of tedious memory: an Edinburgh worthy, much employed by the country people, for he tired out everybody in office by repeated visits and drawling, endless prolixity, and gained every suit by dint of boring.

94. These little stories and anecdotes, which abounded in Scott's conversation, rose naturally out of the subject, and were perfectly unforced; though in thus relating them in a detached way, without the observations or circumstances which led to them, and which have passed from my recollection, they want their setting to give them proper relief. They will serve, however, to show the natural play of his mind, in its familiar moods, and its fecundity in graphic and characteristic detail.

95. His daughter Sophia and his son Charles were those of his family who seemed most to feel and understand his humors, and to take delight in his conversation. Mrs. Scott did not always pay the same attention, and would now and then make a casual remark which would operate a little like a damper. Thus, one morning at breakfast, when Dominie Thompson the tutor was present, Scott was going on with great glee to relate an anecdote of the laird of Macnab, "who, poor fellow!" premised he, "is dead and gone" — "Why, Mr. Scott," exclaimed the good lady, "Macnab's not dead, is he?" —"Faith, my dear," replied Scott, with humorous gravity, "if he's not dead they've done him great injustice, — for they've buried him."

96. The joke passed harmless and unnoticed by Mrs. Scott, but hit the poor Dominie just as he had raised a cup of tea to his lips, causing a burst of laughter which sent half of the contents about the table.

97. After breakfast, Scott was occupied for some time correcting proof-sheets, which he had received by the mail. The novel of "Rob Roy," as I have already observed, was at that time in the press, and I supposed them to be the proof-sheets of that work. The authorship of the Waverley novels was still a matter of conjecture and uncertainty; though few doubted their being principally written by Scott. One proof to me of his being the author, was that he never adverted to them. A man so fond of anything Scottish, and anything relating to national history or local legend, could not have been mute respecting such productions, had they been written by another. He was fond of quoting the works of his contemporaries; he was continually reciting scraps of border songs, or relating anecdotes of border story. With respect to his own poems and their merits, however, he was mute, and while with him I observed a scrupulous silence on the subject.

98. I may here mention a singular fact, of which I was not aware at the time, that Scott was very reserved with his children respecting his own writings, and was even disinclined to their reading his romantic poems. I learnt this, some time after, from a passage in one of his letters to me, adverting to a set of the American miniature edition of his poems, which, on my return to England, I forwarded to one of the young ladies. "In my hurry," writes he, "I have not thanked you, in Sophia's name, for the kind attention which furnished her with the American volumes. I am not quite sure I can add my own, since you have made her acquainted with much more of papa's folly than she would otherwise have learned; for I have taken special care they should never see any of these things during their earlier years."

99. To return to the thread of my narrative. When Scott had got through his brief literary occupation, we set out on a ramble. The young ladies started to accompany us, but had not gone far when they met a poor old laborer and his distressed family, and turned back to take them to the house and relieve them.

100. On passing the bounds of Abbotsford, we came upon

a bleak-looking farm, with a forlorn crazy old manse, or farm-house, standing in naked desolation. This, however, Scott told me was an ancient hereditary property called Lauckend, about as valuable as the patrimonial estate of Don Quixote, and which, in like manner, conferred an hereditary dignity upon its proprietor, who was a laird, and, though poor as a rat, prided himself upon his ancient blood, and the standing of his house. He was accordingly called Lauckend, according to the Scottish custom of naming a man after his family estate, but he was more generally known through the country round by the name of Lauckie Long Legs, from the length of his limbs. While Scott was giving this account of him, we saw him at a distance striding along one of his fields, with his plaid fluttering about him, and he seemed well to deserve his appellation, for he looked all legs and tartan.

101. Lauckie knew nothing of the world beyond his neighborhood. Scott told me, that, on returning to Abbotsford from his visit to France, immediately after the war, he was called on by his neighbors generally, to inquire after foreign parts. Among the number, came Lauckie Long Legs and an old brother as ignorant as himself. They had many inquiries to make about the French, whom they seemed to consider some remote and semi-barbarous horde. "And what like are thae barbarians in their own country?" said Lauckie, "can they write? — can they cipher?" He was quite astonished to learn that they were nearly as much advanced in civilization as the gude folks of Abbotsford.

102. After living for a long time in single blessedness, Lauckie all at once, and not long before my visit to the neighborhood, took it into his head to get married. The neighbors were all surprised; but the family connection, who were as proud as they were poor, were grievously scandalized, for they thought the young woman on whom he had set his mind quite beneath him. It was in vain, however, that they remonstrated on the misalliance he was about to make: he was not to be swayed from his determination. Arraying himself in his best, and saddling a gaunt steed that might have rivalled Rosinante, and placing a pillion behind his saddle, he

departed to wed and bring home the humble lassie who was to be made mistress of the venerable hovel of Lauckend, and who lived in a village on the opposite side of the Tweed.

103. A small event of the kind makes a great stir in a little quiet country neighborhood. The word soon circulated through the village of Melrose, and cottages in its vicinity, that Lauckie Long Legs had gone over the Tweed to fetch home his bride. All the good folks assembled at the bridge to await his return. Lauckie, however, disappointed them; for he crossed the river at a distant ford, and conveyed his bride safe to his mansion, without being perceived.

104. Let me step forward in the course of events and relate the fate of poor Lauckie, as it was communicated to me a year or two afterwards in a letter by Scott. From the time of his marriage he had no longer any peace, owing to the constant intermeddlings of his relations, who would not permit him to be happy in his own way, but endeavored to set him at variance with his wife. Lauckie refused to credit any of their stories to her disadvantage; but the incessant warfare he had to wage in defence of her good name, wore out both flesh and spirit. His last conflict was with his own brothers, in front of his paternal mansion. A furious scolding-match took place between them; Lauckie made a vehement profession of faith in favor of her immaculate honesty and then fell dead at the threshold of his own door. His person, his character, his name, his story, and his fate, entitled him to be immortalized in one of Scott's novels, and I looked to recognize him in some of the succeeding works from his pen, but I looked in vain.

105. After passing by the domains of honest Lauckie, Scott pointed out, at a distance, the Eildon stone. There in ancient days stood the Eildon tree, beneath which Thomas the Rhymer, according to popular tradition, dealt forth his prophecies, some of which still exist in antiquated ballads.

106. Here we turned up a little glen with a small burn or brook whimpering and dashing along it, making an occasional waterfall, and overhung in some places with mountain-ash

and weeping-birch. We are now, said Scott, treading classic, or rather fairy ground. This is the haunted glen of Thomas the Rhymer, where he met with the queen of fairy land; and this the bogle burn, or goblin brook, along which she rode on her dapple-gray palfrey, with silver bells ringing at the bridle.

107. "Here," said he, pausing, "is Huntley Bank, on which Thomas the Rhymer lay musing and sleeping when he saw, or dreamt he saw, the queen of Elfland: —

"True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;
A ferlie he spied wi' his e'e;
And there he saw a ladye bright,
Come riding down by the Eildon tree.

"Her skirt was o' the grass green silk,
Her mantle o' the velvet fyne;
At ilka tett of her horse's mane
Hung fifty siller bells and nine."

Here Scott repeated several of the stanzas and recounted the circumstance of Thomas the Rhymer's interview with the fairy, and his being transported by her to fairy land —

"And til seven years were gone and past,
True Thomas on earth was never seen."

It is a fine old story, said he, and might be wrought up into a capital tale.

108. Scott continued on, leading the way as usual, and limping up the wizard glen, talking as he went, but as his back was toward me, I could only hear the deep growling tones of his voice, like the low breathing of an organ, without distinguishing the words, until pausing, and turning his face towards me, I found he was reciting some scrap of border minstrelsy about Thomas the Rhymer. This was continually the case in my ramblings with him about this storied neighborhood. His mind was fraught with the traditionary fictions connected with every object around him, and he would breathe it forth as he went, apparently as much for his own gratification as for that of his companion.

"Nor hill, nor brook, we paced along,
But had its legend or its song."

His voice was deep and sonorous, he spoke with a Scottish accent, and with somewhat of the Northumbrian "burr," which, to my mind, gave a doric strength and simplicity to his elocution. His recitation of poetry was, at times, magnificent.

109. I think it was in the course of this ramble that my friend Hamlet, the black greyhound, got into a sad scrape. The dogs were beating about the glens and fields as usual, and had been for some time out of sight, when we heard a barking at some distance to the left. Shortly after we saw some sheep scampering on the hills, with the dogs after them. Scott applied to his lips the ivory whistle, always hanging at his button-hole, and soon called in the culprits, excepting Hamlet. Hastening up a bank which commanded a view along a fold or hollow of the hills, we beheld the sable prince of Denmark standing by the bleeding body of a sheep. The carcass was still warm, the throat bore marks of the fatal grip, and Hamlet's muzzle was stained with blood. Never was culprit more completely caught in *flagrante delictu*. I supposed the doom of poor Hamlet to be sealed, for no higher offence can be committed by a dog in a country abounding with sheep-walks. Scott, however, had a greater value for his dogs than for his sheep. They were his companions and friends. Hamlet, too, though an irregular, impertinent kind of youngster, was evidently a favorite. He would not for some time believe it could be he who had killed the sheep. It must have been some cur of the neighborhood, that had made off on our approach, and left poor Hamlet in the lurch. Proofs, however, were too strong, and Hamlet was generally condemned. "Well, well," said Scott, "it's partly my own fault. I have given up coursing for some time past, and the poor dog has had no chance after game to take the fire edge off of him. If he was put after a hare occasionally, he never would meddle with sheep."

110. I understood, afterwards, that Scott actually got a pony, and went out now and then coursing with Hamlet, who, in consequence, showed no further inclination for mutton.

111. A further stroll among the hills brought us to what Scott pronounced the remains of a Roman camp, and as we sat upon a hillock which had once formed a part of the ramparts, he pointed out the traces of the lines and bulwarks, and the prætorium, and showed a knowledge of castrametation that would not have disgraced the antiquarian Oldbuck himself. Indeed, various circumstances that I observed about Scott during my visit, concurred to persuade me that many of the antiquarian humors of Monkbarns were taken from his own richly compounded character, and that some of the scenes and personages of that admirable novel were furnished by his immediate neighborhood.

112. He gave me several anecdotes of a noted pauper named Andrew Gemmells, or Gammel, as it was pronounced, who had once flourished on the banks of Galla Water, immediately opposite Abbotsford, and whom he had seen and talked and joked with when a boy; and I instantly recognized the likeness of that mirror of philosophic vagabonds and Nestor of beggars, Edie Ochiltree. I was on the point of pronouncing the name and recognizing the portrait, when I recollected the incognito observed by Scott with respect to his novels, and checked myself; but it was one among many things that tended to convince me of his authorship.

113. His picture of Andrew Gemmells exactly accorded with that of Edie as to his height, carriage, and soldier-like air, as well as his arch and sarcastic humor. His home, if home he had, was at Gallashiels; but he went "daundering" about the country, along the green shaws and beside the burns, and was a kind of walking chronicle throughout the valleys of the Tweed, the Ettrick, and the Yarrow; carrying the gossip from house to house, commenting on the inhabitants and their concerns, and never hesitating to give them a dry rub as to any of their faults or follies.

114. A shrewd beggar like Andrew Gemmells, Scott added, who could sing the old Scotch airs, tell stories and traditions, and gossip away the long winter evenings, was by no means an unwelcome visitor at a lonely manse or cottage.

The children would run to welcome him, and place his stool in a warm corner of the ingle nook, and the old folks would receive him as a privileged guest.

115. As to Andrew, he looked upon them all as a parson does upon his parishioners, and considered the alms he received as much his due as the other does his tithes. I rather think, added Scott, Andrew considered himself more of a gentleman than those who toiled for a living, and that he secretly looked down upon the painstaking peasants that fed and sheltered him.

116. He had derived his aristocratical notions in some degree from being admitted occasionally to a precarious sociability with some of the small country gentry, who were sometimes in want of company to help while away the time. With these Andrew would now and then play at cards and dice, and he never lacked "siller in pouch" to stake on a game, which he did with the perfect air of a man to whom money was a matter of little moment; and no one could lose his money with more gentlemanlike coolness.

117. Among those who occasionally admitted him to this familiarity, was old John Scott of Galla, a man of family, who inhabited his paternal mansion of Torwoodlee. Some distinction of rank, however, was still kept up. The laird sat on the inside of the window and the beggar on the outside, and they played cards on the sill.

118. Andrew now and then told the laird a piece of his mind very freely; especially on one occasion, when he had sold some of his paternal lands to build himself a larger house with the proceeds. The speech of honest Andrew smacks of the shrewdness of Edie Ochiltree.

119. "It's a' varra weel — it's a' varra weel, Torwoodlee," said he; "but who would ha' thought that your father's son would ha' sold two gude estates to build a shaw's (cuckoo's) nest on the side of a hill?"

120. That day there was an arrival at Abbotsford of two English tourists: one a gentleman of fortune and landed estate, the other a young clergyman whom he appeared to

have under his patronage, and to have brought with him as a travelling companion.

121. The patron was one of those well-bred, commonplace gentlemen with which England is overrun. He had great deference for Scott, and endeavored to acquit himself learnedly in his company, aiming continually at abstract disquisitions, for which Scott had little relish. The conversation of the latter, as usual, was studded with anecdotes and stories, some of them of great pith and humor: the well-bred gentleman was either too dull to feel their point, or too decorous to indulge in hearty merriment; the honest parson, on the contrary, who was not too refined to be happy, laughed loud and long at every joke, and enjoyed them with the zest of a man who has more merriment in his heart than coin in his pocket.

122. After they were gone, some comments were made upon their different deportments. Scott spoke very respectfully of the good breeding and measured manners of the man of wealth, but with a kindlier feeling of the honest parson, and the homely but hearty enjoyment with which he relished every pleasantry. "I doubt," said he, "whether the parson's lot in life is not the best; if he cannot command as many of the good things of this world by his own purse as his patron can, he beats him all hollow in his enjoyment of them when set before him by others. Upon the whole," added he, "I rather think I prefer the honest parson's good humor to his patron's good breeding; I have a great regard for a hearty laughter."

123. He went on to speak of the great influx of English travellers, which of late years had inundated Scotland; and doubted whether they had not injured the old-fashioned Scottish character. "Formerly, they came here occasionally as sportsmen," said he, "to shoot moor-game, without any idea of looking at scenery; and they moved about the country in hardy simple style, coping with the country people in their own way; but now they come rolling about in their equipages, to see ruins, and spend money; and their lavish extravagance has played the vengeance with the common people. It has made them rapacious in their dealings with strangers,

greedy after money, and extortionate in their demands for the most trivial services. Formerly," continued he, "the poorer classes of our people were comparatively disinterested; they offered their services gratuitously, in promoting the amusement, or aiding the curiosity of strangers, and were gratified by the smallest compensation; but now they make a trade of showing rocks and ruins, and are as greedy as Italian cicerones. They look upon the English as so many walking money-bags; the more they are shaken and poked, the more they will leave behind them."

124. I told him that he had a great deal to answer for on that head, since it was the romantic associations he had thrown by his writings over so many out-of-the-way places in Scotland, that had brought in the influx of curious travellers.

125. Scott laughed, and said he believed I might be in some measure in the right, as he recollected a circumstance in point. Being one time at Glenross, an old woman who kept a small inn, which had but little custom, was uncommonly officious in her attendance upon him, and absolutely incommoded him with her civilities. The secret at length came out. As he was about to depart, she addressed him with many curtsies, and said she understood he was the gentleman that had written a bonnie book about Loch Katrine. She begged him to write a little about their lake also, for she understood his book had done the inn at Loch Katrine a muckle deal of good.

126. On the following day I made an excursion with Scott and the young ladies to Dryburgh Abbey. We went in an open carriage, drawn by two sleek old black horses, for which Scott seemed to have an affection, as he had for every dumb animal that belonged to him. Our road lay through a variety of scenes, rich in poetical and historical associations, about most of which Scott had something to relate. In one part of the drive he pointed to an old border keep, or fortress, on the summit of a naked hill, several miles off, which he called Smallholm Tower, and the rocky knoll on which it stood, the "Sandy Knowe crags." It was a place, he said, peculiarly dear to him, from the recollections of childhood. His grand-

father had lived there in the old Smallholm Grange, or farm-house; and he had been sent there, when but two years old, on account of his lameness, that he might have the benefit of the pure air of the hills, and be under the care of his grandmother and aunts.

127. In the introduction of one of the cantos of "Marmion," he has depicted his grandfather, and the fireside of the farm-house; and has given an amusing picture of himself in his boyish years.

"Still with vain fondness could I trace
Anew each kind familiar face,
That brightened at our evening fire;
From the thatched mansion's gray-haired sire,
Wise without learning, plain and good,
And sprung of Scotland's gentler blood;
Whose eye in age, quick, clear and keen,
Showed what in youth its glance had been;
Whose doom discording neighbors sought,
Content with equity unbought;
To him the venerable priest,
Our frequent and familiar guest,
Whose life and manners well could paint
Alike the student and the saint;
Alas! whose speech too oft I broke
With gambol rude and timeless joke;
For I was wayward, bold, and wild,
A self-willed imp, a grandame's child;
But half a plague, and half a jest,
Was still endured, beloved, carest."

128. It was, he said, during his residence at Smallholm crags, that he first imbibed his passion for legendary tales, border traditions, and old national songs and ballads. His grandmother and aunts were well versed in that kind of lore so current in Scottish country life. They used to recount them in long, gloomy winter days, and about the ingle nook at night, in conclave with their gossip visitors; and little Walter would sit and listen with greedy ear; thus taking into his infant mind the seeds of many a splendid fiction.

129. There was an old shepherd, he said, in the service of the family, who used to sit under the sunny wall, and tell marvellous stories, and recite old-time ballads, as he knitted

stockings. Scott used to be wheeled out in his chair, in fine weather, and would sit beside the old man, and listen to him for hours.

130. The situation of Sandy Knowe was favorable both for story-teller and listener. It commanded a wide view over all the border country, with its feudal towers, its haunted glens, and wizard streams. As the old shepherd told his tales,

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he could point out the very scene of action. Thus, before Scott could walk, he was made familiar with the scenes of his future stories; they were all seen as through a magic medium, and took that tinge of romance which they ever after retained in his imagination. From the height of Sandy Knowe he may be said to have had the first look-out upon the promised land of his future glory.

131. On referring to Scott's works, I find many of the circumstances related in this conversation about the old tower, and the boyish scenes connected with it, recorded in the introduction to "Marmion," already cited. This was frequently the case with Scott; incidents and feelings that had appeared in his writings, were apt to be mingled up in his conversation,

for they had been taken from what he had witnessed and felt in real life, and were connected with those scenes among which he lived, and moved, and had his being. I make no scruple at quoting the passage relative to the tower, though it repeats much of the foregone imagery, and with vastly superior effect.

"Thus, while I ape the measure wild
Of tales that charmed me yet a child,
Rude though they be, still with the chime
Return the thoughts of early time;
And feelings roused in life's first day,
Glow in the line, and prompt the lay.
Then rise those crags, that mountain tower,
Which charmed my fancy's wakening hour,
Though no broad river swept along
To claim perchance heroic song;
Though sighed no groves in summer gale
To prompt of love a softer tale;
Though scarce a puny streamlet's speed
Claimed homage from a shepherd's reed;
Yet was poetic impulse given,
By the green hill and clear blue heaven.
It was a barren scene, and wild,
Where naked cliffs were rudely piled;
But ever and anon between
Lay velvet tufts of loveliest green;
And well the lonely infant knew
Recesses where the wall-flower grew,
And honeysuckle loved to crawl
Up the low crag and ruined wall.
I deemed such nooks the sweetest shade
The sun in all his round surveyed;
And still I thought that shattered tower
The mightiest work of human power;
And marvelled as the aged hind
With some strange tale bewitched my mind
Of forayers, who, with headlong force,
Down from that strength had spurred their horse
Their southern rapine to renew,
Far in the distant Cheviot's blue,
And, home returning, filled the hall
With revel, wassail-rout, and brawl —
Methought that still with tramp and clang
The gateway's broken arches rang;
Methought grim features, seamed with scars
Glared through the window's rusty bars.
And ever by the winter hearth,
Old tales I heard of woe or mirth,
Of lovers' slights, of ladies' charms,
Of witches' spells, of warriors' arms;

Of patriot battles won of old
By Wallace wight and Bruce the bold;
Of later fields of feud and fight,
When pouring from the Highland height,
The Scottish clans, in headlong sway,
Had swept the scarlet ranks away.
While stretched at length upon the floor,
Again I fought each combat o'er,
Pebbles and shells, in order laid,
The mimic ranks of war displayed;
And onward still the Scottish Lion bore,
And still the scattered Southron fled before."

132. Scott eyed the distant height of Sandy Knowe with an earnest gaze as we rode along, and said he had often thought of buying the place, repairing the old tower, and making it his residence. He has in some measure, however, paid off his early debt of gratitude, in clothing it with poetic and romantic associations, by his tale of "The Eve of St. John." It is to be hoped that those who actually possess so interesting a monument of Scott's early days, will preserve it from further dilapidation.

133. Not far from Sandy Knowe, Scott pointed out another old border hold, standing on the summit of a hill, which had been a kind of enchanted castle to him in his boyhood. It was the tower of Bemerside, the baronial residence of the Haigs or De Hagas, one of the oldest families of the border. "There had seemed to him," he said, "almost a wizard spell hanging over it, in consequence of a prophecy of Thomas the Rhymer, in which, in his young days, he most potently believed:"

"Betide, betide, whate'er betide,
Haig shall be Haig of Bemerside."

134. Scott added some particulars which showed that, in the present instance, the venerable Thomas had not proved a false prophet, for it was a noted fact, that, amid all the changes and chances of the border — through all the feuds, and forays, and sackings, and burnings, which had reduced most of the castles to ruins, and the proud families that once possessed them to poverty, the tower of Bemerside still

remained unscathed, and was still the strong-hold of the ancient family of Haig.

135. Prophecies, however, often insure their own fulfilment. It is very probable that the prediction of Thomas the Rhymer has linked the Haigs to their tower, as their rock of safety, and has induced them to cling to it, almost superstitiously, through hardships and inconveniences that would otherwise have caused its abandonment.

136. I afterwards saw, at Dryburgh Abbey, the burying-place of this predestinated and tenacious family, the inscription of which showed the value they set upon their antiquity: —

"Locu Sepulturæ,
Antiquessimæ Familiæ
De Haga
De Bemerside."

137. In reverting to the days of his childhood, Scott observed that the lameness which had disabled him in infancy gradually decreased; he soon acquired strength in his limbs, and though he always limped, he became, even in boyhood, a great walker. He used frequently to stroll from home and wander about the country for days together, picking up all kinds of local gossip, and observing popular scenes and characters. His father used to be vexed with him for this wandering propensity, and, shaking his head, would say he fancied the boy would make nothing but a peddler. As he grew older, he became a keen sportsman, and passed much of his time hunting and shooting. His field-sports led him into the most wild and unfrequented parts of the country, and in this way he picked up much of that local knowledge which he has since evinced in his writings.

138. His first visit to Loch Katrine, he said, was in his boyish days, on a shooting excursion. The island, which he has made the romantic residence of the Lady of the Lake, was then garrisoned by an old man and his wife. Their house was vacant: they had put the key under the door, and were absent fishing. It was at that time a peaceful residence, but became afterwards a resort of smugglers, until they were ferreted out.

139. In after-years, when Scott began to turn this local knowledge to literary account, he revisited many of those scenes of his early ramblings, and endeavored to secure the fugitive remains of the traditions and songs that had charmed his boyhood. When collecting materials for his "Border Minstrelsy," he used, he said, to go from cottage to cottage, and make the old wives repeat all they knew, if but two lines; and by putting these scraps together, he retrieved many a fine characteristic old ballad or tradition from oblivion.

140. I regret to say that I can recollect scarce anything of our visit to Dryburgh Abbey. It is on the estate of the Earl of Buchan. The religious edifice is a mere ruin, rich in Gothic antiquities, but especially interesting to Scott, from containing the family vault, and the tombs and monuments of his ancestors. He appeared to feel much chagrin at their being in the possession, and subject to the intermeddlings of the Earl, who was represented as a nobleman of an eccentric character. The latter, however, set great value on these sepulchral relics, and had expressed a lively anticipation of one day or other having the honor of burying Scott, and adding his monument to the collection, which he intended should be worthy of the "mighty minstrel of the north" — a prospective compliment which was by no means relished by the object of it.

141. One of my pleasant rambles with Scott, about the neighborhood of Abbotsford, was taken in company with Mr. William Laidlaw, the steward of his estate. This was a gentleman for whom Scott entertained a particular value. He had been born to a competency, had been well educated, his mind was richly stored with varied information, and he was a man of sterling moral worth. Having been reduced by misfortune, Scott had got him to take charge of his estate. He lived at a small farm on the hill-side above Abbotsford, and was treated by Scott as a cherished and confidential friend, rather than a dependant.

142. As the day was showery, Scott was attended by one of his retainers, named Tommie Purdie, who carried his plaid, and who deserves especial mention. Sophia Scott used to call

him her father's grand vizier, and she gave a playful account one evening, as she was hanging on her father's arm, of the consultations which he and Tommie used to have about matters relative to farming. Purdie was tenacious of his opinions, and he and Scott would have long disputes in front of the house, as to something that was to be done on the estate, until the latter, fairly tired out, would abandon the ground and the argument, exclaiming, "Well, well, Tom, have it your own way."

143. After a time, however, Purdie would present himself at the door of the parlor, and observe, "I ha' been thinking over the matter, and, upon the whole, I think I'll take your honor's advice."

144. Scott laughed heartily when this anecdote was told of him. "It was with him and Tom," he said, "as it was with an old laird and a pet servant, whom he had indulged until he was positive beyond all endurance. 'This won't do!' cried the old laird, in a passion, 'we can't live together any longer — we must part.' 'An' where the deil does your honor mean to go?' replied the other."

145. I would, moreover, observe of Tom Purdie, that he was a firm believer in ghosts, and warlocks, and all kinds of old wives' fable. He was a religious man, too, mingling a little degree of Scottish pride in his devotion; for though his salary was but twenty pounds a year, he had managed to afford seven pounds for a family Bible. It is true, he had one hundred pounds clear of the world, and was looked up to by his comrades as a man of property.

146. In the course of our morning's walk we stopped at a small house belonging to one of the laborers on the estate. The object of Scott's visit was to inspect a relic which had been digged up in the Roman camp, and which, if I recollect right, he pronounced to have been a tongs. It was produced by the cottager's wife, a ruddy, healthy-looking dame, whom Scott addressed by the name of Ailie. As he stood regarding the relic, turning it round and round, and making comments upon it, half grave, half comic, with the cottage group around him, all joining occasionally in the colloquy, the inimitable

character of Monkbarns was again brought to mind, and I seemed to see before me that prince of antiquarians and humorists holding forth to his unlearned and unbelieving neighbors.

147. Whenever Scott touched, in this way, upon local antiquities, and in all his familiar conversations about local traditions and superstitions, there was always a sly and quiet humor running at the bottom of his discourse, and playing about his countenance, as if he sported with the subject. It seemed to me as if he distrusted his own enthusiasm, and was disposed to droll upon his own humors and peculiarities, yet, at the same time, a poetic gleam in his eye would show that he really took a strong relish and interest in them. "It was a pity," he said, "that antiquarians were generally so dry, for the subjects they handled were rich in historical and poetic recollections, in picturesque details, in quaint and heroic characteristics, and in all kinds of curious and obsolete ceremonials. They are always groping among the rarest materials for poetry, but they have no idea of turning them to poetic use. Now every fragment from old times has, in some degree, its story with it, or gives an inkling of something characteristic of the circumstances and manners of its day, and so sets the imagination at work."

148. For my own part, I never met with antiquarian so delightful, either in his writings or his conversation; and the quiet subacid humor that was prone to mingle in his disquisitions, gave them, to me, a peculiar and exquisite flavor. But he seemed, in fact, to undervalue everything that concerned himself. The play of his genius was so easy that he was unconscious of its mighty power, and made light of those sports of intellect that shamed the efforts and labors of other minds.

149. Our ramble this morning took us again up the Rhymer's Glen, and by Huntley Bank, and Huntley Wood, and the silver waterfall overhung with weeping-birches and mountain-ashes, those delicate and beautiful trees which grace the green shaws and burnsides of Scotland. The heather, too, that closely-woven robe of Scottish landscape which covers

the nakedness of its hills and mountains, tinted the neighborhood with soft and rich colors. As we ascended the glen, the prospects opened upon us; Melrose, with its towers and pinnacles, lay below; beyond was the Eildon hills, the Cowden Knowes, the Tweed, the Galla Water, and all the storied vicinity; the whole landscape varied by gleams of sunshine and driving showers.

150. Scott, as usual, took the lead, limping along with great activity, and in joyous mood, giving scraps of border rhymes and border stories; two or three times in the course of our walk there were drizzling showers, which I supposed would put an end to our ramble, but my companions trudged on as unconcernedly as if it had been fine weather.

151. At length, I asked whether we had not better seek some shelter. "True," said Scott, "I did not recollect that you were not accustomed to our Scottish mists. This is a lachrymose climate, evermore showering. We, however, are children of the mist, and must not mind a little whimpering of the clouds any more than a man must mind the weeping of an hysterical wife. As you are not accustomed to be wet through, as a matter of course, in a morning's walk, we will bide a bit under the lee of this bank until the shower is over." Taking his seat under shelter of a thicket, he called to his man George for his tartan; then turning to me, "Come," said he, "come under my plaidy, as the old song goes;" so, making me nestle down beside him, he wrapped a part of the plaid round me, and took me, as he said, under his wing.

152. While we were thus nestled together, he pointed to a hole in the opposite bank of the glen. That, he said, was the hole of an old gray badger, who was, doubtless, snugly housed in this bad weather. Sometimes he saw him at the entrance of his hole, like a hermit at the door of his cell, telling his beads, or reading a homily. He had a great respect for the venerable anchorite, and would not suffer him to be disturbed. He was a kind of successor to Thomas the Rhymer, and perhaps might be Thomas himself returned from fairy land, but still under fairy spell.

153. Some accident turned the conversation upon Hogg,

the poet, in which Laidlaw, who was seated beside us, took a part. Hogg had once been a shepherd in the service of his father, and Laidlaw gave many interesting anecdotes of him, of which I now retain no recollection. They used to tend the sheep together when Laidlaw was a boy, and Hogg would recite the first struggling conceptions of his muse. At night, when Laidlaw was quartered comfortably in bed, in the farm-house, poor Hogg would take to the shepherd's hut, in the field on the hill-side, and there lie awake for hours together, and look at the stars and make poetry, which he would repeat the next day to his companion.

154. Scott spoke in warm terms of Hogg, and repeated passages from his beautiful poem of Kelmeny, to which he gave great and well-merited praise. He gave, also, some amusing anecdotes of Hogg and his publisher, Blackwood, who was at that time just rising into the bibliographical importance which he has since enjoyed.

155. Hogg, in one of his poems, I believe the "Pilgrims of the Sun," had dabbled a little in metaphysics, and, like his heroes, had got into the clouds. Blackwood, who began to affect criticism, argued stoutly with him as to the necessity of omitting or elucidating some obscure passage. Hogg was immovable.

156. "But, man," said Blackwood, "I dinna ken what ye mean in this passage." — "Hout tout, man," replied Hogg, impatiently, "I dinna ken always what I mean mysel'." There is many a metaphysical poet in the same predicament with honest Hogg.

157. Scott promised to invite the Shepherd to Abbotsford during my visit, and I anticipated much gratification in meeting with him, from the account I had received of his character and manners, and the great pleasure I had derived from his works. Circumstances, however, prevented Scott from performing his promise; and to my great regret I left Scotland without seeing one of its most original and national characters.

158. When the weather held up, we continued our walk until we came to a beautiful sheet of water, in the bosom of the

mountain, called, if I recollect right, the Lake of Cauldshiel. Scott prided himself much upon this little Mediterranean sea in his dominions, and hoped I was not too much spoiled by our great lakes in America to relish it. He proposed to take me out to the centre of it, to a fine point of view: for which purpose we embarked in a small boat, which had been put on the lake by his neighbor, Lord Somerville. As I was about to step on board, I observed in large letters on one of the benches, "Search No. 2." I paused for a moment and repeated the inscription aloud, trying to recollect something I had heard or read to which it alluded. "Pshaw," cried Scott, "it is only some of Lord Somerville's nonsense; — get in!" In an instant, scenes in the "Antiquary" connected with "Search No. 1," flashed upon my mind. "Ah! I remember now," said I, and with a laugh took my seat, but adverted no more to the circumstance.

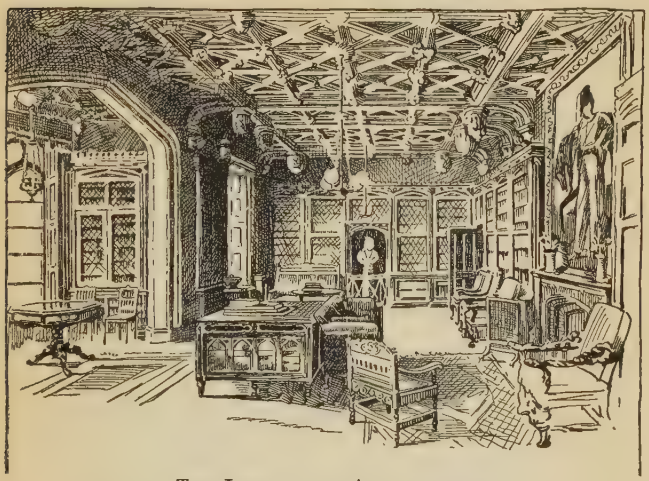
159. We had a pleasant row about the lake, which commanded some pretty scenery. The most interesting circumstance connected with it, however, according to Scott, was, that it was haunted by a bogle in the shape of a water-bull, which lived in the deep parts, and now and then came forth upon dry land and made a tremedous roaring, that shook the very hills. This story had been current in the vicinity from time immemorial; — there was a man living who declared he had seen the bull, — and he was believed by many of his simple neighbors. "I don't choose to contradict the tale," said Scott, "for I am willing to have my lake stocked with any fish, flesh, or fowl that my neighbors think proper to put into it; and these old wives' fables are a kind of property in Scotland that belong to the estates and go with the soil. Our streams and lochs are like the rivers and pools in Germany, that have all their Wasser-Nixen, or water-witches, and I have a fancy for this kind of amphibious bogles and hobgoblins."

160. Scott went on, after we had landed, to make many remarks, mingled with picturesque anecdotes concerning the fabulous beings with which the Scotch were apt to people the wild streams and lochs that occur in the solemn and lonely

scenes of their mountains; and to compare them with similar superstitions among the northern nations of Europe; but Scotland, he said, was above all other countries for this wild and vivid progeny of the fancy, from the nature of the scenery, the misty magnificence and vagueness of the climate, the wild and gloomy events of its history; the clannish divisions of its people; their local feelings, notions, and prejudices; the individuality of their dialect, in which all kinds of odd and peculiar notions were incorporated; by the secluded life of their mountaineers; the lonely habits of their pastoral people, much of whose time was passed on the solitary hill-sides; their traditional songs, which clothed every rock and stream with old-world stories, handed down from age to age, and generation to generation. The Scottish mind, he said, was made up of poetry and strong common sense; and the very strength of the latter gave perpetuity and luxuriance to the former. It was a strong tenacious soil, into which, when once a seed of poetry fell, it struck deep root and brought forth abundantly. "You will never weed these popular stories and songs and superstitions out of Scotland," said he. "It is not so much that the people believe in them, as that they delight in them. They belong to the native hills and streams of which they are fond, and to the history of their forefathers, of which they are proud."

161. "It would do your heart good," continued he, "to see a number of our poor country people seated round the ingle nook, which is generally capacious enough, and passing the long dark dreary winter nights listening to some old wife, or strolling gaberlunzie, dealing out auld-world stories about bogles and warlocks, or about raids and forays, and border skirmishes; or reciting some ballad stuck full of those fighting names that stir up a true Scotchman's blood like the sound of a trumpet. These traditional tales and ballads have lived for ages in mere oral circulation, being passed from father to son, or rather from grandam to grandchild, and are a kind of hereditary property of the poor peasantry, of which it would be hard to deprive them, as they have not circulating libraries to supply them with works of fiction in their place."

162. I do not pretend to give the precise words, but, as nearly as I can from scanty memorandums and vague recol-



THE LIBRARY AT ABBOTSFORD

lections, the leading ideas of Scott. I am constantly sensible, however, how far I fall short of his copiousness and richness.

163. He went on to speak of the elves and sprites, so frequent in Scottish legend. "Our fairies, however," said he, "though they dress in green, and gambol by moonlight about the banks, and shaws, and burnsides, are not such pleasant little folk as the English fairies, but are apt to bear more of the warlock in their natures, and to play spiteful tricks. When I was a boy, I used to look wistfully at the green hillocks that were said to be haunted by fairies, and felt sometimes as if I should like to lie down by them and sleep, and be carried off to Fairy Land, only that I did not like some of the cantrips which used now and then to be played off upon visitors."

164. Here Scott recounted, in graphic style, and with much humor, a little story which used to be current in the neighborhood, of an honest burgess of Selkirk, who, being at work upon the hill of Peatlaw, fell asleep upon one of these "fairy knowes," or hillocks. When he awoke, he rubbed his eyes and gazed about him with astonishment, for he was in the market-place of a great city, with a crowd of people bustling about him, not one of whom he knew. At length he accosted a bystander, and asked him the name of the place. "Hout, man," replied the other, "are ye in the heart o' Glasgow, and speer the name of it?" The poor man was astonished, and would not believe either ears or eyes; he insisted that he had laid down to sleep but half an hour before on the Peatlaw, near Selkirk. He came wellnigh being taken up for a madman, when, fortunately, a Selkirk man came by, who knew him, and took charge of him, and conducted him back to his native place. Here, however, he was likely to fare no better, when he spoke of having been whisked in his sleep from the Peatlaw to Glasgow. The truth of the matter at length came out: his coat, which he had taken off when at work on the Peatlaw, was found lying near a "fairy knowe"; and his bonnet, which was missing, was discovered on the weathercock of Lanark steeple. So it was as clear as day that he had been carried through the air by the fairies while he was sleeping, and his bonnet had been blown off by the way.

165. I give this little story but meagrely from a scanty memorandum; Scott has related it in somewhat different style in a note to one of his poems; but in narration these anecdotes derived their chief zest, from the quiet but delightful humor, the *bonhommie* with which he seasoned them, and the sly glance of the eye from under his bushy eyebrows, with which they were accompanied.

166. That day at dinner we had Mr. Laidlaw and his wife, and a female friend who accompanied them. The latter was a very intelligent, respectable person, about the middle age, and was treated with particular attention and courtesy by Scott.

Our dinner was a most agreeable one; for the guests were evidently cherished visitors to the house, and felt that they were appreciated.

167. When they were gone, Scott spoke of them in the most cordial manner. "I wished to show you," said he, "some of our really excellent, plain Scotch people; not fine gentlemen and ladies, for such you can meet everywhere, and they are everywhere the same. The character of a nation is not to be learnt from its fine folks."

168. He then went on with a particular elogium on the lady who had accompanied the Laidlaws. She was the daughter, he said, of a poor country clergyman, who had died in debt and left her an orphan and destitute. Having had a good plain education, she immediately set up a child's school, and had soon a numerous flock under her care, by which she earned a decent maintenance. That, however, was not her main object. Her first care was to pay off her father's debts, that no ill word or ill will might rest upon his memory. This, by dint of Scottish economy, backed by filial reverence and pride, she accomplished, though in the effort she subjected herself to every privation. Not content with this, she in certain instances refused to take pay for the tuition of the children of some of her neighbors, who had befriended her father in his need, and had since fallen into poverty. "In a word," added Scott, "she is a fine old Scotch girl; and I delight in her, more than in many a fine lady I have known, — and I have known many of the finest."

169. It is time, however, to draw this rambling narrative to a close. Several days were passed by me, in the way I have attempted to describe, in almost constant, familiar, and joyous conversation with Scott; it was as if I were admitted to a social communion with Shakspeare, for it was with one of a kindred, if not equal genius. Every night I retired with my mind filled with delightful recollections of the day, and every morning I rose with the certainty of new enjoyment. The days thus spent I shall ever look back to as among the very happiest of my life, for I was conscious at the time of being happy.

170. The only sad moment that I experienced at Abbotsford was that of my departure; but it was cheered with the prospect of soon returning; for I had promised, after making a tour in the Highlands, to come and pass a few more days on the banks of the Tweed, when Scott intended to invite Hogg the poet to meet me. I took a kind farewell of the family, with each of whom I had been highly pleased; if I have refrained from dwelling particularly on their several characters, and giving anecdotes of them individually, it is because I consider them shielded by the sanctity of domestic life: Scott, on the contrary, belongs to history. As he accompanied me on foot, however, to a small gate on the confines of his premises, I could not refrain from expressing the enjoyment I had experienced in his domestic circle, and passing some warm eulogiums on the young folks from whom I had just parted. I shall never forget his reply. "They have kind hearts," said he, "and that is the main point as to human happiness. They love one another, poor things, which is everything in domestic life. The best wish I can make you, my friend," added he, laying his hand upon my shoulder, "is, that when you return to your own country you may get married, and have a family of young bairns about you. If you are happy, there they are to share your happiness — and if you are otherwise — there they are to comfort you."

171. By this time we had reached the gate, when he halted, and took my hand. "I will not say farewell," said he, "for it is always a painful word, but I will say, come again. When you have made your tour to the Highlands, come here and give me a few more days — but come when you please, you will always find Abbotsford open to you, and a hearty welcome."

172. I have thus given, in a rude style, my main recollections of what occurred during my sojourn at Abbotsford, and I feel mortified that I can give but such meagre, scattered, and colorless details of what was so copious, rich, and varied. During several days that I passed there, Scott was in admirable vein. From early morn until dinner time he was rambling about, showing me the neighborhood, and during

dinner, and until late at night, engaged in social conversation. No time was reserved for himself; he seemed as if his only occupation was to entertain me; and yet I was almost an entire stranger to him, one of whom he knew nothing but an idle book I had written, and which, some years before, had amused him. But such was Scott — he appeared to have nothing to do but lavish his time, attention, and conversation on those around. It was difficult to imagine what time he found to write those volumes that were incessantly issuing from the press; all of which, too, were of a nature to require reading and research. I could not find that his life was ever otherwise than a life of leisure and hap-hazard recreation, such as it was during my visit. He scarce ever balked a party of pleasure, or a sporting excursion, and rarely pleaded his own concerns as an excuse for rejecting those of others. During my visit I heard of other visitors who had preceded me, and who must have kept him occupied for many days, and I have had an opportunity of knowing the course of his daily life for some time subsequently. Not long after my departure from Abbotsford, my friend Wilkie arrived there, to paint a picture of the Scott family. He found the house full of guests. Scott's whole time was taken up in riding and driving about the country, or in social conversation at home. "All this time," said Wilkie to me, "I did not presume to ask Mr. Scott to sit for his portrait, for I saw he had not a moment to spare; I waited for the guests to go away, but as fast as one went another arrived, and so it continued for several days, and with each set he was completely occupied. At length all went off, and we were quiet. I thought, however, Mr. Scott will now shut himself up among his books and papers, for he has to make up for lost time; it won't do for me to ask him now to sit for his picture. Laidlaw, who managed his estate, came in, and Scott turned to him, as I supposed, to consult about business. 'Laidlaw,' said he, 'to-morrow morning we'll go across the water and take the dogs with us: there's a place where I think we shall be able to find a hare.'

173. "In short," added Wilkie, "I found that instead of business, he was thinking only of amusement, as if he had

nothing in the world to occupy him; so I no longer feared to intrude upon him."

174. The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque, and dramatic. During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect, nor display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture; he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels; and it seemed to me, that, during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

175. He was as good a listener as talker, appreciating everything that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but was perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said, folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

176. It was delightful to observe the generous spirit in which he spoke of all his literary contemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works, and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at vari-

ance in literature or politics. Jeffrey, it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

177. His humor in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of

THE ABBOTSFORD FAMILY IN 1817
After the painting by Sir David Wilkie

faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of *bonhommie* to Scott's humor throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow-beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights, but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.

178. Such is a rough sketch of Scott, as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did a human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administrating to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still regard his works as a treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveller in a waste looks to a green spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contribution of abler hands.

THE STUDY OF RIP VAN WINKLE

PRELIMINARY NOTE

IRVING'S essays often approach the narrative form; his stories, in turn, are often in the first part no more than narrative essays. In them, he follows his usual custom, beginning with general description, going on, presently, to particulars of time, place, special interest, etc. Afterward, he takes up in order the persons who are to appear in the story, giving first a description of appearance and character, then an account of manner of life, peculiarities, and relations with neighbors and friends. The real story begins only when Irving has finished all preliminaries and described in detail place, persons, and antecedent story; the particular incident is then introduced as an illustration of the general and habitual course of life described before.

Irving himself recognized the moment of transition from preliminary narrative to the real action, or plot of his story, and invariably marked the change by assuming a definite time as a beginning, and by dropping the historical past of customary action and using the past of direct narrative. In "Rip Van Winkle," the real story begins ". . . on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously," etc. The story of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" begins, "On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod . . . sat enthroned," etc.

Irving's way of telling a story is in marked contrast with the literary conventions of the present day, when readers are plunged at once *in medias res*, with slight clue to incidental matters or antecedent story, while essential preliminaries, if given at all, must be introduced later, as occasion offers. The effectiveness of a very simple incident, told in the earlier manner, is due in great part to the careful preliminary descriptions which create background and atmosphere for the reader, so that scenes and persons appearing in the story are already familiar and associated with the homely, simple facts of real life on which sympathy and interest depend.

The following discussion of the art of story telling, from a letter written by Irving in 1824, is especially pertinent to the tales published in "The Sketch-Book":—

". . . I fancy much of what I value myself upon in writing, escapes the observation of the great mass of my readers, who are intent more upon the story than the way in which it is told. For my part, I consider

a story merely as a frame on which to stretch my materials. It is the play of thought, and sentiment, and language; the weaving in of characters, lightly, yet expressively delineated; the familiar and faithful exhibition of scenes in common life; and the half-concealed vein of humor that is often playing through the whole,— these are among what I aim at, and upon which I felicitate myself in proportion as I think I succeed. I have preferred adopting the mode of sketches and short tales rather than long works, because I choose to take a line of writing peculiar to myself, rather than fall into the manner or school of any other writer; and there is a constant activity of thought and a nicety of execution required in writings of the kind, more than the world appears to imagine. It is comparatively easy to swell a story to any size when you have once the scheme and the characters in your mind; the mere interest of the story, too, carries the reader on through pages and pages of careless writing, and the author may often be dull for half a volume at a time, if he has some striking scene at the end of it; but in these shorter writings, every page must have its merit. The author must be continually piquant; woe to him if he makes an awkward sentence or writes a stupid page; the critics are sure to pounce upon it. Yet if he succeed, the very variety and piquancy of his writings — nay, their very brevity, make them frequently recurred to, and when the mere interest of the story is exhausted, he begins to get credit for his touches of pathos or humor; his points of wit or turns of language. I give these as some of the reasons that have induced me to keep on thus far in the way I had opened for myself; because I find . . . that you are joining in the oft-repeated advice that I should write a novel. I believe the works that I have written will be oftener reread than any novel of the size that I could have written. It is true other writers have crowded into the same branch of literature, and I now begin to find myself elbowed by men who have followed my footsteps; but at any rate I have had the merit of adopting a line for myself, instead of following others."

— Life and Letters, II, pp. 51–2.

The following selections from Irving's works or letters have an intimate relation to the scenes and story of Rip Van Winkle. The description of travel on the Hudson river is, besides, of great interest as a picture of life in the United States in early days, before the great changes brought about by modern invention. The legend of "The Storm Ship," taken from "Dolph Heyliger," might have been written as an introduction to the story of Rip Van Winkle, and as such it is reprinted here. The suggestion that the phantom ship might be the *Half-moon* bearing the veritable Hendrick Hudson and his crew to their periodical revels in the Kaatskili mountains foreshadows Rip's strange adventure.

Human instinct seeks a local habitation for each story or tradition,— for the twenty-year long sleep of Rip Van Winkle, no less than for the inn at the foot of the mountains. Irving explored the scenes of his own story for the first time in 1833. Later, he received a letter from a young lad of the village of

Catskill, who inquired about the localities of the story. His answer may be read in "Life and Letters," II., p. 281.

It seems to have been Irving's thought that the green knoll overlooking the lowlands and the Hudson, the dry bed of the mountain stream, and the opening through the cliffs should have no more definite location for the reader than in the hazy brain of the bewildered Rip when he awakened. Guides, however, have gone about the business of satisfying the curious, and if you visit the Catskills you will be shown the plateau where Rip came upon the "company of odd looking personages playing at ninepins"; and farther down, near the mountain path, you will discover the very rock upon which Rip was deposited by the phantom crew for his long sleep, and see the indentations where his shoulders rested! D.

Reminiscences of Irving's First Voyage up the Hudson

From an article called "The Kaatskill Mountains," written by Irving in 1851.

My first voyage up the Hudson was made in early boyhood, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had annihilated time and space, and driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage to Albany then, was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and took almost as much time. We enjoyed the beauties of the river in those days; the features of nature were not all jumbled together, nor the towns and villages huddled one into the other by railroad speed as they now are.

I was to make the voyage under the protection of a relative of mature age — one experienced in the river. His first care was to look out for a favorite sloop and captain, in which there was great choice.

The constant voyaging in the river craft by the best families of New York and Albany, made the merits of captains and sloops matters of notoriety and discussion in both cities. The captains were mediums of communication between separated friends and families. On the arrival of one of them at either place he had messages to deliver and commissions to execute which took him from house to house. Some of the ladies of the family had, peradventure, made a voyage on board of his sloop, and experienced from him that protecting care which is always remembered with gratitude by female passengers.

In this way the captains of Albany sloops were personages of more note in the community than captains of European packets or steamships at the present day. A sloop was at length chosen; but she had yet to complete her freight and secure a sufficient number of passengers. Days were consumed in "drumming up" a cargo. This was a tormenting delay to me who was about to make my first voyage, and who, boy-like, had packed up my trunk on the first mention of the expedition. How often that trunk had to be unpacked and repacked before we sailed!

. . . At length the sloop actually got under way. As she worked slowly out of the dock into the stream, there was a great exchange of last words between friends on board and friends on shore, and much waving of handkerchiefs when the sloop was out of hearing.

Our captain was a worthy man, native of Albany, of one of the old Dutch stocks. His crew was composed of blacks, reared in the family and belonging to him, for negro slavery still existed in the State. All his communications with them were in Dutch. They were obedient to his orders; though they occasionally had much previous discussion of the wisdom of them, and were sometimes positive in maintaining an opposite opinion. This was especially the case with an old gray-headed negro, who had sailed with the captain's father when the captain was a mere boy, and who was very crabbed and conceited on points of seamanship. I observed that the captain generally let him have his own way.

. . . What a time of intense delight was that first sail through the Highlands! I sat on the deck as we slowly tided along at the foot of those stern mountains, and gazed with wonder and admiration at cliffs impending far above me, crowned with forests, with eagles sailing and screaming around them; or listened to the unseen stream dashing down precipices; or beheld rock, and tree, and cloud, and sky reflected in the glassy stream of the river. And then how solemn and thrilling the scene as we anchored at night at the foot of these mountains, clothed with overhanging forests; and everything grew dark and mysterious; and I heard the plaintive note of the whip-poor-will from the mountain-side, or was startled now and then by the sudden leap and heavy splash of the sturgeon.

. . . But of all the scenery of the Hudson, the Kaatskill

mountains had the most witching effect on my boyish imagination. Never shall I forget the effect upon me of the first view of them predominating over a wide extent of country, part wild, woody, and rugged; part softened away into all the graces of cultivation. As we slowly floated along, I lay on the deck and watched them through a long summer's day, undergoing a thousand mutations under the magical effects of atmosphere; sometimes seeming to approach, at other times to recede; now almost melting into hazy distance, now burnished by the setting sun, until, in the evening, they printed themselves against the glowing sky in the deep purple of an Italian landscape.

In the foregoing pages I have given the reader my first voyaging amid Hudson scenery. It has been my lot, in the course of a somewhat wandering life, to see some of the rivers of the old world most renowned in history and song, yet none have been able to efface or dim the pictures of my native stream thus early stamped upon my memory. My heart would ever revert to them with a filial feeling, and a recurrence of the joyous associations of boyhood; and such recollections are, in fact, the true fountains of youth which keep the heart from growing old.

To me the Hudson is full of storied associations, connected as it is with some of the happiest portions of my life. Each striking feature brings to mind some early adventure or enjoyment; some favorite companion who shared it with me; some fair object, perchance, of youthful admiration, who, like a star, may have beamed her allotted time and passed away.

— LIFE AND LETTERS, I, pp. 17–20.

THE CATSKILL MOUNTAINS

From "Biographies and Miscellanies," edited after Irving's death, by Pierre M. Irving.

The Catskill, Kaatskill, or Cat River mountains derived their name, in the time of the Dutch domination, from the catamounts by which they were infested; and which, with the bear, the wolf, and the deer, are still to be found in some of their most difficult recesses. The interior of these mountains is in the highest degree wild and romantic. Here are rocky precipices mantled with primeval forests; deep gorges walled

in by beetling cliffs, with torrents tumbling as it were from the sky; and savage glens rarely trodden excepting by the hunter. With all this internal rudeness, the aspect of these mountains towards the Hudson at times is eminently bland and beautiful, sloping down into a country softened by cultivation, and bearing much of the rich character of Italian scenery about the skirts of the Apennines.

The Catskills form an advanced post or lateral spur of the great Alleghanian or Appalachian system of mountains which sweeps through the interior of our continent, from southwest to northeast, from Alabama to the extremity of Maine, for nearly fourteen hundred miles, belting the whole of our original confederacy, and rivalling our great system of lakes in extent and grandeur. Its vast ramifications comprise a number of parallel chains and lateral groups; such as the Cumberland mountains, the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, the Delaware and Lehigh, the Highlands of the Hudson, the Green mountains of Vermont and the White mountains of New Hampshire. In many of these vast ranges or sierras, Nature still reigns in indomitable wildness; their rocky ridges, their rugged clefts and defiles, teem with magnificent vegetation.

Here are locked up mighty forests that have never been invaded by the axe; deep umbrageous valleys where the virgin soil has never been outraged by the plough; bright streams flowing in untasked idleness, unburdened by commerce, unchecked by the mill-dam. This mountain zone is in fact the great poetical region of our country; resisting, like the tribes which once inhabited it, the taming hand of cultivation; and maintaining a hallowed ground for fancy and the Muses. It is a magnificent and all-pervading feature, that might have given our country a name, and a poetical one, had not the all-controlling powers of commonplace determined otherwise.

The Catskill mountains, as I have observed, maintain all the internal wildness of the labyrinth of mountains with which they are connected. Their detached position, overlooking a wide lowland region, with the majestic Hudson rolling through it, has given them a distinct character, and rendered them at all times a rallying point for romance and fable. Much of the fanciful associations with which they have been clothed may be owing to their being peculiarly subject to those beautiful atmospherical effects which con-

stitute one of the great charms of Hudson river scenery. To me they have ever been the fairy region of the Hudson. I speak, however, from early impressions, made in the happy days of boyhood, when all the world had a tinge of fairyland. I shall never forget my first view of these mountains. It was in the course of a voyage up the Hudson, in the good old times before steamboats and railroads had driven all poetry and romance out of travel. A voyage up the Hudson in those days was equal to a voyage to Europe at present, and cost almost as much time; but we enjoyed the river then; we, relished it as we did our wine, sip by sip, not as at present, gulping all down at a draught, without tasting it. My whole voyage up the Hudson was full of wonder and romance. I was a lively boy, somewhat imaginative, of easy faith, and prone to relish everything that partook of the marvellous. Among the passengers on board of the sloop was a veteran Indian trader, on his way to the lakes to traffic with the natives. He had discovered my propensity, and amused himself throughout the voyage by telling me Indian legends and grotesque stories about every noted place on the river, — such as Spuyten Devil creek, the Tappan sea, the Devil's Dans Kammer, and other hobgoblin places. The Catskill mountains especially called forth a host of fanciful traditions. We were all day slowly tiding along in sight of them, so that he had full time to weave his whimsical narratives. In these mountains, he told me, according to Indian belief, was kept the great treasury of storm and sunshine for the region of the Hudson. An old squaw spirit had charge of it, who dwelt on the highest peak of the mountain. Here she kept Day and Night shut up in her wigwam, letting out only one of them at a time. She made new moons every month, and hung them up in the sky cutting up the old ones into stars. The great Manitou, or master-spirit, employed her to manufacture clouds; sometimes she wove them out of cobwebs, gossamers, and morning dew, and sent them off flake after flake, to float in the air and give light summer showers. Sometimes she would brew up black thunder-storms, and send down drenching rains to swell the streams and sweep everything away. He had many stories, also, about mischievous spirits who infested the mountains in the shape of animals, and played all kinds of pranks upon Indian hunters, decoying them into quagmires and morasses, or to the brinks of torrents and

precipices. All these were doled out to me as I lay on the deck throughout a long summer's day, gazing upon these mountains, the everchanging shapes and hues of which appeared to realize the magical influences in question. Sometimes they seemed to approach; at others to recede; during the heat of the day they almost melted into a sultry haze; as the day declined they deepened in tone; their summits were brightened by the last rays of the sun, and later in the evening their whole outline was printed in deep purple against an amber sky. As I beheld them thus shifting continually before my eyes, and listened to the marvellous legends of the trader, a host of fanciful notions concerning them was conjured into my brain, which have haunted it ever since.

As to the Indian superstitions concerning the treasury of storms and sunshine, and the cloud-weaving spirits, they may have been suggested by the atmospherical phenomena of these mountains, the clouds which gather round their summits, and the thousand aerial effects which indicate the changes of weather over a great extent of country. They are epitomes of our variable climate, and are stamped with all its vicissitudes. And here let me say a word in favor of those vicissitudes which are too often made the subject of exclusive repining. If they annoy us occasionally by changes from hot to cold, from wet to dry, they give us one of the most beautiful climates in the world. They give us the brilliant sunshine of the south of Europe, with the fresh verdure of the north. They float our summer sky with clouds of gorgeous tints or fleecy whiteness, and send down cooling showers to refresh the panting earth and keep it green. Our seasons are all poetical; the phenomena of our heavens are full of sublimity and beauty. Winter with us has none of its proverbial gloom. It may have its howling winds, and thrilling frosts, and whirling snowstorms; but it has also its long intervals of cloudless sunshine, when the snow-clad earth gives redoubled brightness to the day; when at night the stars beam with intense lustre, or the moon floods the whole landscape with her most limpid radiance; — and then the joyous outbreak of our spring, bursting at once into leaf and blossom, redundant with vegetation and vociferous with life! — And the splendors of our summer, — its morning voluptuousness and evening glory; its airy palaces of sun-gilt clouds piled up in a deep azure sky, and its gusts of tempest of almost tropical

grandeur, when the forked lightning and the bellowing thunder volley from the battlements of heaven and shake the sultry atmosphere, — and the sublime melancholy of our autumn, magnificent in its decay, withering down the pomp and pride of a woodland country, yet reflecting back from its yellow forests the golden serenity of the sky: — surely we may say that in our climate, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth forth his handiwork: day unto day uttereth speech; and night unto night showeth knowledge."

A word more concerning the Catskills. It is not the Indians only to whom they have been a kind of wonder-land. In the early times of the Dutch dynasty we find them themes of golden speculation among even the sages of New Amsterdam.

[Here follows the story of Kieft's disastrous attempts to find gold in these mountains. — D.]

. . . In 1649, about two years after the shipwreck of Wilhelmus Kieft, there was again a rumor of precious metals in these mountains. Mynheer Brant Arent Van Slechtenhorst, agent of the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck, had purchased in behalf of the Patroon a tract of the Catskill lands, and leased it out in farms. A Dutch lass in the household of one of the farmers found one day a glittering substance, which, on being examined, was pronounced silver ore. Brant Van Slechtenhorst forthwith sent his son from Rensselaerswyck to explore the mountains in quest of the supposed mines. The young man put up in the farmer's house, which had recently been erected on the margin of a mountain stream. Scarcely was he housed when a furious storm burst forth on the mountains. The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed, the rain came down in cataracts; the stream was suddenly swollen to a furious torrent thirty feet deep; the farmhouse and all its contents were swept away, and it was only by dint of excellent swimming that young Slechtenhorst saved his own life and the lives of his horses. Shortly after this a feud broke out between Peter Stuyvesant and the Patroon of Rensselaerswyck on account of the right and title to the Catskill mountains, in the course of which the elder Slechtenhorst was taken captive by the Potentate of the New Netherlands and thrown in prison at New Amsterdam.

In July, 1832, Irving visited for the first time the scene of his story of Rip Van Winkle. He writes of this visit to his brother Peter:—

". . . From thence we took steamboat, and in a few hours were landed at Catskill, where a stage-coach was in waiting, and whirled us twelve miles up among the mountains to a fine hotel built on the very brow of a precipice and commanding one of the finest prospects in the world. We remained here until the next day, visiting the waterfall, glen, etc., that are pointed out as the veritable haunts of Rip Van Winkle. . . .

". . . The wild scenery of these mountains outdoes all my conception of it."

"'I have little doubt,' writes Peter in reply, 'but some curious travellers will yet find some of the bones of his dog, if they can but hit upon the veritable spot of his long sleep.'"

—Life and Letters, II, p. 256.

In July of the next year, Irving repeated the curious experience of localizing his own imaginary scenes. On his way down the river he passed a day in the neighborhood of Kingston, and explored for the first time the old Dutch villages there and the scenes of his story.

—Life and Letters, II, p. 280.

RIP VAN WINKLE

A POSTHUMOUS WRITING OF DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

By Woden, God of Saxons,
From whence comes Wensday, that is Wodensday.
Truth is a thing that ever I will keep
Unto thylke day in which I creep into
My sepulchre —— —CARTWRIGHT.

[The following Tale was found among the papers of the late Diedrich Knickerbocker, an old gentleman of New York, who was very curious in the Dutch history of the province, and the manners of the descendants from its primitive settlers. His historical researches, however, did not lie so much among books as among men; for the former are lamentably scanty on his favorite topics; whereas he found the old burghers, and still more their wives, rich in that legendary lore so invaluable to true history. Whenever, therefore, he happened upon a genuine Dutch family, snugly shut up in its low-roofed farmhouse, under a spreading sycamore, he looked upon it as a little clapsed volume of black-letter, and studied it with the zeal of a bookworm.

The result of all these researches was a history of the province during the reign of the Dutch governors, which he published some years since. There have been various opinions as to the literary character of his work, and, to tell the truth, it is not a whit better than it should be. Its chief merit is its scrupulous accuracy, which indeed was a little questioned on its first appearance, but has since been completely established; and is now admitted into all historical collections as a book of unquestionable authority.

The old gentleman died shortly after the publication of his work; and now that he is dead and gone, it cannot do much harm to his memory to say that his time might have been much better employed in weightier labors. He, however, was apt to ride his hobby his own way; and though it did now and then kick up the dust a little in the eyes of his neighbors, and grieve the spirit of some friends, for whom he felt the truest deference and affection, yet his errors and follies are remembered "more in sorrow than in anger," and it begins to be suspected that he never intended to injure or offend. But however his memory may be appreciated by critics, it is still held dear by many folks whose good opinion is well worth having; particularly by certain biscuit-bakers, who have gone so far as to imprint his likeness on their New-Year cakes; and have thus given him a chance for immortality, almost equal to the being stamped on a Waterloo Medal, or a Queen Anne's Farthing.]

1. Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Kaatskill mountains. They are a dismembered

branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

2. At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village, of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant, (may he rest in peace!) and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

3. In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived, many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor, and an obedient, hen-pecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for

those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad, who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain-

"He was a Great Favorite among all the Children"
From a drawing by F. O. C. Darley

lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

4. Certain it is, that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings,

taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

5. The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor in even the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

6. In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

7. His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old

clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

8. Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house — the only side which, in truth, belongs to a hen-pecked husband.

9. Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much hen-pecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods; but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

10. Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to

console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

11. The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

12. From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of

this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

13. Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face; and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

14. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

15. On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

16. As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a

distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" — at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be some one of the neighborhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

17. On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion, — a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist — several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the

THE GAME OF NINEPINS

bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marvelled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

18. On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar: one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting, in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

19. What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that, though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

20. As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the

contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

21. By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

22. On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes — it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor — the mountain ravine — the wild retreat among the rocks — the woe-begone party at ninepins — the flagon — "Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip, — "what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

23. He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

24. He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain

beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen: he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON AS RIP VAN WINKLE
From a photograph by Sarony

25. At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? the morning was passing away, and Rip

felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

26. As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

27. He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors — strange faces at the windows — everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill mountains — there ran the silver Hudson at a distance — there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed. "That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

28. It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay — the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his

teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

29. He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness over-

"My very Dog has forgotten Me!"
From a drawing by F. O. C. Darley

came all his connubial fears — he called loudly for his wife and children — the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

30. He now hurried forth, and hastened to his old resort, the village inn — but it too was gone. A large rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared

a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes; — all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

31. There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of hand-bills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens —elections — members of congress — liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six — and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

32. The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired "On which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear, "Whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with

one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "What brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels; and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?" — "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

33. Here a general shout burst from the by-standers — "A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit, what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well — who are they? — name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

34. There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice, "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point — others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know — he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in congress."

35. Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war — congress — Stony Point — he had

no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

36. Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

37. "God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself — I'm somebody else — that's me yonder — no — that's somebody else got into my shoes — I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

38. The by-standers began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since, — his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

39. Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"I'M NOT MYSELF — THAT'S ME YONDER"
From a engraving by R. Westall, R. A.

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a bloodvessel in a fit of passion at a New-England peddler."

40. There was a drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he — "Young Rip Van Winkle once —

old Rip Van Winkle now! — Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

41. All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle — it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

42. Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks: and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head — upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

43. It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls, like distant peals of thunder.

44. To make a long story short, the company broke up and returned to the more important concerns of the elec-

tion. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

45. Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

46. Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war, — that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England, — and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was — petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

47. He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled

down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all hen-pecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

NOTE

The foregoing Tale, one would suspect, had been suggested to Mr. Knickerbocker by a little German superstition about the Emperor Frederick *der Rothbart*, and the Kypphäuser mountain: the subjoined note, however, which he had appended to the tale, shows that it is an absolute fact, narrated with his usual fidelity.

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvellous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when last I saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point, that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

"D. K."

POSTSCRIPT

The following are travelling notes from a memorandum-book of Mr. Knickerbocker.

The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting-seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, likes flakes of carded

cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red men. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead the bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way, penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day; being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaters-kill.

THE STUDY OF THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

PRELIMINARY NOTE

IRVING says of this story, "It is a random thing suggested by recollections of scenes and stories about Tarrytown. The story is a mere whimsical band to connect descriptions of scenery, customs," etc. The frame-work of the story was suggested to Irving by a "waggish fiction of one Brom Bones," who, as the story ran, used to boast "of having once met the devil, on a return from some nocturnal frolic, and run a race with him for a bowl of milk punch." The schoolmaster was drawn from a living original. In 1817, after the death of his fiancée, Irving went to Kinderhook and spent two months with a friend of the family, Judge William P. Van Ness. In this quaint isolated village, he found Jesse Merwin and an old-fashioned school. For the rest, local traditions of the headless horseman and intimate knowledge from boyhood of the region lying between Sleepy Hollow and the Tappan Zee, furnished forth the author. In a few hours he scribbled off the first draft of his renowned story and immediately read it to his sister and to the brother-in-law who had given the suggestion. The story was written, and afterwards expanded, in England, far from the scenes described, but they were imprinted upon a faithful memory, and the printed page calls up the most vivid pictures of the natural features of the land of Sleepy Hollow.

In the neighborhood of the old Dutch church in Sleepy Hollow, local authorities believe that Jesse Merwin originally presided over the sturdy little Dutch urchins that flocked to the log schoolhouse, with the birch tree conveniently near. They deny the description of Ichabod, however, and assert that the real schoolmaster who fled to Kinderhook, and there lived out his days, was stout and ruddy after the manner of his race.

A letter received in 1851, was indorsed in Irving's own hand, "From Jesse Merwin, the original of Ichabod Crane." Irving's reply is full of interest and may be found in "Life and Letters," III, pp. 186–187.

The story of the Headless Horseman is an old one and has taken on many forms and been localized in many different regions. In Germany, he is the "Wild Huntsman," who was originally no other than Wuotan.

The description of Ichabod's ride suggests the ride of Tam O'Shanter when his gray Meg "skelpit on through dub and mire, to gain the keystone of the brig, for a running stream

they dare not cross." The Scotsman crooned an auld Scot's sonnet; the schoolmaster whistled, or broke into a psalm tune. Every stone and ford, or whin, or cairn along poor Tam's path had its own lurking ghaist or bogie, and his beast stood right sair astonished, till by hand and heel admonished, she ventured forward. Ichabod saw no dance of the witches, but his excited fancy peopled the shadows along the way and turned the soughing of the wind, or the rubbing of one bough upon another, into sighs and groans. In the end, Tam bestrode the middle of the stream in the very moment of greatest peril and so was safe; but alas, for Ichabod! the headless demon on his trail knew nothing of the old prohibition, and so misfortune befell him.

D.

MAP OF TARRYTOWN

Dark lines represent old roads (18th century).
Light lines represent new roads (19th century).
Dotted lines represent private roads.

The figures denote the sites of interest as follows: —

1. Old Manor House ("Filypse's Castle").
2. Old Grain Mill, built about 1683–4.
3. Old Dutch Church of Sleepy Hollow.
4. Site of Ancient Saw Mill.
5. Site of Sleepy Hollow Schoolhouse.
6. David's House, visited by Washington.
7. The André Captors' Monument.
8. Site of Old Mott House (Katrina Van Tassel's).
9. Site of Couenhoven House, afterwards Martin Smith's Tavern.
10. "Tommy" Dean's Store and other Old Houses.
11. Westchester County Savings Bank.
12. Herrick's Castle. Now used as a School.
13. Christ Church, of which Mr. Irving was a Warden.
14. Old Martling House.
15. Site of Paulding and Martling Houses.

16–17. Revolutionary Redoubts.

The Origin of the Spell Prevailing in the Vale of the Pocantico

The eastern shore of Tappan Sea was inhabited in those days by an unsophisticated race existing in all the simplicity of nature; that is to say, they lived by hunting and fishing, and recreated themselves occasionally with a little tomahawking and scalping. Each stream that flows down from the hills into the Hudson had its petty sachem, who ruled over a hand-breadth of forest on either side, and had his seat of government at its mouth. The sachem who ruled at the Roost had a great passion for discussing territorial questions and settling boundary lines. This kept him in continual feud with the neighboring sachems, each of whom stood up stoutly for his hand-breadth of territory; so that there is not a petty stream or rugged hill in the neighborhood that has not been the subject of long talks and hard battles. With the powerful sachem of O-sin-sing the struggle was particularly long and bitter, but in the end the sachem of the Roost was victorious. He was not merely a great warrior but a medicine man, or prophet, or conjuror, as well, and Indian tradition has it that in extremity he resorted to a powerful medicine or charm by which he laid the sachem of Sing Sing and his warriors asleep among the rocks and recesses of the valleys, where they remain asleep to the present day, with their bows and war clubs beside them. This was the origin of that potent and drowsy spell which still prevails over the valley of the Pocantico and which has gained it the well-merited appellation of Sleepy Hollow. Often in secluded and quiet parts of that valley, where the stream is over-hung by dark woods and rocks, the ploughman on some calm and sunny day, as he shouts to his oxen, is surprised at hearing faint shouts from the hillsides in reply; being, it is said, the spell-bound warriors, who half start from their rocky couches and grasp their weapons, but sink to sleep again.

Condensed from Wolfert's Roost, *and given as nearly as possible in the words of the author.* H. A. D.

The Rough Riders of Sleepy Hollow[1]

The Roost stood in the very heart of what at that time was called the debatable ground, lying between the British and American lines. The British held possession of the city and island of New York; while the Americans drew up towards the Highlands, holding their headquarters at Peekskill. The intervening country from Croton River to Spiting Devil Creek was the debatable ground in question, liable to be harried by friend and foe, like the Scottish borders of yore.

It is a rugged region, full of fastnesses. A line of rocky hills extends through it like a backbone, sending out ribs on either side; but these rude hills are for the most part richly wooded, and enclose little fresh pastoral valleys watered by the Neperan, the Pocantico, and other beautiful streams, along which the Indians built their wigwams in the olden time.

In the fastnesses of these hills, and along these valleys, existed in the time of which I am treating, and indeed exist to the present day, a race of hard-headed, hard-handed, stout-hearted yeomen, descendants of the primitive Nederlanders. Men obstinately attached to the soil, and neither to be fought nor bought out of their paternal acres. Most of them were strong Whigs throughout the war; some, however, were Tories, or adherents to the old kingly rule, who considered the revolution a mere rebellion, soon to be put down by his Majesty's forces. A number of these took refuge within the British lines, joined the military bands of refugees, and become pioneers or leaders to foraging parties sent out from New York to scour the country and sweep off supplies for the British army.

In a little while the debatable ground became infested by roving bands, claiming from either side, and all pretending to redress wrongs and punish political offences; but all prone in the exercise of their high functions — to sack hen-roosts, drive off cattle, and lay farmhouses under contribution; such was the origin of two great orders of border chivalry, the

[1] Irving uses the phrase "Rough riders" of "Brom Bones and his gang" in paragraph 31. The descriptions in 26 seem reminiscent of the confederacy of yeomen formed in the neighborhood of the Roost to suppress the Skinners and the Cow Boys.

Skinners and the Cow Boys, famous in revolutionary story: the former fought, or rather marauded, under the American, the latter, under the British banner. In the zeal of service, both were apt to make blunders, and confound the property of friend and foe. Neither of them in the heat and hurry of a foray had time to ascertain the politics of a horse or cow, which they were driving off into captivity; nor, when they wrung the neck of a rooster, did they trouble their heads whether he crowed for Congress or King George.

To check these enormities, a confederacy was formed among the yeomanry who had suffered from these maraudings. It was composed for the most part of farmers' sons, bold, hard-riding lads, well armed, and well mounted, and undertook to clear the country round of Skinner and Cow Boy, and all other border vermin, as the Holy Brotherhood in old times cleared Spain of the banditti which infested her highways.

Wolfert's Roost was one of the rallying places of this confederacy, and Jacob Van Tassel one of its members. He was eminently fitted for the service; stout of frame, bold of heart, and like his predecessor, the warrior sachem of yore, delighting in daring enterprises. He had an Indian's sagacity in discovering when the enemy was on the maraud, and in hearing the distant tramp of cattle. It seemed as if he had a scout on every hill, and an ear as quick as that of Fine Ear in the fairy tale.

The foraging parties of Tories and refugees had now to be secret and sudden in their forays into Westchester County; to make a hasty maraud among the farms, sweep the cattle into a drove, and hurry down to the lines along the river road, or the valley of the Neperan. Before they were half-way down, Jacob Van Tassel, with the holy brotherhood of Tarrytown, Petticoat Lane, and Sleepy Hollow, would be clattering at their heels. And now there would be a general scamper for King's Bridge, the pass over Spiting Devil Creek, into the British lines. Sometimes the moss-troopers would be overtaken, and eased of part of their booty. Sometimes the whole cavalgada would urge its headlong course across the bridge with thundering tramp and dusty whirlwind. At such times their pursuers would rein up their steeds, survey that perilous pass with wary eye, and, wheeling about, indemnify themselves by foraging the refugee region of Morrisania.

While the debatable land was liable to be thus harried,

the great Tappan Sea, along which it extends, was likewise domineered over by the foe. British ships of war were anchored here and there in the wide expanses of the river, mere floating castles to hold it in subjection. Stout galleys armed with eighteen pounders, and navigated with sails and oars, cruised about like hawks, while row-boats made descents upon the land, and foraged the country along shore.

It was a sore grievance to the yeomanry along the Tappan Sea to behold that little Mediterranean ploughed by hostile prows, and the noble river of which they were so proud reduced to a state of thraldom. Councils of war were held by captains of market-boats and other river-craft, to devise ways and means of dislodging the enemy. Here and there on a point of land extending into the Tappan Sea, a mud work would be thrown up, and an old field-piece mounted, with which a knot of rustic artillerymen would fire away for a long summer's day at some frigate dozing at anchor far out of reach; and reliques of such works may still be seen overgrown with weeds and brambles, with peradventure the half-buried fragment of a cannon which may have burst.

Jacob Van Tassel was a prominent man in these belligerent operations; but he was prone, moreover, to carry on a petty warfare of his own for his individual recreation and refreshment. On a row of hooks above the fireplace of the Roost, reposed his great piece of ordnance, — a duck, or rather goose-gun, of unparalleled longitude, with which it was said he could kill a wild goose half way across the Tappan Sea. Indeed, there are as many wonders told of this renowned gun, as of the enchanted weapons of classic story. When the belligerent feeling was strong upon Jacob, he would take down his gun, sally forth alone, and prowl along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, watching for hours together any ship or galley at anchor or becalmed, as a valorous mouser will watch a rat-hole. So sure as a boat approached the shore, bang went the great goose-gun, sending on board a shower of slugs and buck-shots; and away scuttled Jacob Van Tassel through some woody ravine. As the Roost stood in a lonely situation, and might be attacked, he guarded against surprise by making loop-holes in the stone walls, through which to fire upon an assailant. His wife was stout-hearted as himself, and could load as fast as he could fire; and his sister, Nochie Van Wurmer, a redoubtable widow, was a match, as he said, for the

stoutest man in the country. Thus garrisoned, his little castle was fitted to stand a siege, and Jacob was the man to defend it to the last charge of powder.

In the process of time the Roost became one of the secret stations, or lurking-places, of the Water Guard. This was an aquatic corps in the pay of government, organized to range the waters of the Hudson, and keep watch upon the movements of the enemy. It was composed of nautical men of the river, and hardy youngsters of the adjacent country, expert at pulling an oar or handling a musket. They were provided with whale-boats, long and sharp, shaped like canoes, and formed to lie lightly on the water, and be rowed with great rapidity. In these they would lurk out of sight by day, in nooks and bays, and behind points of land, keeping a sharp look-out upon the British ships, and giving intelligence to head-quarters of any extraordinary movement. At night they rowed about in pairs, pulling quietly along with muffled oars, under shadow of the land, or gliding like spectres about frigates and guard-ships to cut off any boat that might be sent to shore. In this way they were a source of constant uneasiness and alarm to the enemy.

— Wolfert's Roost, pp. 13–18.

Sleepy Hollow Revisited

But I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it, after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood. It was a genial day as I approached that fated region. The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the sloops, with drooping sails, slept on its glassy bosom. Columns of smoke, from burning brushwood, rose lazily from the folds of the hills, on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid-air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene.

I entered the Hollow with a beating heart. Contrary to my apprehensions, I found it but little changed. The march of intellect, which had made such rapid strides along every

river and highway, had not yet, apparently, turned down into this favored valley. Perhaps the wizard spell of ancient days still reigned over the place, binding up the faculties of the inhabitants in happy contentment with things as they had been handed down to them from yore. There were the same little farms and farm-houses, with their old hats for the housekeeping wren; their stone wells, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing-poles. There were the same little rills, whimpering down to pay their tributes to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course, as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh green meadows; nor were there wanting joyous holiday boys, to loiter along its banks, as I had done; throw their pin-hooks in the stream, or launch their mimic barks. I watched them with a kind of melancholy pleasure, wondering whether they were under the same spell of the fancy that once rendered this valley a fairy land to me. Alas! alas! to me everything now stood revealed in its simple reality. The echoes no longer answered with wizard tongues; the dream of youth was at an end; the spell of Sleepy Hollow was broken!

— Biographies and Miscellanies, pp. 434–435.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE DIEDRICH KNICKERBOCKER

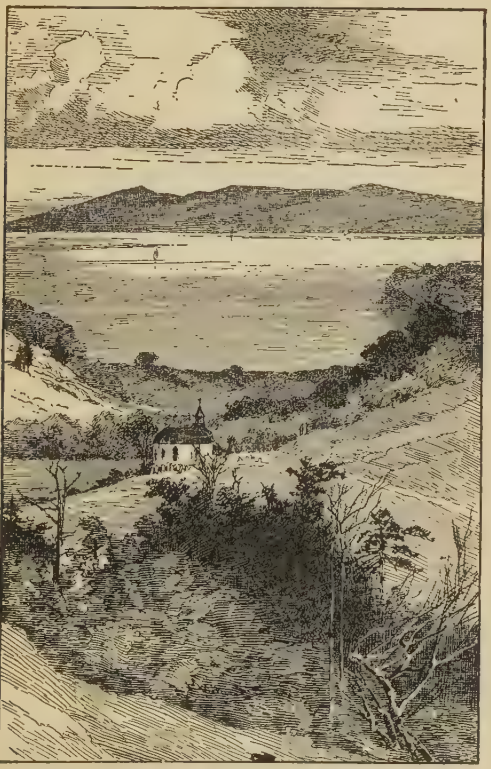
A pleasing land of drowsy head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round a summer sky.

— CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

1. In the bosom of one of those spacious coves which indent the eastern shore of the Hudson, at that broad expansion of the river denominated by the ancient Dutch navigators the Tappan Zee, and where they always prudently shortened sail, and implored the protection of St. Nicholas when they crossed, there lies a small market-town or rural port, which by some is called Greensburgh, but which is more generally and properly known by the name of Tarry Town. This name was given, we are told, in former days, by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village tavern on market-days. Be that as it may, I do not vouch for the fact, but merely advert to it for the sake of being precise and authentic. Not far from this village, perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity.

2. I recollect that, when a stripling, my first exploit in squirrel-shooting was in a grove of tall walnut-trees that shades one side of the valley. I had wandered into it at noon-time, when all nature is peculiarly quiet, and was startled by the roar of my own gun, as it broke the Sabbath stillness around, and was prolonged and reverberated by the angry echoes. If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might

steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley.



TAPPAN ZEE AND THE SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH

3. From the listless repose of the place, and the peculiar character of its inhabitants, who are descendants from the original Dutch settlers, this sequestered glen has long been

known by the name of Sleepy Hollow, and its rustic lads are called the Sleepy Hollow Boys throughout all the neighboring country. A drowsy, dreamy influence seems to hang over the land, and to pervade the very atmosphere. Some say that the place was bewitched by a high German doctor, during the early days of the settlement; others, that an old Indian chief, the prophet or wizard of his tribe, held his powwows there before the country was discovered by Master Hendrich Hudson. Certain it is, the place still continues under the sway of some witching power, that holds a spell over the minds of the good people, causing them to walk in a continual reverie. They are given to all kinds of marvellous beliefs; are subject to trances and visions; and frequently see strange sights, and hear music and voices in the air. The whole neighborhood abounds with local tales, haunted spots, and twilight superstitions; stars shoot and meteors glare oftener across the valley than in any other part of the country, and the nightmare, with her whole ninefold, seems to make it the favorite scene of her gambols.

4. The dominant spirit, however, that haunts this enchanted region, and seems to be commander-in-chief of all the powers of the air, is the apparition of a figure on horseback without a head. It is said by some to be the ghost of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannonball, in some nameless battle during the Revolutionary War, and who is ever and anon seen by the country folk, hurrying along in the gloom of night, as if on the wings of the wind. His haunts are not confined to the valley, but extend at times to the adjacent roads, and especially to the vicinity of a church at no great distance. Indeed certain of the most authentic historians of those parts, who have been careful in collecting and collating the floating facts concerning this spectre, allege that the body of the trooper, having been buried in the churchyard, the ghost rides forth to the scene of battle in nightly quest of his head; and that the rushing speed with which he sometimes passes along the Hollow, like a midnight blast, is owing to his being belated, and in a hurry to get back to the churchyard before day-break.

5. Such is the general purport of this legendary superstition, which has furnished materials for many a wild story in that region of shadows; and the spectre is known, at all the country firesides, by the name of the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow.

6. It is remarkable that the visionary propensity I have mentioned is not confined to the native inhabitants of the valley, but is unconsciously imbibed by every one who resides there for a time. However wide awake they may have been before they entered that sleepy region, they are sure, in a little time, to inhale the witching influence of the air, and begin to grow imaginative, to dream dreams, and see apparitions.

7. I mention this peaceful spot with all possible laud; for it is in such little retired Dutch valleys, found here and there embosomed in the great State of New York, that population, manners, and customs remain fixed; while the great torrent of migration and improvement, which is making such incessant changes in other parts of this restless country, sweeps by them unobserved. (They are like those little nooks of still water which border a rapid stream; where we may see the straw and bubble riding quietly at anchor, or slowly revolving in their mimic harbor, undisturbed by the rush of the passing current. Though many years have elapsed since I trod the drowsy shades of Sleepy Hollow, yet I question whether I should not still find the same trees and the same families vegetating in its sheltered bosom)

8. In this by-place of nature, there abode, in a remote period of American history, that is to say, some thirty years since, a worthy wight of the name of Ichabod Crane; who sojourned, or, as he expressed it, "tarried," in Sleepy Hollow, for the purpose of instructing the children of the vicinity. He was a native of Connecticut, a State which supplies the Union with pioneers for the mind as well as for the forest, and sends forth yearly its legions of frontier woodsmen and country school-masters. The cognomen of Crane was not inapplicable to his person. (He was tall, but exceedingly lank, with narrow shoulders, long arms and legs, hands that dangled a mile out

of his sleeves, feet that might have served for shovels, and his whole frame most loosely hung together. His head was small, and flat at top, with huge ears, large green glassy eyes, and a long snipe nose, so that it looked like a weather-cock perched upon his spindle neck, to tell which way the wind blew. To see him striding along the profile of a hill on a windy day, with his clothes bagging and fluttering about him, one might have mistaken him for the genius of famine descending upon the earth, or some scarecrow eloped from a cornfield.

9. His school-house was a low building of one large room, rudely constructed of logs; the windows partly glazed, and partly patched with leaves of old copy-books. It was most ingeniously secured at vacant hours by a withe twisted in the handle of the door, and stakes set against the window-shutters; so that, though a thief might get in with perfect ease, he would find some embarrassment in getting out: an idea most probably borrowed by the architect, Yost Van Houten, from the mystery of an eel-pot. The school-house stood in a rather lonely but pleasant situation, just at the foot of a woody hill, with a brook running close by, and a formidable birch-tree growing at one end of it. From hence the low murmur of his pupils' voices, conning over their lessons, might be heard in a drowsy summer's day, like the hum of a beehive; interrupted now and then by the authoritative voice of the master, in the tone of menace or command; or, peradventure, by the appalling sound of the birch, as he urged some tardy loiterer along the flowery path of knowledge. Truth to say, he was a conscientious man, and ever bore in mind the golden maxim, "Spare the rod and spoil the child." — Ichabod Crane's scholars certainly were not spoiled.

10. I would not have it imagined, however, that he was one of those cruel potentates of the school, who joy in the smart of their subjects; on the contrary, he adminstered justice with discrimination rather than severity, taking the burden off the backs of the weak, and laying it on those of the strong. Your mere puny stripling, that winced at the least flourish of the rod, was passed by with indulgence; but the

claims of justice were satisfied by inflicting a double portion on some little, tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted Dutch urchin, who sulked and swelled and grew dogged and sullen beneath the birch. All this he called "doing his duty" by their parents; and he never inflicted a chastisement without following it by the assurance, so consolatory to the smarting urchin, that "he would remember it, and thank him for it the longest day he had to live."

THE SLEEPY HOLLOW SCHOOL
From the engraving by Charles O. Murray

11. When school-hours were over, he was even the companion and playmate of the larger boys; and on holiday afternoons would convoy some of the smaller ones home, who happened to have pretty sisters, or good housewives for mothers, noted for the comforts of the cupboard. Indeed it behooved him to keep on good terms with his pupils. The revenue arising from his school was small, and would have been scarcely sufficient to furnish him with daily bread, for he was a huge feeder, and, though lank, had the dilating powers of an anaconda; but to help out his maintenance, he was, according to country custom in those parts, boarded and lodged at the

houses of the farmers, whose children he instructed. With these he lived successively a week at a time; thus going the rounds of the neighborhood, with all his worldly effects tied up in a cotton handkerchief.

12. That all this might not be too onerous on the purses of his rustic patrons, who are apt to consider the costs of schooling a grievous burden, and schoolmasters as mere drones, he had various way of rendering himself both useful and agreeable. He assisted the farmers occasionally in the lighter labors of their farms; helped to make hay; mended the fences; took the horses to water; drove the cows from pasture; and cut wood for the winter fire. He laid aside, too, all the dominant dignity and absolute sway with which he lorded it in his little empire, the school, and became wonderfully gentle and ingratiating. He found favor in the eyes of the mothers, by petting the children, particularly the youngest; and like the lion bold, which whilom so magnanimously the lamb did hold, he would sit with a child on one knee, and rock a cradle with his foot for whole hours together.

13. In addition to his other vocations, he was the singing-master of the neighborhood, and picked up many bright shillings by instructing the young folks in psalmody. It was a matter of no little vanity to him, on Sundays, to take his station in front of the church-gallery, with a band of chosen singers; where, in his own mind, he completely carried away the palm from the parson. Certain it is, his voice resounded far above all the rest of the congregation; and there are peculiar quavers still to be heard in that church, and which may even be heard half a mile off, quite to the opposite side of the mill-pond, on a still Sunday morning, which are said to be legitimately descended from the nose of Ichabod Crane. Thus, by divers little makeshifts in that ingenious way which is commonly denominated "by hook and by crook," the worthy pedagogue got on tolerably enough, and was thought, by all who understood nothing of the labor of headwork, to have a wonderfully easy life of it.

14. The schoolmaster is generally a man of some importance in the female circle of a rural neighborhood; being con-

sidered a kind of idle, gentleman-like personage, of vastly superior taste and accomplishments to the rough country swains, and, indeed, inferior in learning only to the parson. His appearance, therefore, is apt to occasion some little stir at the tea-table of a farm-house, and the addition of a supernumerary dish of cakes or sweet meats, or, peradventure, the parade of a silver teapot. Our man of letters, therefore, was peculiarly happy in the smiles of all the country damsels. How he would figure among them in the churchyard, between services on Sundays! gathering grapes for them from the wild vines that overrun the surrounding trees; reciting for their amusement all the epitaphs on the tombstones; or sauntering, with a whole bevy of them, along the banks of the adjacent mill-pond; while the more bashful country bumpkins hung sheepishly back, envying his superior elegance and address.

15. From his half itinerant life, also, he was a kind of travelling gazette, carrying the whole budget of local gossip from house to house: so that his appearance was always greeted with satisfaction. He was, moreover, esteemed by the women as a man of great erudition, for he had read several books quite through, and was a perfect master of Cotton Mather's "History of New England Witchcraft," in which, by the way, he most firmly and potently believed.

16. He was, in fact, an odd mixture of small shrewdness and simple credulity. His appetite for the marvellous, and his powers of digesting it, were equally extraordinary; and both had been increased by his residence in this spellbound region. No tale was too gross or monstrous for his capacious swallow. It was often his delight, after his school was dismissed in the afternoon, to stretch himself on the rich bed of clover bordering the little brook that whimpered by his school-house, and there con over old Mather's direful tales, until the gathering dusk of the evening made the printed page a mere mist before his eyes. Then, as he wended his way, by swamp and stream, and awful woodland, to the farm-house where he happened to be quartered, every sound of nature, at that witching hour, fluttered his excited imagination; the moan

of the whipoorpwill [1] from the hill-side; the boding cry of the tree-toad, that harbinger of storm; the dreary hooting of the screech-owl, or the sudden rustling in the thicket of birds frightened from their roost. The fire-flies, too, which sparkled most vividly in the darkest places, now and then startled him, as one of uncommon brightness would stream across his path; and if, by chance, a huge blockhead of a beetle came winging his blundering flight against him, the poor varlet was ready to give up the ghost, with the idea that he was struck with a witch's token. His only resource on such occasions, either to drown thought or drive away evil spirits, was to sing psalm-tunes; and the good people of Sleepy Hollow, as they sat by their doors of an evening, were often filled with awe, at hearing his nasal melody, "in linked sweetness long drawn out," floating from the distant hill, or along the dusky road.

17. Another of his sources of fearful pleasure was, to pass long winter evenings with the old Dutch wives, as they sat spinning by the fire, with a row of apples roasting and spluttering along the hearth and listen to their marvellous tales of ghosts and goblins, and haunted fields, and haunted brooks, and haunted bridges, and haunted houses, and particularly of the headless horseman, or Galloping Hessian of the Hollow, as they sometimes called him. He would delight them equally by his anecdotes of witchcraft, and of the direful omens and portentous sights and sounds in the air, which prevailed in the earlier times of Connecticut; and would frighten them wofully with speculations upon comets and shooting stars, and with the alarming fact that the world did absolutely turn round, and that they were half the time topsy-turvy!

18. But if there was a pleasure in all this, while snugly cuddling in the chimney-corner of a chamber that was all of a ruddy glow from the crackling wood-fire, and where, of course, no spectre dared to show his face, it was dearly purchased by the terrors of his subsequent walk homewards. What fearful shapes and shadows beset his path amidst the

[1] The whippoorwill is a bird which is only heard at night. It receives its name from its note, which is thought to resemble those words.

dim and ghastly glare of a snowy night! — With what wistful look did he eye every trembling ray of light streaming across the waste fields from some distant window! — How often was he appalled by some shrub covered with snow, which, like a sheeted spectre, beset his very path! — How often did he shrink with curdling awe at the sound of his own steps on the frosty crust beneath his feet; and dread to look over his shoulder, lest he should behold some uncouth being tramping close behind him! — and how often was he thrown into complete dismay by some rushing blast, howling among the trees, in the idea that it was the Galloping Hessian on one of his nightly scourings!

19. All these, however, were mere terrors of the night, phantoms of the mind that walk in darkness; and though he had seen many spectres in his time, and been more than once beset by Satan in divers shapes, in his lonely perambulations, yet daylight put an end to all these evils; and he would have passed a pleasant life of it, in despite of the devil and all his works, if his path had not been crossed by a being that causes more perplexity to mortal man than ghosts, goblins, and the whole race of witches put together, and that was — a woman.

20. Among the musical disciples who assembled, one evening in each week, to receive his instructions in psalmody, was Katrina Van Tassel, the daughter and only child of a substantial Dutch farmer. She was a blooming lass of fresh eighteen; plump as a partridge; ripe and melting and rosy-cheeked as one of her father's peaches, and universally famed, not merely for her beauty, but her vast expectations. She was withal a little of a coquette, as might be perceived even in her dress, which was a mixture of ancient and modern fashions, as most suited to set off her charms. She wore the ornaments of pure yellow gold, which her great-great-grandmother had brought over from Saardam; the tempting stomacher of the olden time; and withal a provokingly short petticoat, to display the prettiest foot and ankle in the country round.

21. Ichabod Crane had a soft and foolish heart towards the

sex; and it is not to be wondered at that so tempting a morsel soon found favor in his eyes; more especially after he had visited her in her paternal mansion. Old Baltus Van Tassel was a perfect picture of a thriving, contented, liberal-hearted farmer. He seldom, it is true, sent either his eyes or his thoughts beyond the boundaries of his own farm; but within those everything was snug, happy, and well-conditioned. He was satisfied with his wealth, but not proud of it; and piqued himself upon the hearty abundance rather than the style in which he lived. His stronghold was situated on the banks of the Hudson, in one of those green, sheltered, fertile nooks in which the Dutch farmers are so fond of nestling. A great elm-tree spread its broad branches over it; at the foot of which bubbled up a spring of the softest and sweetest water, in a little well, formed of a barrel; and then stole sparkling away through the grass, to a neighboring brook, that bubbled along among alders and dwarf willows. Hard by the farm-house was a vast barn, that might have served for a church; every window and crevice of which seemed bursting forth with the treasures of the farm; the flail was busily resounding within it from morning till night; swallows and martins skimmed twittering about the eaves; and rows of pigeons, some with one eye turned up, as if watching the weather, some with their heads under their wings, or buried in their bosoms, and others swelling, and cooing, and bowing about their dames, were enjoying the sunshine on the roof. Sleek unwieldy porkers were grunting in the repose and abundance of their pens; whence sallied forth, now and then, troops of sucking pigs, as if to snuff the air. A stately squadron of snowy geese were riding in an adjoining pond, convoying whole fleets of ducks; regiments of turkeys were gobbling through the farm-yard, and guinea fowls fretting about it, like ill-tempered housewives, with their peevish discontented cry. Before the barn-door strutted the gallant cock, that pattern of a husband, a warrior, and a fine gentleman, clapping his burnished wings, and crowing in the pride and gladness of his heart — sometimes tearing up the earth with his feet, and then generously calling his ever-hungry family

of wives and children to enjoy the rich morsel which he had discovered.

ICHABOD AND KATRINA
From the engraving by C. R. Leslie

22. The pedagogue's mouth watered, as he looked upon this sumptuous promise of luxurious winter fare. In his devouring mind's eye he pictured to himself every roasting-pig running about with a pudding in his belly, and an apple in his mouth, the pigeons were snugly put to bed in a comfort-

able pie, and tucked in with a coverlet of crust; the geese were swimming in their own gravy; and the ducks pairing cosily in dishes, like snug married couples, with a decent competency of onion-sauce. In the porkers he saw carved out the future sleek side of bacon, and juicy relishing ham; not a turkey but he beheld daintily trussed up, with its gizzard under its wing, and, peradventure, a necklace of savory sausages; and even bright chanticleer himself lay sprawling on his back, in a side-dish, with uplifted claws, as if craving that quarter which his chivalrous spirit disdained to ask while living.

23. As the enraptured Ichabod fancied all this, and as he rolled his great green eyes over the fat meadow-lands, the rich fields of wheat, of rye, of buckwheat, and Indian corn, and the orchard burdened with ruddy fruit, which surrounded the warm tenement of Van Tassel, his heart yearned after the damsel who was to inherit these domains, and his imagination expanded with the idea how they might be readily turned into cash, and the money invested in immense tracts of wild land, and shingle palaces in the wilderness. Nay, his busy fancy already realized his hopes, and presented to him the blooming Katrina, with a whole family of children, mounted on the top of a wagon loaded with household trumpery, with pots and kettles dangling beneath; and he beheld himself bestriding a pacing mare, with a colt at her heels, setting out for Kentucky, Tennessee, or the Lord knows where.

24. When he entered the house, the conquest of his heart was complete. It was one of those spacious farm-houses, with high-ridged, but lowly-sloping roofs, built in the style handed down from the first Dutch settlers; the low projecting eaves forming a piazza along the front, capable of being closed up in bad weather. Under this were hung flails, harness, various utensils of husbandry, and nets for fishing in the neighboring river. Benches were built along the sides for summer use; and a great spinning-wheel at one end, and a churn at the other, showed the various uses to which this important porch might be devoted. From this piazza the wondering Ichabod entered the hall, which formed the centre of the mansion and the place of usual residence. Here, rows of

resplendent pewter, ranged on a long dresser, dazzled his eyes. In one corner stood a huge bag of wool ready to be spun; in another a quantity of linsey-woolsey just from the loom; ears of Indian corn, and strings of dried apples and peaches, hung in gay festoons along the walls, mingled with the gaud of red peppers; and a door left ajar gave him a peep into the best parlor, where the claw-footed chairs and dark mahogany tables shone like mirrors; and irons, with their accompanying shovel and tongs, glistened from their covert of asparagus tops; mock-oranges and conchshells decorated the mantel-piece; strings of various colored birds' eggs were suspended above it, a great ostrich egg was hung from the centre of the room, and a corner-cupboard, knowingly left open, displayed immense treasures of old silver and well-mended china.

25. From the moment Ichabod laid his eyes upon these regions of delight, the peace of his mind was at an end, and his only study was how to gain the affections of the peerless daughter of Van Tassel. In this enterprise, however, he had more real difficulties than generally fell to the lot of a knight-errant of yore, who seldom had anything but giants, enchanters, fiery dragons, and such like easily conquered adversaries, to contend with; and had to make his way merely through gates of iron and brass, and walls of adamant, to the castle-keep, where the lady of his heart was confined; all which he achieved as easily as a man would carve his way to the centre of a Christmas pie; and then the lady gave him her hand as a matter of course. Ichabod, on the contrary, had to win his way to the heart of a country coquette, beset with a labyrinth of whims and caprices, which were forever presenting new difficulties and impediments; and he had to encounter a host of fearful adversaries of real flesh and blood, the numerous rustic admirers, who beset every portal to her heart; keeping a watchful and angry eye upon each other, but ready to fly out in the common cause against any new competitor.

26. Among these the most formidable was a burly, roaring, roistering blade, of the name of Abraham, or, according to the

Dutch abbreviation, Brom Van Brunt, the hero of the country round, which rang with his feats of strength and hardihood. He was broad-shouldered, and double-jointed, with short curly black hair, and a bluff but not unpleasant countenance having a mingled air of fun and arrogance. From his Herculean frame and great powers of limb, he had received the nickname of Brom Bones, by which he was universally known. He was famed for great knowledge and skill in horsemanship, being as dexterous on horseback as a Tartar. He was foremost at all races and cockfights; and, with the ascendency which bodily strength acquires in rustic life, was the umpire in all disputes, setting his hat on one side, and giving his decisions with an air and tone admitting of no gainsay or appeal. He was always ready for either a fight or a frolic; but had more mischief than ill-will in his composition; and, with all his overbearing roughness, there was a strong dash of waggish good-humor at bottom. He had three or four boon companions, who regarded him as their model, and at the head of whom he scoured the country, attending every scene of feud or merriment for miles round. In cold weather he was distinguished by a fur cap, surmounted with a flaunting fox's tail; and when the folks at a country gathering descried this well-known crest at a distance, whisking about among a squad of hard riders, they always stood by for a squall. Sometimes his crew would be heard dashing along past the farm-houses at midnight, with whoop and halloo, like a troop of Don Cossacks; and the old dames, startled out of their sleep, would listen for a moment till the hurry-scurry had clattered by, and then exclaim, "Ay, there goes Brom Bones and his gang!" The neighbors looked upon him with a mixture of awe, admiration, and good-will; and when any madcap prank, or rustic brawl, occurred in the vicinity, always shook their heads, and warranted Brom Bones was at the bottom of it.

27. This rantipole hero had for some time singled out the blooming Katrina for the object of his uncouth gallantries; and though his amorous toyings were something like the gentle caresses and endearments of a bear, yet it was whispered that

she did not altogether discourage his hopes. Certain it is, his advances were signals for rival candidates to retire, who felt no inclination to cross a lion in his amours; insomuch, that, when his horse was seen tied to Van Tassel's paling one Sunday night, a sure sign that his master was courting, or, as it is termed, "sparking," within, all other suitors passed by in despair, and carried the war into other quarters.

28. Such was the formidable rival with whom Ichabod Crane had to contend, and, considering all things, a stouter man than he would have shrunk from the competition, and a wiser man would have despaired. He had, however, a happy mixture of pliability and perseverance in his nature; he was in form and spirit like a supple-jack — yielding, but tough; though he bent, he never broke; and though he bowed beneath the slightest pressure, yet, the moment it was away — jerk! he was as erect, and carried his head as high as ever.

29. To have taken the field openly against his rival would have been madness; for he was not a man to be thwarted in his amours, any more than that stormy lover, Achilles. Ichabod, therefore, made his advances in a quiet and gently insinuating manner. Under cover of his character of singing-master, he had made frequent visits at the farm-house; not that he had anything to apprehend from the meddlesome interference of parents, which is so often a stumbling-block in the path of lovers. Balt Van Tassel was an easy, indulgent soul; he loved his daughter better even than his pipe, and, like a reasonable man and an excellent father, let her have her way in everything. His notable little wife, too, had enough to do to attend to her housekeeping and manage her poultry; for, as she sagely observed, ducks and geese are foolish things, and must be looked after, but girls can take care of themselves. Thus while the busy dame bustled about the house, or plied her spinning-wheel at one end of the piazza, honest Balt would sit smoking his evening pipe at the other, watching the achievements of a little wooden warrior, who, armed with a sword in each hand, was most valiantly fighting the wind on the pinnacle of the barn. In the meantime, Ichabod would

carry on his suit with the daughter by the side of the spring under the great elm, or sauntering along in the twilight, — that hour so favorable to the lover's eloquence.

30. I profess not to know how women's hearts are wooed and won. To me they have always been matters of riddle and admiration. Some seem to have but one vulnerable point, or door of access, while others have a thousand avenues, and may be captured in a thousand different ways. It is a great triumph of skill to gain the former, but a still greater proof of generalship to maintain possession of the latter, for the man must battle for his fortress at every door and window. He who wins a thousand common hearts is therefore entitled to some renown; but he who keeps undisputed sway over the heart of a coquette, is indeed a hero. Certain it is, this was not the case with the redoubtable Brom Bones: and from the moment Ichabod Crane made his advances, the interests of the former evidently declined; his horse was no longer seen tied at the palings on Sunday nights, and a deadly feud gradually arose between him and the preceptor of Sleepy Hollow.

31. Brom, who had a degree of rough chivalry in his nature, would fain have carried matters to open warfare, and have settled their pretensions to the lady according to the mode of those most concise and simple reasoners, the knights-errant of yore — by single combat; but Ichabod was too conscious of the superior might of his adversary to enter the lists against him: he had overheard a boast of Bones, that he would "double the schoolmaster up, and lay him on a shelf of his own school-house;" and he was too wary to give him an opportunity. There was something extremely provoking in this obstinately pacific system; it left Brom no alternative but to draw upon the funds of rustic waggery in his disposition, and to play off boorish practical jokes upon his rival. Ichabod became the object of whimsical persecution to Bones and his gang of rough riders. They harried his hitherto peaceful domains; smoked out his singing-school, by stopping up the chimney; broke into the school-house at night, in spite of its formidable fastenings of withe and window-stakes, and

turned everything topsy-turvy: so that the poor schoolmaster began to think all the witches in the country held their meetings there. But what was still more annoying, Brom took opportunities of turning him into ridicule in presence of his mistress, and had a scoundrel dog whom he taught to whine in the most ludicrous manner, and introduced as a rival of Ichabod's to instruct her in psalmody.

32. In this way matters went on for some time, without producing any material effect on the relative situation of the contending powers. On a fine autumnal afternoon, Ichabod, in pensive mood, sat enthroned on the lofty stool whence he usually watched all the concerns of his little literary realm. In his hand he swayed a ferule, that sceptre of despotic power; the birch of justice reposed on three nails, behind the throne, a constant terror to evil-doers; while on the desk before him might be seen sundry contraband articles and prohibited weapons, detected upon the persons of idle urchins; such as half munched apples, popguns, whirligigs, fly-cages, and whole legions of rampant little paper gamecocks. Apparently there had been some appalling act of justice recently inflicted, for his scholars were all busily intent upon their books, or slyly whispering behind them with one eye kept upon the master; and a kind of buzzing stillness reigned throughout the school-room. It was suddenly interrupted by the appearance of a negro, in tow-cloth jacket and trousers, a round-crowned fragment of a hat, like the cap of Mercury, and mounted on the back of a ragged, wild, half-broken colt, which he managed with a rope by way of halter. He came clattering up to the school-door with an invitation to Ichabod to attend a merry-making or "quilting frolic," to be held that evening at Mynheer Van Tassel's; and having delivered his message with that air of importance, and effort at fine language, which a negro is apt to display on petty embassies of the kind, he dashed over the brook, and was seen scampering away up the Hollow, full of the importance and hurry of his mission.

33. All was now bustle and hubbub in the late quiet school-room. The scholars were hurried through their lessons, with-

out stopping at trifles; those who were nimble skipped over half with impunity, and those who were tardy had a smart application now and then in the rear, to quicken their speed, or help them over a tall word. Books were flung aside without being put away on the shelves, inkstands were overturned, benches thrown down, and the whole school was turned loose an hour before the usual time, bursting forth like a legion of young imps, yelping and racketing about the green, in joy at their early emancipation.

34. The gallant Ichabod now spent at least an extra half-hour at his toilet, brushing and furbishing up his best and indeed only suit of rusty black, and arranging his locks by a bit of broken looking-glass, that hung up in the school-house. That he might make his appearance before his mistress in the true style of a cavalier, he borrowed a horse from the farmer with whom he was domiciliated, a choleric old Dutchman, of the name of Hans Van Ripper, and, thus gallantly mounted, issued forth, like a knight-errant in quest of adventures. But it is meet I should, in the true spirit of romantic story, give some account of the looks and equipments of my hero and his steed. The animal he bestrode was a broken-down plough-horse, that had outlived almost everything but his viciousness. He was gaunt and shagged, with a ewe neck and a head like a hammer; his rusty mane and tail were tangled and knotted with burrs; one eye had lost its pupil, and was glaring and spectral; but the other had the gleam of a genuine devil in it. Still he must have had fire and mettle in his day, if we may judge from the name he bore of Gunpowder. He had, in fact, been a favorite steed of his master's, the choleric Van Ripper, who was a furious rider, and had infused, very probably, some of his own spirit into the animal; for, old and broken-down as he looked, there was more of the lurking devil in him than in any young filly in the country.

35. Ichabod was a suitable figure for such a steed. He rode with short stirrups, which brought his knees nearly up to the pommel of the saddle; his sharp elbows stuck out like grasshoppers; he carried his whip perpendicularly in his

hand, like a sceptre, and, as his horse jogged on, the motion of his arms was not unlike the flapping of a pair of wings. A small wool hat rested on the top of his nose, for so his scanty strip of forehead might be called; and the skirts of his black coat fluttered out almost to the horse's tail. Such was the appearance of Ichabod and his steed, as they shambled out of the gate of Hans Van Ripper, and it was altogether such an apparition as is seldom to be met with in broad daylight.

36. It was, as I have said, a fine autumnal day, the sky was clear and serene, and nature wore that rich and golden livery which we always associate with the idea of abundance. The forests had put on their sober brown and yellow, while some trees of the tenderer kind had been nipped by the frosts into brilliant dyes of orange, purple, and scarlet. Streaming files of wild ducks began to make their appearance high in the air; the bark of the squirrel might be heard from the groves of beech and hickory nuts, and the pensive whistle of the quail at intervals from the neighboring stubblefield.

37. The small birds were taking their farewell banquets. In the fullness of their revelry, they fluttered, chirping and frolicking, from bush to bush, and tree to tree, capricious from the very profusion and variety around them. There was the honest cockrobin, the favorite game of stripling sportsmen, with its loud querulous notes; and the twittering blackbirds flying in sable clouds; and the golden-winged woodpecker, with his crimson crest, his broad black gorget, and splendid plumage; and the cedar-bird, with its red-tipt wings and yellow-tipt tail, and its little monteiro cap of feathers; and the blue jay, that noisy coxcomb, in his gay light-blue coat and white under-clothes, screaming and chattering, nodding and bobbing and bowing, and pretending to be on good terms with every songster of the grove.

38. As Ichabod jogged slowly on his way, his eye, ever open to every symptom of culinary abundance, ranged with delight over the treasures of jolly autumn. On all sides he beheld vast store of apples; some hanging in oppressive opulence on the trees; some gathered into baskets and barrels for the market; others heaped up in rich piles for the cider-press.

Farther on he beheld great fields of Indian corn, with its golden ears peeping from their leafy coverlets, and holding out the promise of cakes and hasty-pudding; and the yellow pumpkins lying beneath them, turning up their fair round bellies to the sun, and giving ample prospects of the most luxurious of pies; and anon he passed the fragrant buckwheat fields, breathing the odor of the bee-hive, and as he beheld them, soft anticipations stole over his mind of dainty slapjacks, well buttered, and garnished with honey or treacle, by the delicate little dimpled hand of Katrina Van Tassel.

39. Thus feeding his mind with many sweet thoughts and "sugared suppositions," he journeyed along the sides of a range of hills which look out upon some of the goodliest scenes of the mighty Hudson. The sun gradually wheeled his broad disk down into the west. The wide bosom of the Tappan Zee lay motionless and glassy, excepting that here and there a gentle undulation waved and prolonged the blue shadow of the distant mountain. A few amber clouds floated in the sky, without a breath of air to move them. The horizon was of a fine golden tint, changing gradually into a purple apple-green, and from that into the deep blue of the mid-heaven. A slanting ray lingered on the woody crests of the precipices that overhung some parts of the river, giving greater depth to the dark-gray and purple of their rocky sides. A sloop was loitering in the distance, dropping slowly down with the tide, her sail hanging uselessly against the mast; and as the reflection of the sky gleamed along the still water, it seemed as if the vessel was suspended in the air.

40. It was toward evening that Ichabod arrived at the castle of the Heer Van Tassel, which he found thronged with the pride and flower of the adjacent country. Old farmers, a spare leathern-faced race, in homespun coats and breeches, blue stockings, huge shoes, and magnificent pewter buckles. Their brisk withered little dames, in close crimped caps, long-waisted shortgowns, homespun petticoats, with scissors and pincushions, and gay calico pockets hanging on the outside. Buxom lasses, almost as antiquated as their mothers, excepting where a straw hat, a fine ribbon, or perhaps a white

frock, gave symptoms of city innovation. The sons, in short square-skirted coats with rows of stupendous brass buttons, and their hair generally queued in the fashion of the times, especially if they could procure an eel-skin for the purpose, it being esteemed, throughout the country, as a potent nourisher and strengthener of the hair.

41. Brom Bones, however, was the hero of the scene, having come to the gathering on his favorite steed, Daredevil, a creature, like himself, full of mettle and mischief, and which no one but himself could manage. He was, in fact, noted for preferring vicious animals, given to all kinds of tricks, which kept the rider in constant risk of his neck, for he held a tractable well-broken horse as unworthy of a lad of spirit.

42. Fain would I pause to dwell upon the world of charms that burst upon the enraptured gaze of my hero, as he entered the state parlor of Van Tassel's mansion. Not those of the bevy of buxom lasses, with their luxurious display of red and white; but the ample charms of a genuine Dutch country tea-table, in the sumptuous time of autumn. Such heaped-up platters of cakes of various and almost indescribable kinds, known only to experienced Dutch housewives! There was the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger-cakes and honey-cakes, and the whole family of cakes. And then there were apple-pies and peach-pies and pumpkin-pies; besides slices of ham and smoked beef; and moreover delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces; not to mention broiled shad and roasted chickens; together with bowls of milk and cream, all mingled higgledy piggledy, pretty much as I have enumerated them, with the motherly tea-pot sending up its clouds of vapor from the midst — Heaven bless the mark! I want breath and time to discuss this banquet as it deserves, and am too eager to get on with my story. Happily, Ichabod Crane was not in so great a hurry as his historian, but did ample justice to every dainty.

43. He was a kind and thankful creature, whose heart

dilated in proportion as his skin was filled with good cheer; and whose spirits rose with eating as some men's do with drink. He could not help, too, rolling his large eyes round him as he ate, and chuckling with the possibility that he might one day be lord of all this scene of almost unimaginable luxury and splendor. Then, he thought, how soon he'd turn his back upon the old school-house; snap his fingers in the face of Hans Van Ripper, and every other niggardly patron, and kick any itinerant pedagogue out-of-doors that should dare to call him comrade!

44. Old Baltus Van Tassel moved about among his guests with a face dilated with content and good-humor, round and jolly as the harvest-moon. His hospitable attentions were brief, but expressive, being confined to a shake of the hand, a slap on the shoulder, a loud laugh, and a pressing invitation to "fall to, and help themselves."

45. And now the sound of the music from the common room, or hall, summoned to the dance. The musician was an old gray-headed negro, who had been the itinerant orchestra of the neighborhood for more than half a century. His instrument was as old and battered as himself. The greater part of the time he scraped on two or three strings accompanying every movement of the bow with a motion of the head; bowing almost to the ground and stamping with his foot whenever a fresh couple were to start.

46. Ichabod prided himself upon his dancing as much as upon his vocal powers. Not a limb, not a fibre about him was idle; and to have seen his loosely hung frame in full motion, and clattering about the room, you would have thought Saint Vitus himself, that blessed patron of the dance, was figuring before you in person. He was the admiration of all the negroes; who, having gathered, of all ages and sizes, from the farm and the neighborhood, stood forming a pyramid of shining black faces at every door and window, gazing with delight at the scene, rolling their white eyeballs, and showing grinning rows of ivory from ear to ear. How could the flogger of urchins be otherwise than animated and joyous? the lady of his heart was his partner in the dance, and smiling gra-

ciously in reply to all his amorous oglings; while Brom Bones, sorely smitten with love and jealousy, sat brooding by himself in one corner.

47. When the dance was at an end, Ichabod was attracted to a knot of the sager folks, who, with old Van Tassel, sat smoking at one end of the piazza, gossiping over former times, and drawing out long stories about the war.

48. This neighborhood, at the time of which I am speaking, was one of those highly favored places which abound with chronicle and great men. The British and American line had run near it during the war; it had, therefore, been the scene of marauding, and infested with refugees, cow-boys, and all kinds of border chivalry. Just sufficient time had elapsed to enable each story-teller to dress up his tale with a little becoming fiction, and, in the indistinctness of his recollection, to make himself the hero of every exploit.

49. There was the story of Doffue Martling, a large blue-bearded Dutchman, who had nearly taken a British frigate with an old iron nine-pounder from a mud breastwork, only that his gun burst at the sixth discharge. And there was an old gentleman who shall be nameless, being too rich a mynheer to be lightly mentioned, who, in the battle of White-plains, being an excellent master of defence, parried a musket-ball with a small sword, insomuch that he absolutely felt it whiz round the blade, and glance off at the hilt; in proof of which he was ready at any time to show the sword, with the hilt a little bent. There were several more that had been equally great in the field, not one of whom but was persuaded that he had a considerable hand in bringing the war to a happy termination.

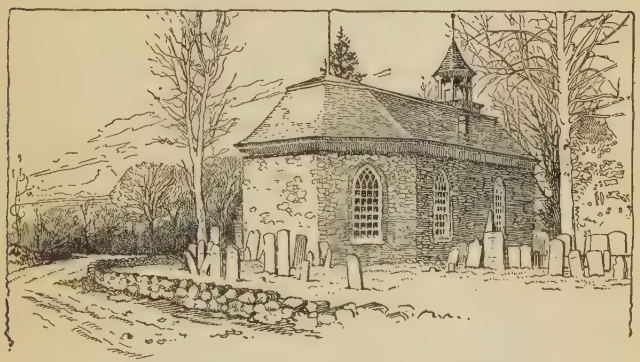
50. But all these were nothing to the tales of ghosts and apparitions that succeeded. The neighborhood is rich in legendary treasures of the kind. Local tales and superstitions thrive best in these sheltered long-settled retreats; but are trampled underfoot by the shifting throng that forms the population of most of our country places. Besides, there is no encouragement for ghosts in most of our villages, for they have scarcely had time to finish their first nap, and turn them-

selves in their graves before their surviving friends have travelled away from the neighborhood; so that when they turn out at night to walk their rounds, they have no acquaintance left to call upon. This is perhaps the reason why we so seldom hear of ghosts, except in our long-established Dutch communities.

51. The immediate cause, however, of the prevalence of supernatural stories in these parts was doubtless owing to the vicinity of Sleepy Hollow. There was a contagion in the very air that blew from that haunted region; it breathed forth an atmosphere of dreams and fancies infecting all the land. Several of the Sleepy Hollow people were present at Van Tassel's, and, as usual, were doling out their wild and wonderful legends. Many dismal tales were told about funeral trains, and mourning cries and wailings heard and seen about the great tree where the unfortunate Major André was taken, and which stood in the neighborhood. Some mention was made also of the woman in white, that haunted the dark glen at Raven Rock, and was often heard to shriek on winter nights before a storm, having perished there in the snow. The chief part of the stories, however, turned upon the favorite spectre of Sleepy Hollow, the headless horseman, who had been heard several times of late, patrolling the country; and, it was said, tethered his horse nightly among the graves in the churchyard.

52. The sequestered situation of this church seems always to have made it a favorite haunt of troubled spirits. It stands on a knoll, surrounded by locust-trees and lofty elms, from among which its decent whitewashed walls shine modestly forth, like Christian purity beaming through the shades of retirement. A gentle slope descends from it to a silver sheet of water, bordered by high trees, between which, peeps may be caught at the blue hills of the Hudson. To look upon its grass-grown yard, where the sunbeams seem to sleep so quietly, one would think that there at least the dead might rest in peace. On one side of the church extends a wide woody dell, along which raves a large brook among broken rocks and trunks of fallen trees. Over a deep black part of the

stream, not far from the church, was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it, even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night. This was one of the favorite haunts of the headless horseman; and the place where he was most frequently encountered. The tale was told of old Brouwer, a most heretical disbeliever in ghosts, how he met the horse-



SLEEPY HOLLOW CHURCH AND CEMETERY

man returning from his foray into Sleepy Hollow, and was obliged to get up behind him; how they galloped over bush and brake, over hill and swamp, until they reached the bridge; when the horseman suddenly turned into a skeleton, threw old Brouwer into the brook, and sprang away over the tree-tops with a clap of thunder.

53. This story was immediately matched by a thrice marvellous adventure of Brom Bones, who made light of the galloping Hessian as an arrant jockey. He affirmed that, on returning one night from the neighboring village of Sing Sing, he had been overtaken by this midnight trooper; that he had offered to race with him for a bowl of punch, and should have won it too, for Daredevil beat the goblin horse all hollow,

but, just as they came to the church-bridge, the Hessian bolted, and vanished in a flash of fire.

54. All these tales, told in that drowsy undertone with which men talk in the dark, the countenances of the listeners only now and then receiving a casual gleam from the glare of a pipe, sank deep in the mind of Ichabod. He repaid them in kind with large extracts from his invaluable author, Cotton Mather, and added many marvellous events that had taken place in his native State of Connecticut, and fearful sights which he had seen in his nightly walks about the Sleepy Hollow.

55. The revel now gradually broke up. The old farmers gathered together their families in their wagons, and were heard for some time rattling along the hollow roads, and over the distant hills. Some of the damsels mounted on pillions behind their favorite swains, and their light-hearted laughter, mingling with the clatter of hoofs, echoed along the silent woodlands, sounding fainter and fainter until they gradually died away — and the late scene of noise and frolic was all silent and deserted. Ichabod only lingered behind, according to the custom of country lovers, to have a *tête-à-tête* with the heiress, fully convinced that he was now on the high road to success. What passed at this interview I will not pretend to say, for in fact I do not know. Something, however, I fear me, must have gone wrong, for he certainly sallied forth, after no very great interval, with an air quite desolate and chopfallen. — Oh, these women! these women! Could that girl have been playing off any of her coquettish tricks? — Was her encouragement of the poor pedagogue all a mere sham to secure her conquest of his rival? — Heaven only knows, not I! — Let it suffice to say, Ichabod stole forth with the air of one who had been sacking a henroost, rather than a fair lady's heart. Without looking to the right or left to notice the scene of rural wealth on which he had so often gloated, he went straight to the stable, and with several hearty cuffs and kicks, roused his steed most uncourteously from the comfortable quarters in which he was soundly sleeping, dreaming of mountains of corn and oats, and whole valleys of timothy and clover.

56. It was the very witching time of night that Ichabod, heavy-hearted and crest-fallen, pursued his travel homewards, along the sides of the lofty hills which rise above Tarry Town, and which he had traversed so cherrily in the afternoon. The hour was as dismal as himself. Far below him, the Tappan Zee spread its dusky and indistinct waste of waters, with here and there the tall mast of a sloop riding quietly at anchor under the land. In the dead hush of midnight he could even hear the barking of the watch-dog from the opposite shore of the Hudson; but it was so vague and faint as only to give an idea of his distance from this faithful companion of man. Now and then, too, the long-drawn crowing of a cock, accidentally awakened, would sound far, far off, from some farm-house away among the hills — but it was like a dreaming sound in his ear. No signs of life occurred near him, but occasionally the melancholy chirp of a cricket, or perhaps the guttural twang of a bull-frog, from a neighboring marsh, as if sleeping uncomfortably, and turning suddenly in his bed.

57. All the stories of ghosts and goblins that he had heard in the afternoon, now came crowding upon his recollection. The night grew darker and darker; the stars seemed to sink deeper in the sky, and driving clouds occasionally hid them from his sight. He had never felt so lonely and dismal. He was, moreover, approaching the very place where many of the scenes of the ghost-stories had been laid. In the centre of the road stood an enormous tulip-tree, which towered like a giant above all the other trees of the neighborhood, and formed a kind of landmark. Its limbs were gnarled, and fantastic, large enough to form trunks for ordinary trees, twisting down almost to the earth, and rising again into the air. It was connected with the tragical story of the unfortunate André, who had been taken prisoner hard by; and was universally known by the name of Major André's tree. The common people regarded it with a mixture of respect and superstition, partly out of sympathy for the fate of its ill-starred namesake, and partly from the tales of strange sights and doleful lamentations told concerning it.

58. As Ichabod approached this fearful tree, he began to

whistle: he thought his whistle was answered, — it was but a blast sweeping sharply through the dry branches. As he approached a little nearer, he thought he saw something white, hanging in the midst of the tree, — he paused and ceased whistling; but on looking more narrowly, perceived that it was a place where the tree had been scathed by lightning, and the white wood laid bare. Suddenly he heard a groan, — his teeth chattered and his knees smote against the saddle: it was but the rubbing of one huge bough upon another, as they were swayed about by the breeze. He passed the tree in safety; but new perils lay before him.

59. About two hundred yards from the tree a small brook crossed the road, and ran into a marshy and thickly wooded glen, known by the name of Wiley's swamp. A few rough logs, laid side by side, served for a bridge over this stream. On that side of the road where the brook entered the wood, a group of oaks and chestnuts, matted thick with wild grape-vines, threw a cavernous gloom over it. To pass this bridge was the severest trial. It was at this identical spot that the unfortunate André was captured, and under the covert of those chestnuts and vines were the sturdy yeomen concealed who surprised him. This has ever since been considered a haunted stream, and fearful are the feelings of the school boy who has to pass it alone after dark.

60. As he approached the stream, his heart began to thump; he summoned up, however, all his resolution, gave his horse half a score of kicks in the ribs, and attempted to dash briskly across the bridge; but instead of starting forward, the perverse old animal made a lateral movement, and ran broad-side against the fence. Ichabod, whose fears increased with the delay, jerked the reins on the other side, and kicked lustily with the contrary foot: it was all in vain; his steed started, it is true, but it was only to plunge to the opposite side of the road into a thicket of brambles and alder bushes. The school-master now bestowed both whip and heel upon the starveling ribs of old Gunpowder, who dashed forward, snuffling and snorting, but came to a stand just by the bridge, with a sud-denness that had nearly sent his rider sprawling over his head.

Just at this moment a plashy tramp by the side of the bridge caught the sensitive ear of Ichabod. In the dark shadow of the grove, on the margin of the brook, he beheld something huge, misshapen, black, and towering. It stirred not, but seemed gathered up in the gloom, like some gigantic monster ready to spring upon the traveller.

61. The hair of the affrighted pedagogue rose upon his head with terror. What was to be done? To turn and fly was now too late; and besides, what chance was there of escaping ghost or goblin, if such it was, which could ride upon the wings of the wind? Summoning up, therefore, a show of courage, he demanded in stammering accents — "Who are you?" He received no reply. He repeated his demand in a still more agitated voice. Still there was no answer. Once more he cudgelled the sides of the inflexible Gunpowder, and, shutting his eyes, broke forth with involuntary fervor into a psalm-tune. Just then the shadowy object of alarm put itself in motion, and, with a scramble and a bound, stood at once in the middle of the road. Though the night was dark and dismal, yet the form of the unknown might now in some degree be ascertained. He appeared to be a horseman of large dimensions, and mounted on a black horse of powerful frame. He made no offer of molestation or sociability, but kept aloof on one side of the road, jogging along on the blind side of old Gunpowder, who had now got over his fright and waywardness.

62. Ichabod, who had no relish for this strange midnight companion, and bethought himself of the adventure of Brom Bones with the Galloping Hessian, now quickened his steed, in hopes of leaving him behind. The stranger, however, quickened his horse to an equal pace. Ichabod pulled up, and fell into a walk, thinking to lag behind, — the other did the same. His heart began to sink within him; he endeavored to resume his psalm-tune, but his parched tongue clove to the roof of his mouth, and he could not utter a stave. There was something in the moody and dogged silence of this pertinacious companion, that was mysterious and appalling. It was soon fearfully accounted for. On mounting a rising ground,

which brought the figure of his fellow-traveller in relief against the sky, gigantic in height, and muffled in a cloak, Ichabod was horror-struck, on perceiving that he was headless! — but his horror was still more increased, on observing that the head, which should have rested on his shoulders, was carried before him on the pommel of the saddle: his terror rose to desperation; he rained a shower of kicks and blows upon Gunpowder, hoping, by a sudden movement, to give his companion the slip, — but the spectre started full jump with him. Away then they dashed, through thick and thin; stones flying, and sparks flashing at every bound. Ichabod's flimsy garments fluttered in the air, as he stretched his long lank body away over his horse's head, in the eagerness of his flight.

63. They had now reached the road which turns off to Sleepy Hollow; but Gunpowder, who seemed possessed with a demon, instead of keeping up it, made an opposite turn, and plunged headlong downhill to the left. This road leads through a sandy hollow, shaded by trees for about a quarter of a mile, where it crosses the bridge famous in goblin story, and just beyond swells the green knoll on which stands the white-washed church.

64. As yet the panic of the steed had given his unskilful rider an apparent advantage in the chase; but just as he had got half-way through the hollow, the girths of the saddle gave way, and he felt it slipping from under him. He seized it by the pommel, and endeavored to hold it firm, but in vain; and had just time to save himself by clasping old Gunpowder round the neck, when the saddle fell to the earth, and he heard it trampled underfoot by his pursuer. For a moment the terror of Hans Van Ripper's wrath passed across his mind — for it was his Sunday saddle; but this was no time for petty fears; the goblin was hard on his haunches; and (unskilful rider that he was!) he had much ado to maintain his seat; sometimes slipping on one side, sometimes on another, and sometimes jolted on the high ridge of his horse's backbone, with a violence that he verily feared would cleave him asunder.

65. An opening in the trees now cheered him with the

hopes that the church-bridge was at hand. The wavering reflection of a silver star in the bosom of the brook told him that he was not mistaken. He saw the walls of the church dimly glaring under the trees beyond. He recollected the place where Brom Bones's ghostly competitor had disappeared. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I am safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and

ICHABOD AND THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN
From the engraving by Charles O. Murray

blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs, and old Gunpowder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer should vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavored to dodge the horrible missile, but too late. It encountered his cranium with

a tremendous crash, — he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed by like a whirlwind.

66. The next morning the old horse was found without his saddle, and with the bridle under his feet, soberly cropping the grass at his master's gate. Ichabod did not make his appearance at breakfast; — dinner-hour came, but no Ichabod. The boys assembled at the school-house, and strolled idly about the banks of the brook; but no schoolmaster. Hans Van Ripper now began to feel some uneasiness about the fate of poor Ichabod, and his saddle. An inquiry was set on foot, and after diligent investigation they came upon his traces. In one part of the road leading to the church was found the saddle trampled in the dirt; the tracks of horses' hoofs deeply dented in the road, and evidently at furious speed, were traced to the bridge, beyond which, on the bank of a broad part of the brook, where the water ran deep and black, was found the hat of the unfortunate Ichabod, and close beside it a shattered pumpkin.

67. The brook was searched, but the body of the schoolmaster was not to be discovered. Hans Van Ripper, as executor of his estate, examined the bundle which contained all his worldly effects. They consisted of two shirts and a half; two stocks for the neck; a pair or two of worsted stockings; an old pair of corduroy small-clothes; a rusty razor; a book of psalm-tunes, full of dogs' ears, and a broken pitchpipe. As to the books and furniture of the school-house, they belonged to the community, excepting Cotton Mather's "History of Witchcraft," a "New England Almanac," and a book of dreams and fortune-telling; in which last was a sheet of foolscap much scribbled and blotted in several fruitless attempts to make a copy of verses in honor of the heiress of Van Tassel. These magic books and the poetic scrawl were forthwith consigned to the flames by Hans Van Ripper; who from that time forward determined to send his children no more to school; observing, that he never knew any good come of this same reading and writing. Whatever money the schoolmaster possessed, and he had

received his quarter's pay but a day or two before, he must have had about his person at the time of his disappearance.

68. The mysterious event caused much speculation at the church on the following Sunday. Knots of gazers and gossips were collected in the churchyard, at the bridge, and at the spot where the hat and pumpkin had been found. The stories of Brouwer, of Bones, and a whole budget of others, were called to mind; and when they had diligently considered them all, and compared them with the symptoms of the present case, they shook their heads, and came to the conclusion that Ichabod had been carried off by the Galloping Hessian. As he was a bachelor, and in nobody's debt, nobody troubled his head any more about him. The school was removed to a different quarter of the Hollow, and another pedagogue reigned in his stead.

69. It is true, an old farmer, who had been down to New York on a visit several years after, and from whom this account of the ghostly adventure was received, brought home the intelligence that Ichabod Crane was still alive: that he had left the neighborhood, partly through fear of the goblin and Hans Van Ripper, and partly in mortification at having been suddenly dismissed by the heiress; that he had changed his quarters to a distant part of the country; had kept school and studied law at the same time, had been admitted to the bar, turned politician, electioneered, written for the newspapers, and finally had been made a justice of the Ten Pound Court. Brom Bones too, who shortly after his rival's disappearance conducted the blooming Katrina in triumph to the altar, was observed to look exceeding knowing whenever the story of Ichabod was related, and always burst into a hearty laugh at the mention of the pumpkin; which led some to suspect that he knew more about the matter than he chose to tell.

70. The old country wives, however, who are the best judges of these matters, maintain to this day that Ichabod was spirited away by supernatural means; and it is a favorite story often told about the neighborhood round the winter evening fire. The bridge became more than ever an object

of superstitious awe, and that may be the reason why the road has been altered of late years, so as to approach the church by the border of the mill-pond. The school-house, being deserted, soon fell to decay, and was reported to be haunted by the ghost of the unfortunate pedagogue; and the ploughboy, loitering homeward of a still summer evening, has often fancied his voice at a distance, chanting a melancholy psalm-tune among the tranquil solitudes of Sleepy Hollow.

POSTSCRIPT,

FOUND IN THE HANDWRITING OF MR. KNICKERBOCKER

The preceding Tale is given, almost in the precise words in which I heard it related at a Corporation meeting of the ancient city of Manhattoes, at which were present many of its sagest and most illustrious burghers. The narrator was a pleasant, shabby, gentlemanly old fellow, in pepper-and-salt clothes, with a sadly humorous face; and one whom I strongly suspected of being poor, — he made such efforts to be entertaining. When his story was concluded, there was much laughter and approbation, particularly from two or three deputy aldermen, who had been asleep the greater part of the time. There was, however, one tall, dry-looking old gentleman, with beetling eyebrows, who maintained a grave and rather severe face throughout; now and then folding his arms, inclining his head, and looking down upon the floor, as if turning a doubt over in his mind. He was one of your wary men, who never laugh, but on good grounds — when they have reason and the law on their side. When the mirth of the rest of the company had subsided and silence was restored, he leaned one arm on the elbow of his chair, and sticking the other akimbo, demanded, with a slight but exceedingly sage motion of the head, and contraction of the brow, what was the moral of the story, and what it went to prove?

The story-teller, who was just putting a glass of wine to his lips, as a refreshment after his toils, paused for a moment, looked at his inquirer with an air of infinite deference, and, lowering the glass slowly to the table, observed, that the story was intended most logically to prove:

"That there is no situation in life but has its advantages and pleasures — provided we will but take a joke as we find it:

"That, therefore, he that runs races with goblin troopers is likely to have rough riding of it.

"Ergo, for a country schoolmaster to be refused the hand of a Dutch heiress, is a certain step to high preferment in the state."

The cautious old gentleman knit his brows tenfold closer after this explanation, being sorely puzzled by the ratiocination of the syllogism; while, methought, the one in pepper-and-salt eyed him with something of a triumphant leer. At length he observed, that all this was very well, but still he thought the story a little on the extravagant — there were one or two points on which he had his doubts.

"Faith, sir," replied the story-teller, "as to that matter I don't believe one half of it myself."

D. K.

THE INN KITCHEN

[Note. — The story of "The Spectre Bridegroom" is included in this edition as supplementary reading. The plan of arrangement and composition is similar to the plan used in Irving's other stories, and if there is time for careful study of the narrative it offers an excellent opportunity for an original experiment on the part of the teacher, who will be able to arrange a plan of study similar in character to the Study of "Rip Van Winkle" or of "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow," but varied to meet special requirements in his own class. It must not, however, be forgotten that the exciting of interest is but one of several important objects to be gained in any plan for the study of a particular narrative. In the end, the author's purpose in the story must be made clear, and essential features of the development must be emphasized, rather than incidental, or merely striking matters.

"The Inn Kitchen" is a charming picture of homely comfort and pleasures, and it serves as the background for a tale that would otherwise seem to have been introduced without sufficient excuse. For a different description of a group gathered on a stormy night in an inn kitchen, see Dickens's account of how David Copperfield passed the night before the great storm in a Yarmouth hostelry. D.]

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

— Falstaff.

1. During a journey that I once made through the Netherlands, I had arrived one evening at the *Pomme d'Or*, the principal inn of a small Flemish village. It was after the hour of the *table d'hote*, so that I was obliged to make a solitary supper from the relics of its ampler board. The weather was chilly; I was seated alone in one end of a great gloomy dining-room, and, my repast being over, I had the prospect before me of a long dull evening, without any visible means of enlivening it. I summoned mine host, and requested something to read; he brought me the whole literary stock of his household, a Dutch family Bible, an almanac in the same language, and a number of old Paris newspapers. As I sat

dozing over one of the latter, reading old and stale criticisms, my ear was now and then struck with bursts of laughter which seemed to proceed from the kitchen. Every one that has travelled on the continent must know how favorite a resort the kitchen of a country inn is to the middle and inferior order of travellers; particularly in that equivocal kind of weather, when a fire becomes agreeable toward evening. I threw aside the newspaper, and explored my way to the kitchen, to take a peep at the group that appeared to be so merry. It was composed partly of travellers who had arrived some hours before in a diligence, and partly of the usual attendants and hangers-on of inns. They were seated round a great burnished stove, that might have been mistaken for an altar, at which they were worshipping. It was covered with various kitchen vessels of resplendent brightness; among which steamed and hissed a huge copper tea-kettle. A large lamp threw a strong mass of light upon the group, bringing out many odd features in strong relief. Its yellow rays partially illumined the spacious kitchen, dying duskily away into remote corners, except where they settled in mellow radiance on the broad side of a flitch of bacon, or were reflected back from well-scoured utensils, that gleamed from the midst of obscurity. A strapping Flemish lass, with long golden pendants in her ears, and a necklace with a golden heart suspended to it, was the presiding priestess of the temple.

2. Many of the company were furnished with pipes, and most of them with some kind of evening potation. I found their mirth was occasioned by anecdotes, which a little swarthy Frenchman, with a dry weazen face and large whiskers, was giving of his love adventures; at the end of each of which there was one of those bursts of honest unceremonious laughter, in which a man indulges in that temple of true liberty, an inn.

3. As I had no better mode of getting through a tedious blustering evening, I took my seat near the stove, and listened to a variety of traveller's tales, some very extravagant, and most very dull. All of them, however, have faded from my treacherous memory except one, which I will endeavor to relate. I fear, however, it derived its chief zest from the

manner in which it was told, and the peculiar air and appearance of the narrator. He was a corpulent old Swiss, who had the look of a veteran-traveller. He was dressed in a tarnished green travelling-jacket, with a broad belt round his waist, and a pair of overalls, with buttons from the hips to the ankles. He was of a full, rubicund countenance, with a double chin, aquiline nose, and a pleasant, twinkling eye. His hair was light, and curled from under an old green velvet travelling-cap stuck on one side of his head. He was interrupted more than once by the arrival of guests, or the remarks of his auditors; and paused now and then to replenish his pipe; at which times he had generally a roguish leer, and a sly joke for the buxom kitchen-maid.

4. I wish my readers could imagine the old fellow lolling in a huge arm-chair, one arm akimbo, the other holding a curiously twisted tobacco-pipe, formed of genuine *écume de mer*, decorated with silver chain and silken tassel, — his head cocked on one side, and a whimsical cut of the eye occasionally, as he related the following story.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM

A TRAVELLER'S TALE[1]

He that supper for is dight,
He lyes full cold, I trow, this night!
Yestreen to chamber I him led,
This night Gray-Steel has made his bed.
— Sir Eger, Sir Grahame, and Sir Gray Steel.

1. On the summit of one of the heights of the Odenwald, a wild and romantic tract of Upper Germany, that lies not far from the confluence of the Main and the Rhine, there stood, many, many years since, the Castle of the Baron Von Landshort. It is now quite fallen to decay, and almost buried among beech-trees and dark firs; above which, however, its old watch-tower may still be seen, struggling, like the former possessor I have mentioned, to carry a high head, and look down upon the neighboring country.

2. The baron was a dry branch of the great family of Katzenellenbogen,[2] and inherited the relics of the property, and all the pride of his ancestors. Though the warlike disposition of his predecessors had much impaired the family possessions, yet the baron still endeavored to keep up some show of former state. The times were peaceable, and the German nobles, in general, had abandoned their inconvenient old castles, perched like eagles' nests among the mountains, and had built more convenient residences in the valleys: still the baron remained proudly drawn up in his little fortress, cherishing, with hereditary inveterancy, all the old family

[1] The erudite reader, well versed in good-for-nothing lore, will perceive that the above Tale must have been suggested to the old Swiss by a little French anecdote, a circumstance said to have taken place at Paris.

[2] *I.e.* Cat's-Elbow. The name of a family of those parts very powerful in former times. The appellation, we are told, was given in compliment to a peerless dame of the family, celebrated for her fine arm.

feuds; so that he was on ill terms with some of his nearest neighbors, on account of disputes that had happened between their great-great-grandfathers.

3. The baron had but one child, a daughter; but nature, when she grants but one child, always compensates by making it a prodigy; and so it was with the daughter of the baron. All the nurses, gossips, and country cousins assured her father that she had not her equal for beauty in all Germany; and who should know better than they? She had, moreover, been brought up with great care under the superintendence of two maiden aunts, who had spent some years of their early life at one of the little German courts, and were skilled in all the branches of knowledge necessary to the education of a fine lady. Under their instructions she became a miracle of accomplishments. By the time she was eighteen, she could embroider to admiration, and had worked whole histories of the saints in tapestry, with such strength of expression in their countenances, that they looked like so many souls in purgatory. She could read without great difficulty, and had spelled her way through several church legends, and almost all the chivalric wonders of the Heldenbuch. She had even made considerable proficiency in writing; could sign her own name without missing a letter, and so legibly, that her aunts could read it without spectacles. She excelled in making little elegant good-for-nothing lady-like knickknacks of all kinds; was versed in the most abstruse dancing of the day; played a number of airs on the harp and guitar; and knew all the tender ballads of the Minnelieders by heart.

4. Her aunts, too, having been great flirts and coquettes in their younger days, were admirably calculated to be vigilant guardians and strict censors of the conduct of their niece; for there is no duenna so rigidly prudent, and inexorably decorous, as a superannuated coquette. She was rarely suffered out of their sight; never went beyond the domains of the castle, unless well attended, or rather well watched; had continual lectures read to her about strict decorum and implicit obedience; and, as to the men — pah! — she was taught to hold them at such a distance, and in such absolute dis-

trust, that, unless properly authorized, she would not have cast a glance upon the handsomest cavalier in the world — no, not if he were even lying at her feet.

5. The good effects of this system were wonderfully apparent. The young lady was a pattern of docility and correctness. While others were wasting their sweetness in the glare of the world, and liable to be plucked and thrown aside by every hand, she was coyly blooming into fresh and lovely womanhood under the protection of those immaculate spinsters like a rose-bud blushing forth among guardian thorns. Her aunts looked upon her with pride and exultation, and vaunted that though all the other young ladies in the world might go astray, yet, thank Heaven, nothing of the kind could happen to the heiress of Katzenellenbogen.

6. But, however scantily the Baron Von Landshort might be provided with children, his household was by no means a small one; for Providence had enriched him with abundance of poor relations. They, one and all, possessed the affectionate disposition common to humble relatives; were wonderfully attracted to the baron, and took every possible occasion to come in swarms and enliven the castle. All family festivals were commemorated by these good people at the baron's expense; and when they were filled with good cheer, they would declare that there was nothing on earth so delightful as these family meetings, these jubilees of the heart.

7. The baron, though a small man, had a large soul, and it swelled with satisfaction at the consciousness of being the greatest man in the little world about him. He loved to tell long stories about the dark old warriors whose portraits looked grimly down from the walls around, and he found no listeners equal to those who fed at his expense. He was much given to the marvellous, and a firm believer in all those supernatural tales with which every mountain and valley in Germany abounds. The faith of his guests exceeded even his own, they listened to every tale of wonder with open eyes and mouth, and never failed to be astonished, even though repeated for the hundredth time. Thus lived the Baron Von Landshort, the oracle of his table, the absolute monarch of his

little territory, and happy, above all things, in the persuasion that he was the wisest man of the age.

8. At the time of which my story treats, there was a great family-gathering at the castle, on an affair of the utmost importance: it was to receive the destined bridegroom of the baron's daughter. A negotiation had been carried on between the father and an old nobleman of Bavaria, to unite the dignity of their houses by the marriage of their children. The preliminaries had been conducted with proper punctilio. The young people were betrothed without seeing each other; and the time was appointed for the marriage ceremony. The young Count Von Altenburg had been recalled from the army for the purpose, and was actually on his way to the baron's to receive his bride. Missives had even been received from him, from Würtzburg, where he was accidentally detained, mentioning the day and hour when he might be expected to arrive.

9. The castle was in a tumult of preparation to give him a suitable welcome. The fair bride had been decked out with uncommon care. The two aunts had superintended her toilet, and quarrelled the whole morning about every article of her dress. The young lady had taken advantage of their contest to follow the bent of her own taste; and fortunately it was a good one. She looked as lovely as youthful bridegroom could desire; and the flutter of expectation heightened the lustre of her charms.

10. The suffusions that mantled her face and neck, the gentle heaving of the bosom, the eye now and then lost in reverie, all betrayed the soft tumult that was going on in her little heart. The aunts were continually hovering around her; for maiden aunts are apt to take great interest in affairs of this nature. They were giving her a world of staid counsel how to deport herself, what to say, and in what manner to receive the expected lover.

11. The baron was no less busied in preparations. He had, in truth, nothing exactly to do; but he was naturally a fuming, bustling little man, and could not remain passive when all the world was in a hurry. He worried from top to bottom

of the castle with an air of infinite anxiety; he continually called the servants from their work to exhort them to be diligent; and buzzed about every hall and chamber, as idly restless and importunate as a blue-bottle fly on a warm summer's day.

12. In the mean time the fatted calf had been killed; the forests had rung with the clamor of the huntsmen; the kitchen was crowded with good cheer; the cellars had yielded up whole oceans of *Rhein-wein* and *Ferne-wein;* and even the great Heidelberg tun had been laid under contribution. Everything was ready to receive the distinguished guest with *Saus und Braus* in the true spirit of German hospitality; — but the guest delayed to make his appearance. Hour rolled after hour. The sun, that had poured his downward rays upon the rich forest of the Odenwald, now just gleamed along the summits of the mountains. The Baron mounted the highest tower, and strained his eyes in hope of catching a distant sight of the count and his attendants. Once he thought he beheld them; the sound of horns came floating from the valley, prolonged by the mountain echoes. A number of horsemen were seen far below, slowly advancing along the road; but when they had nearly reached the foot of the mountain, they suddenly struck off in a different direction. The last ray of sunshine departed, — the bats began to flit by in the twilight, — the road grew dimmer and dimmer to the view, and nothing appeared stirring in it but now and then a peasant lagging homeward from his labor.

13. While the old castle of Landshort was in this state of perplexity, a very interesting scene was transacting in a different part of the Odenwald.

14. The young Count Von Altenburg was tranquilly pursuing his route in that sober jog-trot way, in which a man travels toward matrimony when his friends have taken all the trouble and uncertainty of courtship off his hands, and a bride is waiting for him, as certainly as a dinner at the end of his journey. He had encountered at Würtzburg a youthful companion in arms, with whom he had seen some service on the frontiers, — Herman Von Starkenfaust,

one of the stoutest hands and worthiest hearts of German chivalry, who was now returning from the army. His father's castle was not far distant from the old fortress of Landshort, although an hereditary feud rendered the families hostile, and strangers to each other.

15. In the warm-hearted moment of recognition, the young friends related all their past adventures and fortunes, and the count gave the whole history of his intended nuptials with a young lady whom he had never seen, but of whose charms he had received the most enrapturing descriptions.

16. As the route of the friends lay in the same direction, they agreed to perform the rest of their journey together; and, that they might do it the more leisurely, set off from Würtzburg at an early hour, the count having given directions for his retinue to follow and overtake him.

17. They beguiled their wayfaring with recollections of their military scenes and adventures; but the count was apt to be a little tedious, now and then, about the reputed charms of his bride, and the felicity that awaited him.

18. In this way they had entered among the mountains of the Odenwald, and were traversing one of its most lonely and thickly-wooded passes. It is well known that the forests of Germany have always been as much infested by robbers as its castles by spectres; and, at this time, the former were particularly numerous, from the hordes of disbanded soldiers wandering about the country. It will not appear extraordinary, therefore, that the cavaliers were attacked by a gang of these stragglers, in the midst of the forest. They defended themselves with bravery, but were nearly overpowered, when the count's retinue arrived to their assistance. At sight of them the robbers fled, but not until the count had received a mortal wound. He was slowly and carefully conveyed back to the city of Würtzburg, and a friar summoned from a neighboring convent, who was famous for his skill in administering to both soul and body; but half of his skill was superfluous; the moments of the unfortunate count were numbered.

19. With his dying breath he entreated his friend to repair

instantly to the castle of Landshort, and explain the fatal cause of his not keeping his appointment with his bride. Though not the most ardent of lovers, he was one of the most punctilious of men, and appeared earnestly solicitous that his mission should be speedily and courteously executed. "Unless this is done," said he, "I shall not sleep quietly in my grave!" He repeated these last words with peculiar solemnity. A request, at a moment so impressive, admitted no hesitation. Starkenfaust endeavored to soothe him to calmness; promised faithfully to execute his wish, and gave him his hand in solemn pledge. The dying man pressed it in acknowledgment, but soon lapsed into delirium — raved about his bride — his engagements — his plighted word; ordered his horse, that he might ride to the castle of Landshort; and expired in the fancied act of vaulting into the saddle.

20. Starkenfaust bestowed a sigh and a soldier's tear on the untimely fate of his comrade; and then pondered on the awkward mission he had undertaken. His heart was heavy, and his head perplexed; for he was to present himself an unbidden guest among hostile people, and to damp their festivity with tidings fatal to their hopes. Still there were certain whisperings of curiosity in his bosom to see this far-famed beauty of Katzenellenbogen, so cautiously shut up from the world; for he was a passionate admirer of the sex, and there was a dash of eccentricity and enterprise in his character that made him fond of all singular adventure.

21. Previous to his departure he made all due arrangements with the holy fraternity of the convent for the funeral solemnities of his friend, who was to be buried in the cathedral of Würtzburg, near some of his illustrious relatives; and the mourning retinue of the count took charge of his remains.

22. It is now high time that we should return to the ancient family of Katzenellenbogen, who were impatient for their guest, and still more for their dinner; and to the worthy little baron, whom we left airing himself on the watch-tower.

23. Night closed in, but still no guest arrived. The baron descended from the tower in despair. The banquet, which

had been delayed from hour to hour, could no longer be postponed. The meats were already overdone; the cook in an agony; and the whole household had the look of a garrison that had been reduced by famine. The baron was obliged reluctantly to give orders for the feast without the presence of the guest. All were seated at table, and just on the point of commencing, when the sound of a horn from without the gate gave notice of the approach of a stranger. Another long blast filled the old courts of the castle with its echoes, and was answered by the warder from the walls. The baron hastened to receive his future son-in-law.

"He was a Tall, Gallant Cavalier"
From the engraving by Charles O. Murray

24. The drawbridge had been let down, and the stranger was before the gate. He was a tall, gallant cavalier, mounted on a black steed. His countenance was pale, but he had a beaming, romantic eye, and an air of stately melancholy. The baron was a little mortified that he should have come in this simple, solitary style. His dignity for a moment was ruffled, and he felt disposed to consider it a want of proper respect for the important occasion, and the important family with which he was to be connected. He pacified himself, however, with the conclusion, that it must have been youthful impatience which had induced him thus to spur on sooner than his attendants.

25. "I am sorry," said the stranger, "to break in upon you thus unseasonably" ——

26. Here the baron interrupted him with a world of compliments and greetings; for, to tell the truth, he prided himself upon his courtesy and eloquence. The stranger attempted, once or twice, to stem the torrent of words, but in vain, so he bowed his head and suffered it to flow on. By the time the baron had come to a pause, they had reached the inner court of the castle; and the stranger was again about to speak, when he was once more interrupted by the appearance of the female part of the family, leading forth the shrinking and blushing bride. He gazed on her for a moment as one entranced; it seemed as if his whole soul beamed forth in the gaze, and rested upon that lovely form. One of the maiden aunts whispered something in her ear; she made an effort to speak; her moist blue eye was timidly raised; gave a shy glance of inquiry on the stranger; and was cast again to the ground. The words died away; but there was a sweet smile playing about her lips, and a soft dimpling of the cheek that showed her glance had not been unsatisfactory. It was impossible for a girl of the fond age of eighteen, highly predisposed for love and matrimony, not to be pleased with so gallant a cavalier.

27. The late hour at which the guest had arrived left no time for parley. The baron was peremptory, and deferred all particular conversation until the morning, and led the way to the untasted banquet.

28. It was served up in the great hall of the castle. Around the walls hung the hard-favored portraits of the heroes of the house of Katzenellenbogen, and the trophies which they had gained in the field and in the chase. Hacked corselets, splintered jousting spears, and tattered banners, were mingled with the spoils of sylvan warfare; the jaws of the wolf, and the tusks of the boar, grinned horribly among cross-bows and battle-axes, and a huge pair of antlers branched immediately over the head of the youthful bridegroom.

29. The cavalier took but little notice of the company or

the entertainment. He scarcely tasted the banquet, but seemed absorbed in admiration of his bride. He conversed in a low tone that could not be overheard — for the language of love is never loud; but where is the female ear so dull that it cannot catch the softest whisper of the lover? There was a mingled tenderness and gravity in his manner, that appeared to have a powerful effect upon the young lady. Her color came and went as she listened with deep attention. Now and then she made some blushing reply, and when his eye was turned away, she would steal a sidelong glance at his romantic countenance, and heave a gentle sigh of tender happiness. It was evident that the young couple were completely enamored. The aunts, who were deeply versed in the mysteries of the heart, declared that they had fallen in love with each other at first sight.

30. The feast went on merrily, or at least noisily, for the guests were all blessed with those keen appetites that attend upon light purses and mountain-air. The baron told his best and longest stories, and never had he told them so well, or with such great effect. If there was anything marvellous, his auditors were lost in astonishment; and if anything facetious, they were sure to laugh exactly in the right place. The baron, it is true, like most great men, was too dignified to utter any joke but a dull one; it was always enforced, however, by a bumper of excellent Hockheimer; and even a dull joke, at one's own table, served up with jolly old wine, is irresistible. Many good things were said by poorer and keener wits, that would not bear repeating, except on similar occasions; many sly speeches whispered in ladies' ears, that almost convulsed them with suppressed laughter; and a song or two roared out by a poor, but merry and broad-faced cousin of the baron, that absolutely made the maiden aunts hold up their fans.

31. Amidst all this revelry, the stranger guest maintained a most singular and unseasonable gravity. His countenance assumed a deeper cast of dejection as the evening advanced; and, strange as it may appear, even the baron's jokes seemed only to render him the more melancholy. At times he was

lost in thought, and at times there was a perturbed and restless wandering of the eye that bespoke a mind but ill at ease. His conversations with the bride became more and more earnest and mysterious. Lowering clouds began to steal over the fair serenity of her brow, and tremors to run through her tender frame.

32. All this could not escape the notice of the company. Their gayety was chilled by the unaccountable gloom of the bridegroom; their spirits were infected; whispers and glances were interchanged, accompanied by shrugs and dubious shakes of the head. The song and the laugh grew less and less frequent; there were dreary pauses in the conversation, which were at length succeeded by wild tales and supernatural legends. One dismal story produced another still more dismal, and the baron nearly frightened some of the ladies into hysterics with the history of the goblin horseman that carried away the fair Leonora; a dreadful story, which has since been put into excellent verse, and is read and believed by all the world.

33. The bridegroom listened to this tale with profound attention. He kept his eyes steadily fixed on the baron, and, as the story drew to a close, began gradually to rise from his seat, growing taller and taller, until, in the baron's entranced eye, he seemed almost to tower into a giant. The moment the tale was finished, he heaved a deep sigh, and took a solemn farewell of the company. They were all amazement. The baron was perfectly thunderstruck.

34. "What! going to leave the castle at midnight? why, everything was prepared for his reception; a chamber was ready for him if he wished to retire."

35. The stranger shook his head mournfully and mysteriously; "I must lay my head in a different chamber tonight!"

36. There was something in this reply, and the tone in which it was uttered, that made the baron's heart misgive him; but he rallied his forces, and repeated his hospitable entreaties.

37. The stranger shook his head silently, but positively,

at every offer; and, waving his farewell to the company, stalked slowly out of the hall. The maiden aunts were absolutely petrified; the bride hung her head, and a tear stole to her eye.

38. The baron followed the stranger to the great court of the castle, where the black charger stood pawing the earth, and snorting with impatience. — When they had reached the portal, whose deep archway was dimly lighted by a cresset, the stranger paused, and addressed the baron in a hollow tone of voice, which the vaulted roof rendered still more sepulchral.

39. "Now that we are alone," said he, "I will impart to you the reason of my going. I have a solemn, and indispensable engagement" —

"Why," said the baron, "cannot you send some one in your place?"

"It admits of no substitute — I must attend it in person — I must away to Würtzburg cathedral" —

"Ay," said the baron, plucking up spirit, "but not until to-morrow — to-morrow you shall take your bride there."

"No! no!" replied the stranger, with tenfold solemnity, "my engagement is with no bride — the worms! the worms expect me! I am a dead man — I have been slain by robbers — my body lies at Würtzburg — at midnight I am to be buried — the grave is waiting for me — I must keep my appointment!"

40. He sprang on his black charger, dashed over the drawbridge, and the clattering of his horse's hoofs was lost in the whistling of the night-blast.

41. The baron returned to the hall in the utmost consternation, and related what had passed. Two ladies fainted outright, others sickened at the idea of having banqueted with a spectre. It was the opinion of some, that this might be the wild huntsman, famous in German legend. Some talked of mountain sprites, of wood-demons, and of other supernatural beings, with which the good people of Germany have been so grievously harassed since time immemorial. One of the poor relations ventured to suggest that it might be some

sportive evasion of the young cavalier, and that the very gloominess of the caprice seemed to accord with so melancholy a personage. This, however, drew on him the indignation of the whole company, and especially of the baron, who looked upon him as little better than an infidel; so that he was fain to abjure his heresy as speedily as possible, and come into the faith of the true believers.

42. But whatever may have been the doubts entertained, they were completely put to an end by the arrival, next day, of regular missives, confirming the intelligence of the young count's murder, and his interment in Würtzburg cathedral.

43. The dismay at the castle may well be imagined. The baron shut himself up in his chamber. The guests, who had come to rejoice with him, could not think of abandoning him in his distress. They wandered about the courts, or collected in groups in the hall, shaking their heads and shrugging their shoulders, at the troubles of so good a man; and sat longer than ever at table, and ate and drank more stoutly than ever, by way of keeping up their spirits. But the situation of the widowed bride was the most pitiable. To have lost a husband before she had even embraced him — and such a husband! if the very spectre could be so gracious and noble, what must have been the living man. She filled the house with lamentations.

44. On the night of the second day of her widowhood, she had retired to her chamber, accompanied by one of her aunts, who insisted on sleeping with her. The aunt, who was one of the best tellers of ghost-stories in all Germany, had just been recounting one of her longest, and had fallen asleep in the very midst of it. The chamber was remote, and overlooked a small garden. The niece lay pensively gazing at the beams of the rising moon, as they trembled on the leaves of an aspen-tree before the lattice. The castle-clock had just tolled midnight, when a soft strain of music stole up from the garden. She rose hastily from her bed, and stepped lightly to the window. A tall figure stood among the shadows of the trees. As it raised its head, a beam of moonlight fell upon the countenance. Heaven and earth! she beheld the Spectre

Bridegroom! A loud shriek at that moment burst upon her ear, and her aunt, who had been awakened by the music, and had followed her silently to the window, fell into her arms. When she looked again, the spectre had disappeared.

45. Of the two females, the aunt now required the most soothing, for she was perfectly beside herself with terror. As to the young lady, there was something, even in the spectre of her lover, that seemed endearing. There was still the semblance of manly beauty; and though the shadow of a man is but little calculated to satisfy the affections of a love-sick girl, yet, where the substance is not to be had, even that is consoling. The aunt declared she would never sleep in that chamber again; the niece, for once, was refractory, and declared as strongly that she would sleep in no other in the castle: the consequence was, that she had to sleep in it alone; but she drew a promise from her aunt not to relate the story of the spectre, lest she should be denied the only melancholy pleasure left her on earth — that of inhabiting the chamber over which the guardian shade of her lover kept its nightly vigils.

46. How long the good old lady would have observed this promise is uncertain, for she dearly loved to talk of the marvellous, and there is a triumph in being the first to tell a frightful story; it is, however, still quoted in the neighborhood, as a memorable instance of female secrecy, that she kept it to herself for a whole week; when she was suddenly absolved from all further restraint, by intelligence brought to the breakfast-table one morning that the young lady was not to be found. Her room was empty — the bed had not been slept in — the window was open, and the bird had flown!

47. The astonishment and concern with which the intelligence was received can only be imagined by those who have witnessed the agitation which the mishaps of a great man cause among his friends. Even the poor relations paused for a moment from the indefatigable labors of the trencher; when the aunt, who had at first been struck speechless, wrung her hands, and shrieked out, "The goblin! the goblin! she's carried away by the goblin!"

48. In a few words she related the fearful scene of the garden, and concluded that the spectre must have carried off his bride. Two of the domestics corroborated the opinion, for they had heard the clattering of a horse's hoofs down the mountain about midnight, and had no doubt that it was the spectre on his black charger, bearing her away to the tomb. All present were struck with the direful probability; for events of the kind are extremely common in Germany, as many well-authenticated histories bear witness.

49. What a lamentable situation was that of the poor baron! What a heart-rending dilemma for a fond father, and a member of the great family of Katzenellenbogen! His only daughter had either been rapt away to the grave, or he was to have some wood-demon for a son-in-law, and, perchance, a troop of goblin grandchildren. As usual, he was completely bewildered, and all the castle in an uproar. The men were ordered to take horse, and scour every road and path and glen of the Odenwald. The baron himself had just drawn on his jack-boots, girded on his sword and was about to mount his steed to sally forth on the doubtful quest, when he was brought to a pause by a new apparition. A lady was seen approaching the castle, mounted on a palfrey, attended by a cavalier on horseback. She galloped up to the gate, sprang from her horse, and falling at the baron's feet, embraced his knees. It was his lost daughter, and her companion — the Spectre Bridegroom! The baron was astounded. He looked at his daughter, then at the spectre, and almost doubted the evidence of his senses. The latter, too, was wonderfully improved in his appearance since his visit to the world of spirits. His dress was splendid, and set off a noble figure of manly symmetry. He was no longer pale and melancholy. His fine countenance was flushed with the glow of youth, and joy rioted in his large dark eye.

50. The mystery was soon cleared up. The cavalier (for, in truth, as you must have known all the while, he was no goblin) announced himself as Sir Herman Von Starkenfaust. He related his adventure with the young count. He told

how he had hastened to the castle to deliver the unwelcome tidings, but that the eloquence of the baron had interrupted him in every attempt to tell his tale. How the sight of the bride had completely captivated him, and that to pass a few hours near her, he had tacitly suffered the mistake to continue. How he had been sorely perplexed in what way to make a decent retreat, until the baron's goblin stories had suggested his eccentric exit. How, fearing the feudal hostility of the family, he had repeated his visits by stealth — had haunted the garden beneath the young lady's window — had wooed — had won — had borne away in triumph — and, in a word, had wedded the fair.

51. Under any other circumstances the baron would have been inflexible, for he was tenacious of paternal authority, and devoutly obstinate in all family feuds; but he loved his daughter; he had lamented her as lost; he rejoiced to find her still alive; and, though her husband was of a hostile house, yet, thank Heaven, he was not a goblin. There was something, it must be acknowledged, that did not exactly accord with his notions of strict veracity, in the joke the knight had passed upon him of his being a dead man; but several old friends present, who had served in the wars, assured him that every stratagem was excusable in love, and that the cavalier was entitled to especial privilege, having lately served as a trooper.

52. Matters, therefore, were happily arranged. The baron pardoned the young couple on the spot. The revels at the castle were resumed. The poor relations overwhelmed this new member of the family with loving-kindness; he was so gallant, so generous — and so rich. The aunts, it is true, were somewhat scandalized that their system of strict seclusion and passive obedience should be so badly exemplified, but attributed it all to their negligence in not having the windows grated. One of them was particularly mortified at having her marvellous story marred, and that the only spectre she had ever seen should turn out a counterfeit; but the niece seemed perfectly happy at having found him substantial flesh and blood — and so the story ends.

L'ENVOY [1]

Go, little booke, God send thee good passage,
And specially let this be thy prayere,
Unto them all that thee will read or hear,
Where thou art wrong, after their help to call,
Thee to correct in any part or all.

— CHAUCER'S BELLE DAME SANS MERCIE.

1. In concluding a second volume of the Sketch-Book, the Author cannot but express his deep sense of the indulgence with which his first has been received, and of the liberal disposition that has been evinced to treat him with kindness as a stranger. Even the critics, whatever may be said of them by others, he has found to be a singularly gentle and good-natured race; it is true that each has in turn objected to some one or two articles, and that these individual exceptions, taken in the aggregate, would amount almost to a total condemnation of his work; but then he has been consoled by observing, that what one has particularly censured another has as particularly praised; and thus, the encomiums being set off against the objections, he finds his work, upon the whole, commended far beyond its deserts.

2. He is aware that he runs a risk of forfeiting much of this kind favor by not allowing the counsel that has been liberally bestowed upon him; for where abundance of valuable advice is given gratis, it may seem a man's own fault if he should go astray. He can only say, in his vindication, that he faithfully determined, for a time, to govern himself in his second volume by the opinions passed upon his first; but he was soon brought to a stand by the contrariety of excellent counsel. One kindly advised him to avoid the ludicrous; another to shun the pathetic; a third assured him that he was tolerable at description, but cautioned him to leave

[1] Closing the second volume of the London edition.

narrative alone; while a fourth declared that he had a very pretty knack at turning a story, and was really entertaining when in a pensive mood, but was grievously mistaken if he imagined himself to possess a spirit of humor.

3. Thus perplexed by the advice of his friends, who each in turn closed some particular path, but left him all the world beside to range in, he found that to follow all their counsels would, in fact, be to stand still. He remained for a time sadly embarrassed; when, all at once, the thought struck him to ramble on as he had begun; that his work being miscellaneous, and written for different humors, it could not be expected that any one would be pleased with the whole; but that if it should contain something to suit each reader, his end would be completely answered. Few guests sit down to a varied table with an equal appetite for every dish. One has an elegant horror of a roasted pig; another holds a curry or a devil in utter abomination; a third cannot tolerate the ancient flavor of venison and wild-fowl; and a fourth, of truly masculine stomach, looks with sovereign contempt on those knickknacks, here and there dished up for the ladies. Thus each article is condemned in its turn; and yet amidst this variety of appetites, seldom does a dish go away from the table without being tasted and relished by some one or other of the guests.

4. With these considerations he ventures to serve up this second volume in the same heterogeneous way with his first; simply requesting the reader if he should find here and there something to please him, to rest assured that it was written expressly for intelligent readers like himself; but entreating him, should he find anything to dislike, to tolerate it, as one of those articles which the author has been obliged to write for readers of a less refined taste.

5. To be serious. — The author is conscious of the numerous faults and imperfections of his work; and well aware how little he is disciplined and accomplished in the arts of authorship. His deficiencies are also increased by a diffidence arising from his peculiar situation. He finds himself writing in a strange land, and appearing before a public which he has been

accustomed, from childhood, to regard with the highest feelings of awe and reverence. He is full of solicitude to deserve their approbation, yet finds that very solicitude continually embarrassing his powers, and depriving him of that ease and confidence which are necessary to successful exertion. Still the kindness with which he is treated encourages him to go on, hoping that in time he may require a steadier footing; and thus he proceeds, half venturing, half shrinking, surprised at his own good fortune, and wondering at his own temerity.

TOPICS FOR STUDY

THE AUTHOR

1. Why should it be easy to remember the date of Irving's birth?
2. In what part of the city of New York was the home in which Irving grew up? When was it pulled down?
3. What was the position and occupation of the father of Irving?
4. How did the war of the Revolution affect the fortunes of his parents?
5. Irving's brothers and sisters; make a list, or diagram, of the children in this family for reference, and add to it as you find out residence, occupation, etc., of each one.
6. *Irving's education:* —
   - *a.* Schools attended; time spent in each; character as a student.
   - *b.* At what age did Irving begin to study law?
   - *c.* Compare Irving's education at that time with the present requirement for entrance to law schools.
   - *d.* Why did Irving enter on the study of law?
7. *Irving's reading:* —
   - *a.* Make a list of books read by Irving before he was eighteen.
   - *b.* Compare your list with the list of books read by Scott in the same years: —
     - (1) What class of books did both lads like?
     - (2) Of what books was Scott more fond than Irving?
     - (3) Of what books was Irving more fond than Scott?
     - (4) What is the difference between the reading of these boys and the reading of a boy of the same age, now?

8. How early did Irving show an unusual fondness for travel? Did he travel more or less than other boys at that time?
9. An outline of Irving's life up to his first voyage to Europe, showing his places of residence, occupations, journeys, and other notable experiences.

NOTE. — This outline should be placed in the note-book in convenient form for reference.

10. Trace on the map all excursions and journeys made by Irving before his first trip to Europe.
11. *First trip to Europe:* —
    a. How old was Irving? How came he to go?
    b. Geographical outline of Irving's journey, showing places visited, time spent, etc. Trace route on map of Europe.
    c. What noted persons did Irving meet on this trip?
    d. Where and in what ways did the fact of war between England and France affect Irving?
    e. How many times did Irving find himself in circumstances arising in some way from acts of Napoleon?
    f. What personal acquaintances or friends did Irving make while in Europe?
    g. What do you find in histories about the United States government and the pirates of the Mediterranean? Why had this government any concern about pirates so far away? Who was president at that time?
    h. Describe briefly Irving's experiences with the piccaroon pirates of the Mediterranean.
    See "Life and Letters," I, 65, and 245–247.
12. *Irving at home,* 1806–1815: —
    a. An outline of Irving's life, showing places of residence occupations, writings, journeys, etc.
    b. What events in this period of Irving's life were most important, — that is, affected most the future course of his life?
    c. How did the War of 1812 affect the prosperity of the family?

d. What was Irving's military rank and title during the War of 1812?

e. How long was he connected with the army? What actual service did he see?

f. What was the plan of the partnership of the Irving brothers? Why was it arranged?

13. *Early literary work of Washington Irving:* —

a. When did Irving begin to write? Under what nom-de-plume were his first writings published?

b. Who were the "Lads of Kilkenny"? Under what names did they write?

c. What book was begun soon after this time by Peter and Washington Irving? Give an account of Irving's scheme for advertising and introducing this book.

d. Show in outline, with dates, all important writings of Irving published before 1815.

14. *Second trip to Europe, during which "The Sketch-Book" was written:* —

a. What was the occasion of Irving's second trip to Europe? How long did he remain?

b. How old was Irving at the time of the voyage which is the subject of the second paper in "The Sketch-Book"?

15. *"The Author's Account of Himself":* —

a. How does Irving explain, in this paper, his "rambling propensity"?

b. What reasons does he give for thinking Europe more interesting to a traveller than our own country?

c. What is the meaning of the name of his book?

THE VOYAGE

1. *The real voyage:* —

a. When was steam first used on the Hudson river?

b. In what year did a steamship cross the ocean for the first time?

c. How long did it take to cross the ocean at the time of Irving's voyage?

d. What expedition had Irving been invited to accompany to the Mediterranean? What historical event changed his plan? Why?

e. What considerations influenced Irving when deciding to go to Europe?

NOTE. — A description of travel on the Hudson in the boyhood days of Irving will be found in "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 17; also, quoted, p. 259. The time of the return voyage of Irving's first trip is given in "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 118. For some account of ocean travel early in the nineteenth century, see McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," Vol. I, pp. 50–51.

2. *Irving's essay, "The Voyage":* —

a. Write in your own words Irving's idea of the difference in effect on the mind of a sea voyage and of a land journey. Do you think that this difference would be the same, now, when sea voyages are so much shorter?

b. Choose some short land journey that you have taken, and write of the method of travel, of your experiences, and of the effect on your own mind. Do not try to imitate Irving's account of his voyage; let your composition be a truthful record of your own experiences.

c. Write in your own words the effect of the sea voyage upon Irving. In order to do this well, you should begin with an account of Irving's character and temperament, and speak of his mental traits and habits. If you wish, write in the first person as a fellow-voyager, who has been watching Irving, and has, in some way, learned his thoughts.

d. Study the paragraphs of "The Voyage," from the fourth to the end of the essay, and make an outline of the subjects of meditation or interest mentioned by Irving; show especially why each suggested the next and how the author passed from one topic to another without making an abrupt change.

NOTE. — This is the most important topic for study under "The Voyage," and should be developed in detail. Each pupil may learn from it much about the arrangement of matter in his own narrative essays.

e. Why did Irving represent himself in this essay as having arrived a stranger, without friends, in a foreign land? What were the facts of the case?

RURAL LIFE IN ENGLAND

1. "Rural Life in England" was published in 1819; examine Irving's life and inquire: —
   a. What means of knowing rural life in England he then had.
   b. What parts of England he knew best.
2. Irving begins this essay by an observation about the proper means of forming an opinion of the English character; how does he lead the reader from this beginning to the subject of par. 3, "The English, in fact, are strongly gifted with rural feeling"?
3. In how many ways does he support this statement?
4. Paragraphs 4 and 5 contrast the Englishman in the city with the Englishman in the country; what statement in the preceding paragraphs does this contrast prove and illustrate?
5. Show whether the order in which Irving has written these paragraphs can be changed, — that is, show by good reason for or against, whether par. 4 may be placed after par. 5.
6. How is rural life made more attractive in England than in the United States?
7. What is the effect of this different rural life upon: —
   a. The individual.
   b. The community.
   c. Social relations.
   d. National life and characteristics.

NOTE. — Letter xci, in "A Citizen of the World," by Oliver Goldsmith, is entitled, "The Influence of Climate and Soil upon the Tempers and Dispositions of the English."

8. After studying Irving's plan for this essay, let each student imagine himself a visitor from a distant state or country, and try to write an essay on rural life in his

own neighborhood, which will make clear general characteristics in a way that seems attractive and fair.

NOTE. — The class exercise should consist in the comparison and criticism of the points chosen for the essays, and in discussion of the fairness and fulness of the presentation. The important point is to secure original observation and consideration of local environment instead of mere imitation of Irving's essay. Stevenson once wrote an essay in which he attempted the task suggested above, "The Foreigner at Home," in "Memories and Portraits."

9. At the conclusion of the study of "Rural Life in England," let each student make an outline of the essay showing :—
   a. The introduction, with the steps of transition to the real subject of the essay.
   b. The main points of the essay, and under each one the reasons, proofs, etc., by which the author seeks to establish his point.
   c. The conclusions of the author.
10. The quotation with which Irving closes is from a poem but little read at the present time; let each member of the class find, if he can, some quotation that he likes better expressing the same sentiment.

NOTE. — When these selections are presented, the teacher should discuss with the class the suitability of each in style, and adaptation to the prose of the essay, as well as in thought; and in the end, the best may be selected by the vote of the class.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

1. What was Irving's chief interest in his travels? Bring illustrations both from his life and from his writings in proof of your points.
2. What was the personal relation, or point of view, of the writer of this essay to the country church and its congregation?
3. Paragraphs 1–4 are for the purpose of describing (*a*) the church; (*b*) the congregation; (*c*) the vicar; (*d*) the stranger in the pew. There is some common element, or point of view, running through 1–3, — what is it?
4. Paragraph 4 faces both ways: —

a. What is the relation of par. 4 to the first three paragraphs?

b. What shows that this paragraph is the close of the introduction?

c. What shows it to be the beginning of the main part of the essay?

5. In the description of the church, what is the description of detail intended to show?
6. Does the description of the congregation or of the noble family illustrate any part of the essay, "Rural Life in England"?
7. *The two families:* —
   a. Make parallel outlines of Irving's description of the two families, show the characteristics of each, and point out the contrast.
8. Show what illustrations of the characteristics described above, Irving gives in the succeeding paragraphs.
9. What conclusion did the writer of the essay reach? How is this conclusion impressed upon readers?
10. Review topic: outline the essay, showing each part, with all pertinent detail.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON

In the essays, "Rural Life in England," "The Country Church," and "The Widow and Her Son," Irving speaks of English landscapes in three different aspects: (a) . . . *the taste of the English in what is called landscape gardening,* . . . (b) *the peculiar charm of English landscape,* . . . (c) . . . *the passive quiet of an English landscape on Sunday.* Each aspect of English landscape scenery is chosen with reference to what the author wished to say in the body of his essay: —

1. Show, in each essay, what point of view he wishes the reader to take, and how he uses the aspect of the landscape as a setting for the more serious matter to follow.

NOTE. — Each pupil should find and express in words, spoken or written, the aspect of the landscape defined by Irving in the early part of the essay; the transitions from this point of view should be

definitely pointed out, and finally, as far as possible, Irving's choice of point of view must be shown to correspond with the feeling and spirit of the main part of the essay. The attempt to exchange the point of view chosen by Irving for "The Widow and Her Son" with the one which serves as starting point for "Rural Life in England," may illustrate the distinction between them.

2. What is the general statement with which this essay begins?
3. By what steps of transition is the reader's attention led from the general statement to the poor widow?
4. *a.* Where does the story of the traveller, or author, begin? Where does it end?
   b. Outline the narrator's story, showing every step of his interest in, and knowledge of, the widow's story.
5. *a.* Where in the essay does the poor widow's story begin? Where does it end?
   b. Outline the widow's story in the order in which the narrator learned it.
6. *a.* Where in the *narrator's* story does the incident of the meeting with the widow's friend come?
   b. Where in the *widow's* story does the incident of the friend come?
   c. Outline the story told by the widow's friend. Where does this story begin? Where does it end?
7. Make an outline of the story that Irving had in mind but did not tell, the story of the life of George Somers and his parents.
8. Are there places in this story for which Irving did not give particulars?

NOTE. — Each one may invent detail, when necessary. Comparison in class will reveal which invention is most in accord with Irving's narrative.

9. Show where each one of the stories told in the essay is made to fit in with the others.

1. CHRISTMAS

1. Show how from the general statement Irving at last brings the reader to the point of view of special interest in the revival of Christmas customs now obsolete.

2. Show how and where, throughout the essay, Irving infuses a personal point of view.
3. Define this personal point of view and show the elements that enter into it.
4. What, in this essay, seems distinctly a preparation for the series of papers to come?
5. Make an outline of this essay, showing clearly: —
   a. The general statement and introduction.
   b. The steps by which the general statement is narrowed to a statement of the subject of the essays.
6. Show the transitions or changes by which Irving passes from topic to topic.

2. THE STAGE-COACH

For an account of roads and travel in England at the time of Irving's journey see "London in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant, Chap. iv. This most picturesque account of a coach, coachman, and passengers is dated July 27, 1827.

1. Why did Irving choose Yorkshire for the scene of this essay?
2. What is the rôle of "I" in "The Stage-Coach"?
3. How many characters enter into this essay?
4. Which of these characters interested Irving most?
5. Which interests the reader most? Why?
6. How many things in this journey depend upon the fact that it was on the day before Christmas?
7. Why does Irving describe the coachman so particularly?

NOTE. — Dickens description of Tony Weller, an English coachman, will be found in "Pickwick Papers," Chap. xxiii.

8. When did travelling by coach cease to be the common means of conveyance in England?
9. What did Irving see from the coach windows?
10. How did Irving's journey end?
11. How many times in this essay are you reminded that Irving was a stranger in the land, and far from his own home, at a time when he would best like to be there?

12. How many points do you find in this essay in which customs in England differ from customs in America under similar circumstances?
13. Give names to the little boys and to all members of their family referred to in the essay, then make an outline of their story. Notice that in their story Washington Irving was only one of their fellow-travellers, perhaps a little more interesting than the others because he came from America.
14. Make an outline of the essay, "The Stage-Coach," fitting into it such parts of the boy's story as belong in it.
15. A written paper, in which the boy's story is told.

NOTE. — This story may be divided into chapters according to the outline, and each pupil may write one.

3. CHRISTMAS EVE

1. *The ride and the arrival:* —
   a. What incidents of the ride are given?

NOTE. — This question is intended to lead the student to select from the pages everything of the nature of action, — "alight and walk through the park," etc. The narrative element is very slight; it serves as transition, as a means of exciting personal interest, and it also aids the reader in picturing the scenes described.

   b. What suggested the topics of conversation on this ride?
   c. Why did a walk through the grounds please Irving better than the drive would have done?
   d. How many indications of the character of the Squire do you find in the conversation, or narrative, up to the ringing of the doorbell?
2. *The introduction:* —
   a. How many persons were there in the company that Irving found in the hall? Which of these were members of the Squire's family?
   b. What indications or hints of characteristics and peculiarities are given in the introduction scene?
3. What is your first impression of the Squire?
4. What would the visitor's impression of the Squire have

been had he learned nothing about him before he was presented?

5. Write briefly the son's real opinion of his father as you infer it from the narrative.
6. How did Irving manage to introduce a description of the hall in the midst of the narrative? Was it important to describe the hall at this point?
7. *a.* Which of the persons present in the hall attracted the visitor most? Why?
   b. Which interests the reader most?
8. For what special purpose is the character of Master Simon introduced?
9. Why did Irving call attention to the family portraits?
10. What marked the close of Christmas eve for Irving?
11. In how many respects would this celebration of Christmas eve seem unreal, or like a dream of an olden time, to a visitor from America?

4. CHRISTMAS DAY

1. Make an outline showing all the incidents or acts of this day, in the order in which they took place.
2. Draw an imaginary map or plan of the manor, the buildings mentioned, and the village, and mark a route for the walk.
3. Why did Irving begin his account of the day with a description of the scene from the window?
4. Examine all the Christmas papers and make an estimate of the number of persons in the family of the Squire at this time; of the number of servants belonging to the hall.
5. Make a list of all the things that specially interested Irving during the day. Which one interested him most? How can you tell?
6. Which of the observances of the day were new and strange to Irving, the American?
7. Which one of all the old Christmas customs of the day would you care most to see? Why?

8. What do you learn of the humors and whims of the Squire on this day?
9. Do you learn anything new about other persons?
10. What did Irving consider the most important moment of the day?
11. What incident forms the close of this essay?

5. THE CHRISTMAS DINNER

1. Write from memory and imagination a description of this hall, drawing at the top of the page some plan that will represent your idea of its form, arrangement, etc., and showing fireplace, windows, sideboard, table, etc.
2. Irving speaks of the makeshifts by which "that worthy old humorist," the Squire, endeavored "to follow up the quaint customs of antiquity." If you suppose that the Squire and all his family entered into the revival of these old customs as a sort of play, select from the narrative every one you find and show how it was carried out.

NOTE. — If there are in the school library books suitable for this use, the members of the class may find the origin and early observance in England of customs mentioned in this essay. Illustrations showing old holiday customs, games, etc., should be sought and exhibited in class. An "art loan exhibit" to illustrate Irving's Christmas papers might prove profitable and delightful. For books of reference for this use, see Bibliography, page 411.

3. Write from your own knowledge an account of a Christmas dinner in this country and of the entertainments that follow it.
4. Compare the entertainments of Christmas day in England with the customs and festivities of the day in the United States, pointing out every difference.
5. In all these papers, what unusual dishes and drinks are mentioned? Are any of these in use now?

GENERAL TOPICS ON THE CHRISTMAS ESSAYS

1. Make an outline of the story, or action, running through all the essays.
2. Make an outline of the observances of an old-fashioned Christmas which would serve as a guide for any one who wished to repeat them.
3. Write a comparison of the old time and of the present, discussing: —
   a. The relation of each to the family life.
   b. The enjoyment, in each, of the young people, of the older people, of servants and dependents.

LITTLE BRITAIN

1. Read the last paragraph of "London Antiques," page 119, and be prepared to rewrite it briefly in class, stating its essential meaning and its relation to the essay, "Little Britain."
2. *Geographical:* —
   a. Where is Brittany? Why would the Dukes of Brittany at any time have wished to have residences in London?
   b. What little Duke of Brittany was once held a prisoner by his uncle?
   c. Why were walls built around the old city of London? When did they cease to be of use? Why?

NOTE. — Teachers should give references to such English histories, pictures, or maps as may be found in the library. For the little Duke of Brittany, see the story of Hubert de Burgh and Arthur in Shakespeare's "King John," Act IV, scene 1.

3. In this essay the author is an imaginary person much like Irving in nature and disposition, but with a life history which it pleased Irving to represent as very different from his own. Imagine the story of this man's life in outline, showing: —
   a. His age.
   b. His appearance.

c. His occupations, places of residence, etc.

d. Explain how he came to be interested in antiquarian lore.

e. For what reason did he reside in this part of London?

NOTE. — Squire Bracebridge was in many respects very different from the author of this essay; compare the two men and show the special interest each felt, how it differed from the other man's, and the reasons for the difference.

4. How many sources of information about Little Britain did Irving imagine the old gentleman to have had?

NOTE. — Examine the essay carefully for indirect evidence on this point.

5. How many of the city wonders mentioned by Irving in this essay have you read of, either in histories, or in reading books, or in stories?

NOTE. — For each, some incident, fact, or association, especially of persons, should be given, and references to books should be required, as far as practicable.

6. In par. 17, Irving says, "Little Britain has long flourished" . . . and goes on to state the point of view or purpose he has in mind in writing this essay. Make a plan for this essay as if you had it to write; in order to do this, study the essay carefully that you may really find hidden in the pleasant paragraphs Irving's own plan. The plan must show the general divisions of the essay, as, i, Location; (ii,—); iii, Traces of former splendor, etc. Subdivisions, which will consist of particulars, illustrations, proof, etc., must also be given, and the pupil must be able, in class, to tell how to pass from one great division to the next. Irving will always show him some graceful means of transition.

   This plan may include only that part of the essay designed to describe and illustrate the notable features of "Little Britain" and the characteristics of the people living there; that is, all paragraphs up to the nineteenth.

7. What excuse had Irving for enumerating so many old saws and superstitions?

8. Compare the two rival oracles so as to show the difference between them.
   a. Which was himself the more superstitious?
   b. Which one shared more nearly the beliefs and superstitions of the ordinary inhabitants of the city? Why do you think so?
   c. For how many of these superstitions or beliefs can you give an instance from your own knowledge, of some one who really believes in the notion and has acted on his belief?
   d. A great many of our proverbs and saws have been derived from our forefathers in England, or in some European country; write on a slip of paper all the proverbs you yourself know.

NOTE.—If these are placed on the board or read in class, it will be interesting to notice how many times the same one is given. The teacher can often tell in a moment whether the proverb is an old English saying, or is borrowed from some other country.

9. *The story of the aspiring family of the Lambs and of how Little Britain regarded them:* —
   a. Make an outline of the story of the Lamb family, adding from your own imagination details not given by the author.
   b. Write the story of the family as told by one of its members. The story may be in chapters.
   c. Write an account of society in Little Britain, by a member of the Lamb family.
   d. Write a description, with comment, of the Lamb family, by some member of the rival family in Little Britain.
   e. Compare the Lamb family with the aspiring family in "The Country Church." Make your own points for the comparison, after examining both descriptions, but be sure to show the differences in the families, in the manner of life, and also in Irving's point of view.
10. Why did Irving introduce the story of the Lamb family at the close of this essay?

11. *Irving's note-book.*

NOTE. — This essay is full of antiquarian lore gathered by Irving from old books and pictures, from rambles and conversations with persons fond of research. The material with which he began may be extracted from the essay and entered in a note-book as if for the writing of another essay. The following topics may be assigned, one to each member of the class, or each may choose the one he likes best, and the note-book on this topic may be presented as a written lesson. If the school library is good and there is time, let the note-book have two divisions: (*a*) Irving's note-book; (*b*) items which may be added to Irving's note-book. These (1) must be pertinent to the subject; (2) must increase the pleasure of the reader in the essay. The following topics are suggested: —

a. The location and history of Little Britain.
b. The evidences of past splendor.
c. The superstitions and customs of the people.
d. The objects of interest to sight-seers and travellers.
e. Old games, — how each is played.
f. *Great events:* —
(1) St. Bartholomew's fair.
(2) The Lord Mayor's day.
g. Temple Bar and the freedom of the city.
h. Old English manners and customs.

12. If a great library, or a good collection of illustrated books and prints, is accessible, "Little Britain" may be illustrated with great pleasure and profit. There are many pictures of old streets, city gates, taverns, markets, etc., within this small district of the ancient city.

A SUNDAY IN LONDON

1. Make an outline showing: —
a. The general statement used as introduction.
b. The clew for the selection of particulars.
c. The grouping of particulars.
d. Explain the reason for the order of the groups.
e. Point out the transitions, or changes, by which the author passes from one group to the next.
2. Test the outline by the following questions: —
a. In "The Widow and her Son," Irving describes the effect of the landscape on the mind on that day;

in London, there is no landscape, — what does Irving choose, instead, as the best means of showing the sacred influence of the Sabbath?

b. In this essay, Irving describes the habitual routine of life in London, on Sunday, for a church-going family; make an outline showing this customary routine, as he describes it.

c. Make an outline showing the customary routine of life, on Sunday, for a church-going family living in a city in the United States.

d. Make an outline showing the routine of life on Sunday for a family living in the country in the United States.

e. Write a short comparison of the English habit of life on the Sabbath, according to Washington Irving, and of the American, speaking especially of points of similarity and of differences.

LONDON ANTIQUES

1. What did Irving substitute, in this essay, for his usual form of introduction?
2. *The author's apology for an odd taste for relics of a "foregone world":* —
   a. Describe the character and personality which Irving assumes in this essay; is the personality that of his own true self? How can you best prove or disprove this point?
3. *The first excursion of the antiquity hunter:* —
   a. In pars. 1, 2, 3, is the reader most interested in the person making the excursion, or in the discoveries made by him? Why?
   b. Which did the author intend should interest most?
4. *The antiquity hunter's subsequent tour:* —
   a. What first attracted Irving's attention and excited his interest?
   b. Did he know what place he had really come upon when he entered, do you think?

c. When did the impression of mystery begin for Irving? What began it?

d. Find everything which added to this feeling, up to the open door, par. 5.

5. In this essay, Irving pleases himself with fancies, and each place he saw was an excuse for a new reverie.

a. What suggested his first fanciful supposition and what was it?

b. What, a little later, started him on another reverie, and what form did this supposition take?

c. What suggestion did the strange appearance of the room described in pars. 8 and 9 bring to his mind?

d. What effect had the discovery of John Hallum on Irving's fancies? Why?

e. What was Irving's purpose in describing, briefly, the past life and occupations of John Hallum?

f. Why did not Irving first tell readers what place he had found, then describe it, and, finally, give his own reveries and fancies?

g. If he had chosen this order for his essay, how should he have changed his reveries? Why?

h. Why was it necessary to use "P.S." before par. 14?

NOTE. — Read here Thackeray's description of the pensioners of Charterhouse in "The Newcomes."

Pictures, descriptions in histories, or in literature, names of famous persons connected with Charterhouse school, may be given here. The map should be used, and guide books will be very useful. Best of all, for the use of schoolboys, is "Charterhouse," in Bell's Series of "Handbooks to Great Public Schools," with its many illustrations; see Bibliography.

THE BOAR'S HEAD TAVERN, EASTCHEAP

1. What is the general observation with which Irving began this essay? What inference did he draw from it?
2. What connection is there between the subject of the second paragraph and the observation of the first?
3. In what, in previous paragraphs, did Irving find a starting-point for the remarks he wished to make about himself?

4. Where is the real starting-point of this essay?
5. What was Irving's point of view in reading the old play?

NOTE. — Notice, here, Thackeray's comparison of the heroes of history with Robinson Crusoe, Mariner. *See the beginning of Thackeray's Essay on Steele, "English Humorists."*

Adventures on the way: —

Explanation. — Irving started out with three purposes in mind: —

a. To find all that really remained of the old buildings, all genuine relics, etc.

b. To find whether the inhabitants of the neighborhood believed in the reality of Shakespeare's scenes and characters.

c. To imagine the old scenes and characters as still existing, and thus, as it were, transport himself into their midst and convince himself of the reality of all that his imagination had dwelt upon.

NOTE. — In considering the following topics, Irving's point of view and purposes should be kept in mind. Irving's adventures on the way were exciting only because his intimate knowledge of English history and of literature enabled him to call to mind persons, events, or scenes associated with each spot that he visited. Students, however young, should have a small fund of similar knowledge, and, if one is ignorant, the books in the library will serve each boy or girl as well as they served Irving himself.

6. *Topics:* —
   a. Locate the places mentioned in par. 7.
   b. Explain the literary or historical references, as far as you are able.
7. What information did Irving gain from the tallow chandler's widow?
8. Whom did Irving seek next?
9. Of what use in the essay are pars. 15 and 16?
10. Why was Irving pleased to discover the tomb of Robert Preston?
11. Where did he go next? In search of what?
12. What interested him first? What discoveries did he make here?
13. In the conclusion of this essay, what references do you find to the opening paragraphs? Why were they made?

14. *Summary:* —

a. How many names of old taverns, or inns, does Irving mention in "Little Britain"?

b. Find as many names and pictures as you can of old inns existing in London between the time of Queen Elizabeth and the time of George the First.

NOTE. — Examine English histories, "Shakespeare's London" (see Bibliography, p. 411), Callows's "Old English Taverns," etc., for names and illustrations.

c. *The Mason's Arms:* This is described as if it were a survival of the time of The Boar's Head, and Irving pleases himself with imagining that it is indeed the old tavern. Point out all the resemblances noticed, or imagined, by him.

d. What real relics or antiquities did Irving find on this pilgrimage? What information did he gain?

e. What suggestions of Shakespeare's scenes or characters did real persons or places supply for his imagination to work upon?

f. What did the people whom he found know, care, or believe about the old tavern and the characters of Shakespeare's play?

g. How many real persons of modern London did Irving introduce in this essay in order to give it narrative form? Can you describe from his account the appearance, character, and manner of life of each?

NOTE. — Note-book outlines should be made, showing the information on each point given in the essay. One outline may then be chosen as a guide for a written description; it will soon be evident to what extent the writer must draw upon his own imagination for details.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Preliminary. — The plan of the abbey and enclosure makes it possible to trace Irving's route as he passed from place to place, and therefore to realize his point of view in describing

special features. A pictorial key which may be used to illustrate further this essay is given in the Bibliography, and explanation of the plan and the special points of view will be found in the Notes.

1. *Topics.* — Let each member of the class prepare a note on Westminster Abbey to take the place of Irving's note in the Appendix, using histories and other books of reference accessible in the library. That note shall be called best which is: —
   a. Packed fullest of information about the history of the abbey.
   b. Which is most interesting and attractive in the reading.
   c. Which corresponds best with the spirit of Irving's essay, so that it seems a preparation for the reading of it.

NOTE. — If there is time, notes should be numbered and read without names by the teacher, the members of the class voting to select the one best suited for printing in an edition of the essay.

2. Locate Westminster Abbey in the city of London, —
   a. With reference to the Thames.
   b. With reference to St. Paul's and Little Britain.
   c. With reference to the Tower.
   d. With reference to the site of Temple Bar and the old city walls.

NOTE. — See illustration, p. 105, and note on Temple Bar.

3. What is the point of view of the author in this essay?
4. In how many ways is this point of view emphasized or illustrated before the arched doorway is entered?
5. Why is the attention of the reader called, just here, to the sun and the bit of blue sky visible above the "sun-gilt pinnacles"?
6. What was the impression, in the mind of Irving, of the first view of the interior of the abbey?
7. By what means does Irving attempt to give an idea of the size, or vastness, of the interior?
8. "And yet," paragraph 6, is used as the sign of transition or change: —

a. Why is it necessary?
b. What means of transition to the more ordinary mood of the sight-seer did Irving use?

9. Make an outline, showing the points chosen for observation and description from here on. Show for each: —
   a. The reason for the choice.
   b. The special interest in Irving's mind.
   c. Special reflections or feelings roused.
   d. The influence of Irving's point of view, in this essay, on the description.
10. The abbey and the remains it contained had two distinct effects upon Irving's mind, one, typified and expressed by the notes of the organ; the other, illustrated by what he calls a "theatrical artifice." Trace both throughout the essay, if you can. Were these feelings consistent? Did one contribute to the other? Which one was inspired most directly by what Irving saw?
11. In this essay, Irving ends with a general reflection: —
   a. What is this reflection?
   b. On what, in the preceding essay, is it based?

JOHN BULL

1. What is a caricature? Let each member of the class —
   a. Write his own definition and explanation of the term.
   b. Bring from current periodicals well-known caricatures, and explain how they illustrate his definition.
2. Irving begins this essay, as usual, with a general statement: —
   a. What is this statement?
   b. By what steps of transition does he come to the general purpose of his essay?
   c. Where does the real body of the essay begin?
3. Irving says that a nation personifies itself in caricatures adopted as national. Let each one make a collection from current papers and magazines of the caricatures of modern nations, and for each, write comments that

will define and illustrate Irving's meaning in the above statement.

4. Make an outline of Irving's analysis of John Bull's character, showing: —
   a. Weaknesses, or vices.
   b. Qualities in which the English people take pride.
   c. National characteristics illustrated or touched upon.
   d. Results of the conservatism of John Bull.
   e. Qualities, or habitual conduct, calculated to irritate persons not English-bred.

NOTE. — For references to Goldsmith's "Letters and Papers on the Characteristics of the English," see Notes, p. 402.

5. What illustrations of points given in this essay have you found in other essays of Irving's?
6. What are the points of Irving's summary and conclusion?
7. Write a comparison of the character of the English and of Americans, using the points found above as the basis of comparison. Write with care a conclusion summing up the comparison made in detail in the essay. It is a difficult matter to find an introduction for this essay which will admit of a natural and graceful transition to the real subject. When the papers have been written, let a comparison of introductions be made in class to see which best serves the purpose.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON

This essay opens with a scene in which place, time, and person, are given, while a reflection serves as the starting-point of the essay.

1. Compare the general observation or statement in the beginning of the essay, "Stratford-on-Avon," with the one at the beginning of "The Boar's Head Tavern. Eastcheap," in the following respects: —
   a. Which arises most naturally from the situation of the traveller?

b. Which, in itself, is most interesting?

c. Which serves best to create expectation and interest in the narrative to follow? Why?

NOTE. — In telling the story of an expedition for sight-seeing, Irving usually follows an order something like this: first, the finding of the place; secondly, a general description of it, together with the reasons for interest in it; thirdly, the person by whom it is to be shown; fourthly, special points of interest, or information communicated by the guide; fifthly, the visitor, his feelings, opinions, etc., and sixthly, a transition which suggests the next topic.

In "The Boar's Head," for instance, Irving (*a*) decides on a pilgrimage, and sets out; (*b*) describes the search for the street and the arrival; (*c*) describes the search for the site of the old tavern, etc.

This general outline is varied according to the nature of the subject. In "Stratford-on-Avon," the presence of the traveller at the Red Horse Inn tells the reader where he is, and what he has come for; the hint of a guide-book suggests also the order of his investigations. The evidence of method is, however, all the more striking for omissions and modifications.

2. Make a careful outline, keeping in mind Irving's general plan in these descriptions, of: —
   a. The visit to Shakespeare's house.
   b. The visit to Shakespeare's grave.
   c. The visit to Charlecot.
3. Why is par. 7 introduced before the visit to the church?
4. Why is so particular a description of the sexton's cottage given?
5. How did Irving explain his special desire to visit Charlecot? What was his reason for wishing to walk?
6. Irving gives his own reference for the forest meditation of Jaques. Let each one select some quotation from Shakespeare's play, "As You Like It," that seems to fulfil Irving's epithet.
7. Make a parallel, showing for this walk: —
   a. The things seen.
   b. The thoughts and fancies suggested by each.
8. Which of these visits did Irving enjoy most? Why?
9. Which did he intend should interest the reader most? Why?
10. Are the reflections of Irving after his return to the inn the conclusion of the essay? To what do they refer?

11. Compare the imaginary reality created by Irving for himself on this expedition with that of the pilgrimage to Eastcheap; with that of the Christmas papers. Show differences in: —
    a. Material in real things seen and visited.
    b. Sources of knowledge of an older time.
    c. Literary material — characters, etc., already familiar.
    d. Arrangement, narrative element in essay, etc.
    e. In which is the interest of the reader greatest? Why?

ABBOTSFORD

1. What had Irving already published at this time? Were his writings known in England? See "Life and Letters," Vol. I, pp. 158, 175.
2. What well-known works of Scott's had been published at the time of Irving's visit? For note of Irving's enjoyment of an English copy of "The Lady of the Lake," in 1810, see "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 187.
3. *Outline*, in the manner of previous essays: —
    a. The arrival and introduction.
    b. The visit to Melrose Abbey.
    c. The Ramble on the first day.

NOTE. — Topics of conversation may be added at the close of the outline.

    d. The dinner, including the evening.
    e. *The second day.*
        (1) At Abbotsford.
        (2) The Second Ramble.
    f. *The third day.*
        (1) Visit to Dryburgh Abbey.
        (2) Another Ramble.
    g. Conclusion of the visit and departure of the guest.

NOTE. — The essential part of this essay lies in the account of Scott's character and manner of life, and this is given incidentally in a narration of excursions, visits, and fireside cheer. This will be more clear if Topics for Study have reference to the essay as a whole, rather than to parts of it.

4. *Description of places or of things:* —
   a. Select, throughout the essay, all extended descriptions, such as the one in par. 4.
   b. Is there one of these which is not in some way connected with Scott himself?
5. *Descriptions of persons:* —
   a. Make a list of all persons whatever, introduced in this narrative.
   b. Is there one among them who is not associated in some way with Scott?
   c. Which one of these persons is most interesting? Why?
6. *Class exercise.* Write, as the name is assigned you, a description of one of the characters appearing in this essay. Draw on your own imagination for details, which must, however, be consistent with Irving's description. Illustrate manner or character, by conversation or by incidents. Write entirely from memory.
7. *Descriptions borrowed by Scott from his own private life for use in literature:* —
   a. Make a list of such descriptions, referred to in this essay.
   b. If the poems referred to are accessible, find where these passages are, and what place they fill in the story.
8. *Scott as a story teller:* —
   a. Which is the best story of those told by Scott during Irving's visit?
   b. Of which story has Irving given the best account? Why do you think it best?
9. *Authorship of "Waverley Novels":* —
   a. In what year was the first of the "Waverley Novels" published?
   b. What other novels of this series had been published at the time of Irving's visit?
   c. How many descriptions or references to persons, places, etc., in Scott's novels and poems do you find in Abbotsford?

NOTE. — This topic should be used especially for students who have already studied "The Lady of the Lake," "Ivanhoe," and

other of Scott's works, and references for quotations should be to text in which they stand; for scenes and persons, to novel or story with same description of character, etc.

d. Why did Scott wish to conceal the authorship of these novels?

e. What circumstantial evidence that Scott was the author of these novels did Irving come upon during his visit?

NOTE. — Persons who are familiar with history and who have read many books find pleasure in travel, or in conversation, which is denied to others less intelligent. In particular, in much of the intercourse between Scott and Irving, interest depended upon the fact that each understood at once the references of the other and shared his enthusiasm.

10. *a.* Make a list of the topics of conversation in which interest depended upon some previous knowledge of the subject on Irving's part. For each, define in a complete sentence the topic of conversation.

b. In the topics of conversation on the first ramble, which one was introduced by Irving? Why?

11. *Characteristics of Scott:* —

This topic will give, in a sense, a summary of the essay. The work should be done as follows: —

a. A full list of characteristics mentioned by Irving should be made, with references to page of essay, in proof.

b. Illustrations and comment should be noted for each characteristic.

c. Each student should be prepared to write, without reference to the text, a full and careful statement of any trait, or quality, of Scott's character that has been mentioned, and to illustrate the same.

12. Write an essay without reference to "Abbotsford," or to notes, outlines, etc., on: —

a. Scott, as Irving knew him.

b. Irving's opinion of Scott.

13. *Illustrations and anecdotes of Scott:* —

These may be gathered from the library and may include scenes, characters, etc., in the life of Scott, or in any of his well-known poems, or novels.

RIP VAN WINKLE

1. Irving describes first the mountain region, then the particular spot, then the character of the person, then his habits, and his relations with other persons. What impression did Irving wish to make in his description of the mountains?
2. Why did he begin with a description of the mountains when the story itself begins in the village?
3. In the description of the village, what points did the author wish you to carry in mind for the story?
4. *Describe:* —
   a. The character of Rip.
   b. His habits.
   c. His relations with other persons.
5. With what does the real story that Irving wished to tell begin?
6. Make an outline of the story, showing every act or step which led directly to another act, up to the time when Rip fell asleep.
   a. What was the first extraordinary thing that happened to Rip?
   b. What mistake did Rip make?
   c. Did anything happen which seemed to Rip himself supernatural or impossible?
   d. Had Rip ever heard the story of Hendrick Hudson and his crew?
   e. Where did Rip go to sleep?
7. *Rip's awakening:* —
   a. Where did Rip find himself when he awakened?
   b. How long did he suppose that he had slept?
   c. Make a list of the disturbing things that came to Rip's attention before he reached the village inn. Show how each one increased his bewilderment.
8. *Rip's reappearance in the village:* —
   a. When he came to the inn, what changes did Rip observe before he addressed any one?

b. What did the villagers think of Rip?

c. Describe Rip as you suppose he looked to the villagers, noticing especially changes that had taken place in his appearance since he left home.

d. How did Rip try to make himself known?

e. What added to the confusion of his mind?

f. What else, incidentally, increased his bewilderment?

g. At what moment was his distress greatest?

h. What first gave his mind relief?

i. What finally restored Rip's confidence in his own identity?

j. Did this satisfy the villagers? Why not?

k. How many reasons did Irving give to show that the opinion of Peter Vanderdonk must convince the villagers?

l. Show in outline how many attempts Rip made, from the moment of waking, to recover connection with his past and convince himself of his own identity. Mark each one that did not aid him as "failure."

m. After you reach the end of Rip's adventure, how many bits of information does Irving give in the text for the purpose of concluding the story?

9. *a.* What is the real subject of "Rip Van Winkle"? That is, why did Irving wish to tell the story?

NOTE. Two suggestions are made below; study over each and see whether you can prove from the beginning, the recognition scene, and the conclusion of the story, which Irving had in mind.

(1) Did Irving wish to tell the story of an old Dutch legend associated with the Kaatskill mountains as if it really were true?

(2) Did Irving wish to use an old legend as a means of showing how great changes took place in twenty years at the time of the American Revolution?

b. According to Irving, did the old Dutch villagers really believe in the occasional return of Henry Hudson and his crew?

c. Has this story of Rip Van Winkle and of Henry Hudson and his crew any association in your mind with Irving's own boyhood?

Original Composition. — If you consider the magic drink a device for getting Rip out of the way for many years while great changes transpired, many devices for accomplishing the same result may be found which are at once natural and probable. For instance, a young man who went to California for gold in '49, or to Alaska at a later date, may not have accumulated money enough to come back until years have gone by. Let each member of the class select some place in his own town or neighborhood which has been standing ten or twenty years, and tell a natural everyday story of some one who returns to it after an absence of at least five years. The parts of the story he must invent will be as follows: —

a. Description of the place, person, family, friends, etc.

b. The cause of going from home, and the explanation of the long-continued absence. The simplest, most natural means should be considered the best invention.

c. What happens while the person (he or she) is away:
(1) In the home, or neighborhood, from which he went.
(2) The adventures of the person himself. These need not be told in order, but unless they are carefully thought out, the return will not be well written.

d. The cause of the return; the decision and journey of the person.

NOTE. — There is one sort of story, or one condition, which would make it possible to omit "*d*," — what is it?

e. The return: —
(1) The changes as they appear to the person who has been absent.
(2) The person who has been absent as he appears to the persons who have remained in the old neighborhood.

f. The conclusion, which should tell how life went on after the return for the persons the reader is interested in.

NOTE. — These stories, when written, will not seem in the least like Irving's "Rip Van Winkle," although the plan is the same; the material and the conditions are different, and for this reason the stories should be simple, natural narratives of events so common that they seem familiar to us all. Even the style in the descriptive passages should differ to correspond with the subject-matter of the story. This should remove from the mind of the writer any tendency to imitate Irving, which must of necessity be futile. Irving's plan, however, is free for all who are able to adapt it to the use of material near at hand and familiar.

THE LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW

1. What is the important difference between Irving's description of the locality of Sleepy Hollow, and his description of the mountains in the beginning of "Rip Van Winkle"?
2. Make note-book memoranda for pars. 3–7, of all points which Irving had in mind before he wrote, as necessary to include in the general description of Sleepy Hollow.
3. What phrase marks the beginning of a more particular description?
4. Show, in outline, all the points about Ichabod that Irving wished to fix in the minds of readers before he began to tell the story.
5. Draw, if you are able, a map of the locality, showing the position of the schoolhouse, the church, the cemetery, the Van Tassel mansion; show also the road and the bridge.
5. Draw, if you are able, a picture of the schoolhouse with the door standing open, showing also the hill and the birch tree.
6. *a.* Draw, if you can, a picture of Ichabod as you see him; or,
   b. Write a description of Ichabod Crane as you see him: choose a time for your description, as, in school hours; or, outside, with the boys; or, in the evening, at his boarding place.
   c. Show, in outline, everything learned about Ichabod's

past life, education, etc., up to the day of the invitation.

7. What were Ichabod's personal peculiarities and characteristics?
8. What were the duties of a teacher in Ichabod's time? How was Ichabod supported?

NOTE. — Another description of boarding around, a custom widely prevalent in early days, will be found in Eggleston's "Hoosier Schoolmaster."

9. Show, in outline, as for Ichabod Crane, everything learned about the history, life, etc., of
   (1) Brom Bones; (2) Katrina; (3) Baltus Van Tassel.
10. Write a description of each person named in "9," as for Ichabod Crane; or, if you prefer, draw a picture of each one.
11. In what is the real beginning of this story?
12. State all the reasons that influenced Ichabod in his wish to marry Katrina.
13. Name all the difficulties in the way of his success.
14. Write, and illustrate if you wish, a description of Ichabod Crane when ready for the party. Write in the first person, and make him reveal his satisfaction and pride in his preparations.

NOTE. — Irving has described Ichabod from the point of view of the humorist, as he would appear to others. The suggestion of the good knight, Don Quixote, mounted on his steed is irresistible.

15. *a.* Irving mentions descriptions of scenery as one of the main objects in view in the composition of this story. Consider pars. 35–38, as an essay of description; omit sentences belonging to the narrative; outline these paragraphs so as to show the order and method of description.
    b. Write an introduction for your outline, giving in it location, reasons for interest in the scene, associations, etc. You may write either in the first person as a traveller, or in the third person. Which is easier? Why?
16. Find in Irving's description of the arrival a plan which

you could follow in writing of a party, or of any other gathering, now.

17. What sort of entertainment, at the present time, is most like the merrymaking described here?
18. Compare the old-fashioned party with some social gathering which has taken its place in such a way as to show differences in guests, refreshments, amusements, hours, etc.
19. After par. 46, Irving found that he had not told all that he wished the reader to know about the stories current among the inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow; he slips in an aside, therefore, of a general nature in order to show briefly what sort of stories were told by the smokers sitting in the dark.
    a. Make titles for each one of the stories referred to here which would be apt for the tale if it were written out in full.
    b. Was there any significance in Irving's mind in the order in which stories were told on this occasion?
    c. Why is a detailed description of the church introduced here instead of in the earlier part of the narrative?
20. Where did Irving resume the direct form of story, and how?
21. *Ichabod's homeward ride:* —
    a. The mood in which he set out.
    b. The effect of the time and the scene upon his nerves.
    c. Why did his apprehension increase as he rode on?
    d. In the historical story of Major André, why did he keep a rendezvous at this spot? How was he betrayed?
    e. What first startled Ichabod?
    f. Why was Ichabod especially afraid to cross the bridge at Wiley's swamp? Was his horse frightened?
    g. The first appearance of a real cause of terror: what circumstances increased Ichabod's terror?
    h. On what did he depend for hope of escape?

i. How did the adventure end?

22. Find in all the story, to this point, every indication Irving has given that Ichabod might easily be terrified by an unexpected apparition.

23. Enumerate each particular which added to his terror as the ride went on.

24. At what moment was his terror greatest?

NOTE. — "Tam O'Shanter's Ride" may be read in class. See comment for suggestion of the possible influence of Burns's description in Irving's mind.

25. *a*. Did Ichabod really believe in the ghost of the Headless Horseman?

b. When he thought over his adventure, did he believe that this ghost had appeared to him?

c. What explanations of the disappearance of the schoolmaster were handed down? Which was the favorite one? Why?

26. Tell the story of Brom Bones, not as a ghost story, but as the story of how he rid himself of a rival. Let Brom tell it to his grandchildren, one day, when they have brought him Irving's "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" to read. The title may be: "The True Story of the Disappearance of the Schoolmaster." Brom must be asked, also, to explain the tale he told at the party.

27. *Illustrations of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow"*: —

Let the class arrange an art loan exhibit which may include: —

a. All maps, pictures, and relics of the old Dutch period.

b. Original drawing or maps made to illustrate Irving's story. For these, there should be a committee of award who will attach a blue ribbon to the best.

c. Tableaux in costume, of scenes in the story, — names of scenes not announced, but to be given by the members of the class, as they are recognized.

d. Photographs of buildings, scenery, etc., from the localities in which the scenes of the story were placed.

NOTES

The Author's Account of Himself

Compare with this account Addison's introduction of himself to his readers, in No. 1 of *The Spectator*, Thursday, March 1, 1710, in which he says, "I live in the world rather as a spectator of mankind than as one of the species." Extracts from Irving's Journal, in Chapters i and ii of "Life and Letters," furnish comment on his early propensity for wandering about, and on his passion for scenery and for books of travel. A description of Irving's early years in New York city will be found in C. D. Warner's "The Works of Washington Irving."

The Voyage

5 : 2. *A lengthening chain.* Goldsmith's "The Traveller," l. 10, "And drag at each remove a lengthening chain."

Rural Life in England

Essays on similar topics in the De Coverley Papers of *The Spectator* are "Sir Roger goes A-hunting," No. 116, and No. 119, "Good Breeding in the Country."

The essay, "Rural Life in England," was sketched by Irving after wandering about in the vicinity of Hagley, the country seat of Lord Lyttelton. For correspondence on this subject, see "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 365, date, October 28, 1820.

For the criticism of Richard H. Dana on this essay, see "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 319; or *North American Review*, Vol. IX, p. 322.

16 : 12. The question of the authorship of "The Flower and the Leaf" has occasioned much discussion. It is now believed that it was written in the century following Chaucer by some one who regarded him as his master, and had caught much of the spirit and the melody of the older poet's verse. The reasons for this conclusion are summarized in "Studies in Chaucer," by T. R. Lounsbury, Vol. I, pp. 495–496.

The Stage-Coach

Roads and coaching in England about 1820. Irving's residence in London was in the heyday of coaching and travel by private vehicle or on horseback. The description by Sir Walter Besant in "London in the Eighteenth Century" represents fairly the means of travel

used by Irving in 1815–1820. In that day there were in the city and borough of London more than one hundred inns from which coaches, carrier's carts, and wagons went forth daily in every direction. The service was slow; a coach made, on the average, about seven miles an hour; it took sixty hours for a letter to go from London to Edinburgh. Packages sent by carrier required three weeks to reach the same destination. Travel by road in those days was entertaining and animated to a degree difficult to imagine at the present time. The highways were crowded with every sort of vehicle and travellers represented all conditions of rank or service, while at the inns, which were found at frequent intervals, the possibility of adventure and the certainty of diverse company rendered the halt an exciting event. The discomfort of outside travel in bad weather may be gathered from novels and letters: David Copperfield's journeys by the Yarmouth coach, the experiences of Nicholas Nickleby, and many others illustrate this. Reference, "London in the Eighteenth Century," by Sir Walter Besant, ch. iv, p. 107, "Inland Communication," etc. See, also, "Hackney Coach Stands" and "Early Coaches," in "Sketches by Boz," chs. vii and xv.

47 : 7. *The contention of holly and ivy.* Brand, in "Popular Antiquities," says that holly appears to have been used to trim the inside of houses, and he quotes a carol from the Harleian Mss. in which alternate couplets are sung for holly and for ivy. P. 280, note.

47 : 11. See, also, the first paragraph of "The Inn Kitchen."

Christmas Eve

The style and arrangement of matter in this essay and in the ones following was probably suggested by Addison's De Coverley Papers, in *The Spectator*. The material is Irving's, but in every paragraph is some haunting reminiscence of Sir Roger, his hall, family, or manner of life. For comparison see especially Nos. 106, 107, 108, 112.

Those who are interested in the early experiments which were Irving's school of literary art will find the forerunners of the Christmas Papers in *Salmagundi*. Descriptions of Cockloft Hall, The Langstaff family, Will Wizard, Sophia Sparkle, etc., show that Irving, in honest apprenticeship, studied Addison's essays carefully and endeavored to form his own style upon them.

Dickens's description of Christmas observances at Dingley Dell is in "Pickwick Papers," ch. xviii. Dickens was undoubtedly familiar with "The Sketch-Book."

Robin Goodfellow, or Puck, was a merry sprite, both knavish and shrewd, particularly fond of playing pranks which disturbed the peace and order of households. A ballad describing his exploits at length is quoted in "Popular Antiquities," p. 579; and he appears

in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act ii, Sc. 1. Robin Goodfellow in literature has reappeared in Rudyard Kipling's "Puck of Pook's Hill."

53 : 8. The games mentioned here are all described in "Popular Antiquities," pp. 516–550, and on pages 280–283 customs connected with the hanging of the mistletoe are given.

Christmas Day

63 : 5. Another quotation from Herrick, from "A Thanksgiving to God for his House."

67 : 17. For mistletoe, see paragraph 8, page 53.

72 : 25. *Dining with Duke Humphry.* Brand says, "The meaning of the popular expression, 'to dine with Duke Humphry,' applied to persons who, being unable to procure a dinner either by their own money or from the favor of their friends, walk about and loiter during dinner time," after many unsuccessful attempts, has at last been satisfactorily explained. It appears that in the ancient church of St. Paul, in London, to which many persons used to resort for exercise, to hear news, and otherwise pass the earlier part of the day, one of the aisles was called Duke Humphry's Walk, not that there ever really was a cenotaph there to the Duke's memory, . . . but because (says Stowe) ignorant people mistook the fair monument . . . which was in the south side of the body of St. Paul's Church for that of Humphry, Duke of Gloucester." Numerous quotations follow, illustrating the origin of the mistake and the popular use of the phrase. — "Popular Antiquities," pp. 793–795.

The Christmas Dinner

76 : 2. See reference for page 47, paragraph 7, *holly and ivy.*

Yule candles. The lighting of candles at Christmas time is an ancient custom, of obscure origin. In some sort they were used to commemorate the birth of Christ, the "Light of the World"; the custom has survived its original significance, and is now a token of the good cheer and kindliness which best express the spirit of the season. In St. John's College, Oxford, an ancient candle socket still remains, which formerly held the Christmas candle on one of the tables during each of the twelve nights of the festival.

78 : 4. For a picture of the bringing in of the boar's head, in ancient times with observances and carols, see Brand's "Popular Antiquities," p. 257.

82 : 10, 11, 12. The custom of wassailing is derived from our Old English ancestors, and one authority speaks of "the yearly Was-haile in the Country on the Vigil of the New Yeare," . . . as "a usual custom among the Anglo-Saxons before Hengist."

84 : 16. *The banks of the Isis.* The tributary of the Thames at

Oxford is named the Isis. Formerly, Isis was also a poetical name for the Thames itself.

85 : 19. *The Lord of Misrule.* The custom of electing a Lord of Misrule to preside over the festivities of the holiday season was of much wider application than is apparent in the quotation from Stowe. Colleges, Inns of Court, the Mayor of London — in short, any persons of sufficient wealth and estate to carry on the sports — might elect a Lord of Misrule and enjoy the humors of a motley king and his court. The wild blades of the community, also, often banded together to go a-mumming and playing of pranks beyond ordinary license, under the leadership of a Lord of Misrule.

87 : 21. Brand, in "Popular Antiquities," gives a full account of the superstitions associated with the observance of the summer solstice, or midsummer eve. In all these festivals in which sports, games, omens, and superstitions mingle are found survivals from Druidism, from the pagan religious ceremonies of the Saxons, the Scandinavians, etc.

89 : 27. The reference for the account of Irving's sojourn in Newstead Abbey is, "Life and Letters," Vol. II, pp. 214, 219–220. "Newstead Abbey" is in "Crayon Miscellany."

Little Britain

92. *Bow bells.* The bells of St. Mary le Bow Church, which stood on the right side of Cheapside in the heart of Little Britain. In 1469, according to Stowe, it was ordained by the City Council that the bells of St. Mary le Bow should be rung every night at nine o'clock as a sign for the closing of shops. People born within sound of these famous bells are called Cockneys.

92 : 2. Little Britain, in its name, commemorates the mansion of John, Duke of Bretâgne and Earl of Richmond, in the reign of Edward II. The title, Duke of Bretâgne and Earl of Richmond, is, however, much older. King John, in Shakespeare's play (Act ii, Sc. 1, l. 551), is made to say, "For we'll create young Arthur Duke of Britain and Earl of Richmond," and Holinshed, in his "Chronicle," narrates that John received homage of his nephew, Arthur, for Bretâgne and the "Countie of Richmont."

94 : 4. *Irving's residence in Little Britain.* The rooms occupied by Irving's imaginary author were undoubtedly his own in August, 1817, in Bartholomew Close, off Aldersgate Street. Tradition says that Milton, after the return of the Stuarts, took refuge in Bartholomew Close, and here, also, came Benjamin Franklin in 1724, seeking work with a famous printer.

95 : 6. In 1831 a new St. Dunstan's church was built on the site of the old one. A picture of the old clock, visible up and down Fleet Street, is given in Callow's "Old London Taverns," p. 216.

95 : 6. *The lions in the Tower.* The kings of England kept their wild beasts in the Tower. In the beginning, these were presents, — three leopards from Emperor Frederick of Germany, who thus paid a delicate compliment to the quarterings on the royal arms of England. Later, other beasts were obtained, and in the reign of Edward II, a lion. The wild beasts in the Tower soon became the most popular sight in London. In 1834 this royal menagerie was transformed into a Zoological Garden.

95 : 6. *The giants in Guildhall.* Fairholt, in his curious and interesting history of the giants of Guildhall, traces the origin of civic giants in England to the guild observances of continental cities. Especially in the cities where wealth and property were due to great trading companies, legendary history was typified in civic giants, many of whom became famous and were copied in other cities or countries. Antwerp, Douai, Brussels, Lille, and many other cities brought forth giants — sometimes in families — as features of all civic or guild pageants.

The giants of Guildhall, London, are of the usual type and well provided with ancestry and mythological adventures dating from the landing of Brute in Britain. Caxton relates, in his "Chronicle of England," the story of the strife between Brute and the giant Albion who fought him, with his brothers, Gog and Magog. In the end, Brute triumphed, founded a city called New Troy, and built a palace on the spot where Guildhall now stands; the two giants, his prisoners, he chained to the gate, one on either side, as porters. According to another story, all the giants of Albion's army were slain except one brother, Gogmagog, who was saved alive that Corineus, a giant on the other side, might make trial of strength with him. Of course Gogmagog perished. The dress and weapons of the figures in Guildhall bear out this tale, for Corineus, a brother of Brute, is habited in the Roman mode as conventionally depicted at the time of the manufacture of the giants.

These giants formed part of the Lord Mayor's pageants and of the shows at the setting of the watch on midsummer eve. They were ingeniously made of wicker-work and pasteboard, and in time, according to an old account, by reason of age, and with the help of a number of city rats and mice, these two old, weak, and feeble giants came to dissolution, after which "two substantial and majestic giants" were formed and fashioned by an eminent carver, at the city charge. These were placed in Guildhall in 1708. The figures were about fourteen feet high and are described as "monstrous giants," with black and bushy beards; one holds a halbert, the other, a ball set round with spikes, hanging by a chain to a long staff.

These figures were originally placed on each side of the entrance to the Council chamber. "They were ponderously constructed of wood, but hollow within," upward of fifteen feet in height, and were evi-

dently made for the permanent decoration of the building and not for carrying through the city on festive days, as were their predecessors. In 1815, when the hall underwent repairs, the giants were repainted and set on pedestals on either side of the great west window, where they now stand. In 1837 they were again restored, and in that year copies of these giants, fourteen feet in height, were introduced in the Lord Mayor's show, each walking by the aid of a man within it; and they, from time to time, turned their faces to the spectators who lined the streets. — Condensed from "Gog and Magog, the Giants in Guildhall," by F. W. Fairholt.

97 : 8. *The good old king.* George the Third died on January 29, 1820. This essay, which was a part of "The Sketch-Book," No. VII, was published in September of the same year. The expression used by Irving is little more than a courteous form of speech, since the king had been hopelessly insane for ten years or more.

The "Manchester Massacre," August 16, 1819; the "Cato Street Conspiracy," a plot to assassinate the ministry of the new king, February 23, 1820; and the return of Queen Caroline, from whom George IV was determined to secure a divorce, were all political events of the year in which these essays were written, and moreover, were causes of much excitement and partisan feeling in England. Details of these events may be found in any good history of England for this period.

100 : 14. *St. Bartholomew's fair.* St. Bartholomew's fair was established by Rahere, king's jester to Henry I, and was a market granted for the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day (August 24) to continue through two days after. The duration of the fair, or market, was extended later to fourteen days. This great market established, in the beginning, as a centre of trade, declined into a saturnalia which covertly admitted many shameful abuses. Cloth Fair, the last relic of this famous old market, came to an end in 1855.

102 : 15. *Temple Bar.* In the Middle Ages, when the gates of walled cities were closed each night, extra-mural settlements often grew up in the neighborhood of the gates opening upon important highways of travel. Taxes and fees were collected at gates of entrance to the inner city. This probably fostered the growth of an outer city of residences and of hostelries, shops, etc., for the accommodation of travellers. As the number of inhabitants without the walls increased, they desired the privileges and protection of the city, without the restraints of life within the gates, and extra-mural precincts were enclosed by a "loop-line of crenellated works." A fringe of settlement again grew up outside of this extra-mural precinct, and this, if not enclosed, in turn was brought within the liberty of the city by bars, or in other words, by posts and rails with a chain to fix across the road, in case of need.

In the neighborhood of the gates of the old walled city of London

were settlements enclosed in this manner, the entrances to which were known as Smithfield Bar, Holborn Bar, and Whitechapel Bar; these marked the line of separation between the city and the county of Middlesex. A fourth, Temple Bar, so named from the house and chapel of the Knights Templar which stood near, marked the limit of the jurisdiction of the city of London toward the independent city of Westminster. By the time of Edward III the post and chain had been replaced by a wooden structure, in the semblance of a city gate; this was destroyed by fire early in the seventeenth century, but was immediately rebuilt. It was again burnt in the fire of 1666, after which it was rebuilt in more permanent form, from a design by Christopher Wren. It had a central gateway, twenty feet wide, a gateway for foot passengers, five feet nine inches wide; it was built of Portland stone, and ornamented on each side with statues. The depth of the arches, seventeen and one-half feet, admitted of a chamber above the central gateway. In 1877 Temple Bar was pulled down for the widening of the Strand and the erection of the new Law Courts. It was removed to Meux Park, near Enfield, and soon after a memorial was erected to mark the spot where it formerly stood.

The curious ceremony to which Irving refers in paragraph 15 took place on the entrance of a sovereign into the city and was attended with much magnificence. After the entry of the king or queen, the gates were closed; the king then humbly solicited of the Lord Mayor liberty of egress, and forthwith the gates were thrown open, and the keys of the city delivered to the royal guest, who returned them with words to the effect that they could not be in more honorable custody. This custom was revived, occasionally, to modern times; it took place, for the last time, in 1844, on the entrance of Queen Victoria to the city, for the opening of the Royal Exchange.

106 : 20. The references to Kean and the *Edinburgh Review* illustrate the inclination of an author to slip into his writings matters of personal interest. Kean was acting Shakespearian parts in London in the years in which "The Sketch-Book" was written, and Irving's acquaintance with Scott, and, later, his connection with Murray, gave him a special interest in the *Edinburgh Review*.

London Antiques

113 : 2. *The chapel of the Knights Templar.* The new temple of the Knights Templar was built as a round church in the second half of the twelfth century, and was dedicated in 1185 by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem. Round churches were rare in England; only five others were built in that style. The oblong part of the New Temple was added later and consecrated in the reign of Henry III.

The New Temple became the treasure house of the kings of England, and kings themselves occasionally, when hard pressed, took refuge there. In the contest with his barons which preceded the signing of Magna Charta, King John withdrew to the New Temple and resided in it for some time. It is said that he slept there the night before signing the document, and signed by the advice of the Grand Master of the Temple, then named St. Maur.

Students of Scott's "Ivanhoe" will recall that the scenes at Templestowe, during the visit of the Grand Master, belong to the same historical period. For special reference, see "The History of the Temple," by G. Pitt Lewis, London, 1898.

118 : 14. *Charterhouse* has a history antecedent to the foundation mentioned by Irving. In 1371, Sir Walter Manly founded a monastery of Carthusian monks at this place. The name Charterhouse is a corrupt form of Chartreuse, the name of the greatest house of the Carthusians, La Grande Chartreuse, still situated on the mountains in the neighborhood of Grenoble, France. Henry VIII dissolved this monastery, hanged the last prior, and set his head upon London bridge, then gave the property to his chancellor. It passed to various owners and in due time, by purchase, to Thomas Sutton, who endowed it as the Hospital of St. James Foundation. This foundation provides for eighty old brothers, or pensioners, who are to receive a home and, annually, £36 and a gown. There was also a school, and twenty exhibitions, or scholarships, of £80 each, good for four years at "any University or other place of preparation for life."

In 1872, the school, made famous by Thackeray's pen, was removed to Godalming, in Surrey. The old schoolhouse and buildings have been rebuilt, and are now tenanted by the school of the Merchant Tailors' Company. — From Fry's "London," 1890, pp. 164–165.

Washhouse Court is on the left of the northern quadrangle of Charterhouse. It is in one of the little houses of this court that Thackeray paints the beautiful death of Thomas Newcome. — Hare's "Walks in London," Vol. I, p. 197.

The Great Hall was formerly the drawing-room, and famous for its beautiful ceiling and Flemish fireplace; the Pensioners' Hall of the present time was the great hall of the Dukes of Norfolk.

The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap

122 : 1. Irving seems to have found the suggestion of this essay in Goldsmith's "Diverting History and Droll Adventures of Sir John Falstaff," and he drew more than one hint from the earlier writer. Goldsmith, as sleep fell on his eyes, metamorphosed his host into the likeness of Dame Quickly; he suggests a snuff-box, and makes mention of the drawer who was buried in St. Michael's churchyard. He

also failed, as did Irving later, of his original quest, because the tavern had just been sold and was closed to visitors, and he, too, went from one person to another in search of information.

A rare book, printed in the eighteenth century, bearing the title, "Diverting History and Droll Adventures of Sir John Falstaff," with Dr. Goldsmith's name on the title page, contains three parts, namely:

I. An Essay on the Character of Sir John Falstaff.

II. The History, Droll Adventures, Memorable Exploits, and Comical Humors of the Renowned, Facetious, and Diverting Sir John Falstaff.

III. History of Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap, from Dr. Goldsmith.

These papers were apparently later than Goldsmith's essay, "A Reverie in Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap," for they refer many times to Dr. Goldsmith as source of information, and seem facetiously designed as a reply to some criticism upon certain phrases in that composition; such as, "in the very room," "in the very chair." The following description is quoted from Goldsmith's "History of Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap." Goldsmith wrote for entertainment, mingling what he read in Shakespeare's plays, and in old histories, with traditions and the ideas of his own time.

"The original building was wood, constructed according to the manner of the times, with one story projecting over the other, and ornamented with vast Gothic windows, in the middle of which was to be seen some pleasant device, achievement, or coat of arms stained in the glass. At the door stood a vast grapevine, growing upon the supporters, and over the doorway a blue boar, a Bacchus, a tun, and a bunch of grapes. The apartments within, were accommodated with mighty large chimney places, adorned with great impost carvings much in the bacchanalian style; and if the reader has ever been to Westminster Abbey and has taken up the seats, which turn with hinges, in Henry Seventh's Chapel, he has seen specimens of the sculpture of the days of Sir John Falstaff. Each side of the doorway was a vine branch carved in wood, loaded with leaves and clusters; on the top of each was a little Falstaff, eight inches high," etc.

124: 5. Thackeray, many years later, in the first paragraphs of his essay on Steele, seems almost to have taken his text from Irving. Read what he says of Robinson Crusoe, Mariner, and of the power of writings like *The Spectator* and *The Tattler* to bring back a by-gone age.

126: 11. Hare, in "Walks in London," Vol. I, p. 329, says that London Stone is now built into the church of St. Swithin on the side facing Cannon Street station. It is encased in masonry and protected by an iron grille. It is supposed to have been a Roman Milliarium, the central terminus from which milestones measured distance on roads radiating all over England, as in Rome the golden Milliarium in the

Forum was the centre from which all roads radiated. London Stone was removed from its former position on the south side of the street, in 1798. Stowe describes it as fixed in the ground, in his day, and protected by iron bars.

129 : 17. Callow, in "Old London Taverns," p. 97, mentions a "Drawer at the Boar's Head, in Great Eastcheap," Robert Preston by name, who was buried in the churchyard of St. Michael's, on which the rear part of the old tavern looked out.

131 : 21. *"Bullyrock."* Shakespeare's phrase is "bully-rook," but bully-rock is found frequently in other writers. In the Oxford Dictionary, the word is defined as "a brava, a hired ruffian who is also a rook, or sharper." For Shakespeare's use of this phrase, see "Merry Wives," Act i, Sc. 3, l. 2; Act ii, Sc. 1, ll. 200, 207, 213, etc.

132 : 24. The reference here is to the "Martinus Scriblerus Club," formed by Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot, for the purpose of satirizing, under a slight anonymity, literary incompetence. "The Scriblerus Memoirs" contain the description to which Irving refers, and were written in great part by Arbuthnot.

133 : 26. *Parcel-gilt goblet.* "Henry IV," P. II, Act. i, Sc. 1, l. 94.

134 : 30. *Tedious-brief.* "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Act v, Sc. 1, l. 56.

135 : 31. *The shield of Achilles.* The *Iliad*, Bk. 18, ll. 480–608; in Lang, Leaf and Myers' translation, pp. 380–385.

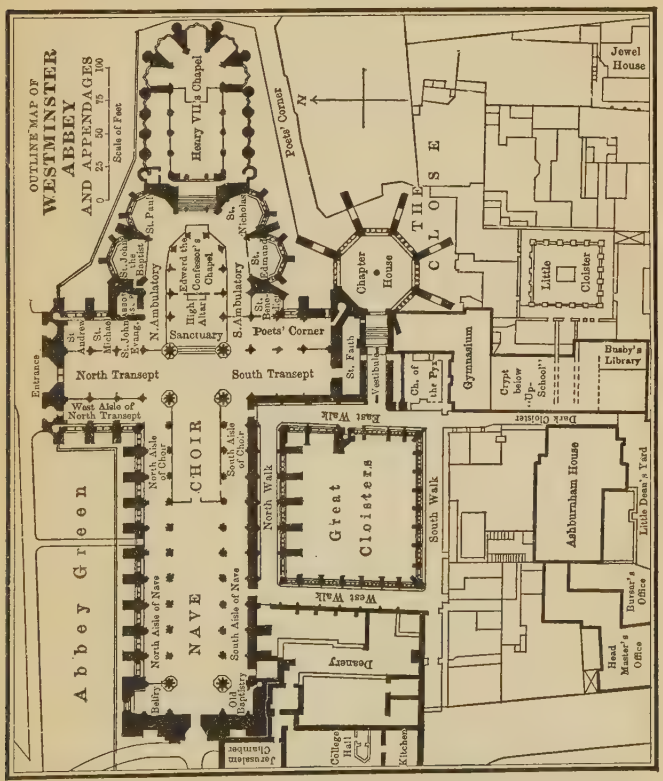
The Portland vase. A cinerary urn, or vase, found in the tomb of the emperor Alexander Severus, and long in the possession of the Barberini. In 1779 it was purchased by Sir W. Hamilton, and afterward came into the possession of the Duchess of Portland. In 1810 the Duke of Portland, its owner, and one of the trustees of the British Museum, allowed it to be placed there for exhibition. In 1845 it was maliciously broken to pieces. It has since been repaired, but is not now shown to the public.

It is ten inches high and six inches in diameter at the broadest part, of transparent dark blue glass, coated with opaque white glass, cut in cameo on each side into groups of figures in relief, representing the marriage of Peleus and Thetis.—From "The Encyclopædic Dictionary." Cassell and Co.

Westminster Abbey

Irving's "Westminster Abbey" suggests earlier essays on similar themes, which may, perhaps, have been starting points for his thought; such are "Reflections in Westminster Abbey," *Spectator*, No. 26; and "An Account of Westminster Abbey" in "A Citizen of the World," Letter xiii by Goldsmith. For later visits of Irving, and for his residence in Little Cloisters, see "Life and Letters," Vol. II, p. 393.

140 : 7. *Burial in Westminster Abbey.* In the beginning, only royal and ecclesiastical persons were buried in Westminster Abbey by right; a few others were grudgingly admitted by royal command and by the abbot's favor. Chaucer is supposed to have received



burial in the Abbey because he lived in a house within the enclosure, abutting on old Lady Chapel; he was also clerk of the works at Westminster Palace. Later, for many generations, the privilege of sepulture in the Abbey was awarded by direct command of the sovereign. Cromwell originated the idea, which was taken up by

Parliament, that the plain citizen, be he statesman, soldier, or sailor, who deserved public recognition, might be honored thus. The custom has since become a national observance. Henry VIII, and later Elizabeth, defined the functions of the Dean and Chapter with reference especially to Westminster School, and since that time they have been practically the administrative body. At the present time, the proposal to honor the illustrious dead by burial in the Abbey originates either in memorials presented to the Dean, as in the case of Charles Darwin, or in the invitation of the Dean, as for Robert Browning, Charles Dickens, and Lord Tennyson.— From "Roll Call of Westminster Abbey," by E. T. Bradley, and "Westminster Abbey," by Dean Farrar.

142 : 10. *Mrs. Nightingale's tomb.* A picture of this famous work is given in Ackermann's "The History of St. Peter's, Westminster," opposite page 193; from this illustration the reader may judge for himself of the remarkable character of the monument.

147 : 24. The quotation from Sir Thomas Browne is from "Urn Burial," ch. v, an essay which may well have influenced Irving's thoughts in Westminster Abbey.

The Mutability of Literature

Westminster School. Westminster School was established in 1540 by Henry VIII. When the monastic house attached to the Abbey was dissolved, a bishopric was founded from the confiscated revenues, and also a school for forty scholars, with an upper and an under master. Under Queen Mary, the whole reformed establishment was swept away, and for a short time Westminster enjoyed the distinction of the full cathedral. Elizabeth restored her father's foundation in every particular, and gave the statutes under which the school has been governed to the present time. The school originally admitted three classes of scholars, designated by the old Latin names. These were the "Queen's Scholars," forty in number, on Elizabeth's foundation, the aristocrats of the school; the day scholars of the city of Westminster, who were admitted by payment of fees; and the strangers, or students from without the walls, who were able to colonize with relatives or responsible persons within the limits and thus share the privileges of day students. Of these two classes, eighty pupils, were admitted.

The requirement that a Latin play should be acted annually was included in the ordinances of Elizabeth, and the practice has continued, practically without interruption, to the present day. The privileges of the king's scholars have also survived; among these, the right of the scholars of Westminster to occupy, every day, six seats in the stranger's gallery in the House of Commons, and on Sundays the right of walking on the terrace of the House. The school also still exercises its ancient privilege of assembling for prayers in

the Poets' Corner of the Abbey. For full description of this interesting school, and for pictures of the library and buildings in Irving's day, consult "Westminster School," in the series, "Handbooks to Great Public Schools."

NOTES ON THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF "WESTMINSTER ABBEY" AND OF "THE MUTABILITY OF LITERATURE" TO BE FOUND IN LIBRARIES

For purposes of illustration, "Westminster Abbey" and "The Mutability of Literature" are grouped together. The list of illustrations given below, and also those in the Bibliography, have been arranged by Mr. George Turner Phelps, of Cambridge, in order of use for a consecutive view of the Abbey, as it appeared to Irving. Teachers who follow the suggestions carefully will succeed in giving an idea of the architecture, plan, and proportions, of the great Abbey not often gained from illustrative material; illustrations of detail, often wonderful in accuracy and beauty, mean little in reference to a building like Westminster Abbey, unless they are related to it in some intelligible way.

For study of the monuments in the Abbey and its chapels, the most available and serviceable book is Bradley's "Roll Call of Westminster Abbey."

The plan of the Abbey on page 397 is for use in connection with the illustrations. Other plans will be found in the books referred to.

The full list of references for illustration of Irving's view of the Abbey after he reached the nave is too long to give here. A key for arranging such lists from single books is given on pp. 414–415.

The following note, written by the same critic who selected the illustrations of Westminster Abbey, defines both the experience of the author who wrote the essay, and the purpose in the selection and arrangement of illustrative material for use in the schoolroom. The teacher who catches the spirit and mood of Irving, by use of the suggestions here made will be able to give the pupils in his classes a lasting impression of England's great Abbey.

"In this essay Irving attempts to reproduce the experience of a day spent sentimentalizing about ideas suggested by various objects seen and heard in Westminster Abbey. He calls his mental attitude 'contemplation' of objects before him. One inscription (¶ 9) and one monument (¶ 10) he saw accurately, but he uses these instances for discussions entirely aside from his description, which they interrupt. His one other accurate (?) account (¶ 9) is of an effigy which does not exist. It is, in reality, an aggregate of details from three monuments in the chapel of St. Edmund and a fourth on the opposite side of the Sanctuary. Moreover, curiously enough, the crossed legs are *not* the Crusader's; are, indeed, from the Sanctuary; his buckler is not on his arm; and his morion is just the wrong headgear. Had Irving contemplated objects before him, his

eyes would not have found a 'peculiar melancholy' (¶ 18) reigning about Mary Stuart's tomb. The darkness might have seemed very appropriate, but the sentimentality would have vanished with the realization that her aisle was more gloomy than Elizabeth's because it was closer to other buildings beyond its 'windows darkened by dust.' In reality, since he scarcely saw anything accurately, he came away (¶ 24) mentally in mere confusion.

"Quite in contradiction to his sentimental attitude, his sense of humor shows genuine in ¶ 6. Again, and aside from interest in the Abbey as cemetery and 'memento mori,' which might be equally true of any other building used for burials, his artist eye is pleased by forms of decaying stone (¶ 2), by contrasts of light and shade; his ear is alert to effects of bells, steps, voices, music. If only his mind had been awake, he might have detected the source and the kind of his very genuine emotion, and have given us an equally intelligent idea of the building. His essay is the result of cumulative emotional experience within the Abbey, quite independent of knowledge of architectural art, almost of architectural detail, and it reproduces for the reader a similar emotion wholly apart from knowledge of the building. While the feelings are usually related entirely to secondary objects quite as accidental as furniture in an ordinary room, nevertheless, if the reader omit the two closing paragraphs written only for moral effect, he shuts the cloister door with Irving, sharing the actual emotion roused by mere waiting, hour after hour, within the walls of the building which has barely been noticed for itself.

"Irving's actual experience cannot be reproduced on the spot. The physical conditions have greatly changed in the succeeding century. Yet, with all the variations in detail which have come during the later life of the Abbey, present experience would produce for present minds corresponding emotion. In books, we can see exactly what he saw; although we cannot in fact visit his building, we can feel just as he felt.

"The illustrations selected for 'Westminster Abbey' and 'Mutability of Literature' are from a list chosen from various books to build up a cumulative emotional experience parallel to that given by Irving through literary means, by sight of the structure before his eyes as he took the actual or imaginary walk described, indeed, the original source of his own emotion. Some of the pictures are as he saw details, some are of our own time. A comparison of variants would be an illuminating study of the ever changing life of buildings centuries old.

"The clew to the impression (¶¶ 2 and 4) is contrast in size of buildings, but not the contrast of immense size with man. There, Irving's intelligence failed him. Mere bigness destroys its own effect, for it cannot be seen, and either scatters attention, or turns the mind back upon itself. Even a small model of the Abbey pro-

duces the impression of the original, which is caused by the relation of the parts of the building to each other; not by 'arches . . . to . . . an amazing height,' but by arches supporting arches which again support arches; not by 'spaciousness' or great distances, but by succession of part beyond part; not a matter of size or scale, but a matter of proportion, the relation of visible parts into one dominating, visible whole.

"Although Irving's contemplation had brought him nothing but mental confusion, his eye, his ear, his feet, hour by hour, had stored up impression upon impression of part repeated and repeated into distance, in various directions.

"It is extremely interesting to study how his use of material, surprisingly little in quantity, very largely accidental and secondary to the building itself, results for us in almost total unconsciousness of the means, but in vivid sense-impression of having been with him in that specific and perfectly definite building, which he does not describe, which, indeed, he was not consciously seeing; an impression merely of repetitions cumulating into related distances, — architectural characteristics of Westminster Abbey."

NOTE. — Written by G. T. P., by request of the editor. — D.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR IRVING'S ENTRANCE AND ROUTE.

AIRY, p. 3, 1902.	Little Dean's Yard, Entrance. (About 1840.)
AIRY, p. 37.	
LOFTIE, p. 301.	Gable of Schoolroom (Monks' Dormitory). Place of Irving's entrance under modern schoolrooms.
BOLAS, plate 61.	Entrance and Door to School, to Cloister, to Little Cloister, etc. Outer wall of school, of monk's refectory, etc.
HIATT, p. 126, plate 115.	
BESANT, W., p. 109, also pp. 137, 139, 141, 143. See also	
AIRY, p. 166.	
LOFTIE, p. 32.	
BOLAS, plate 51.	
FEASEY, p. 44.	
ACKERMANN, Vol. II., p. 260.	Southeast Corner Cloister, Pyx Door, Library Door (present time), Irving's Library Door.
BRAYLEY, p. 282.	East Cloister, and Door to South Transept.
STANLEY, Vol. III, p. 50.	
LOFTIE, p. 308.	
BOLAS, plate 15.	Southeast corner of Abbey, including North Walk.
FEASEY, plate 7, pp. 4–8.	

Bolas, plate 4.	Towers from Southeast corner.
Feasey, Frontispiece.	
Hiatt, p. 29.	View from Southeast corner.
Scott, Frontispiece.	South Walk and Exit to "The Elms" (whence came the interruption of "The Mutability of Literature," par. 1).
Loftie, p. 43.	Southeast corner.
Bolas, plate 32.	
Feasey, p. 40.	West Walk.
Brayley, p. 283.	West Walk, Door to Aisle of Nave, suggests Irving's Contrast of Size, par. 4.
Feasey, plate 6, p. 48.	Deanery Door (now gone).
Loftie, p. 17.	

A key to illustrations corresponding with Irving's description in order and in selection, will be found in Bibliography, p. 414.

For the Mutability of Literature

Loftie, pp. 43, 205.	For South Transept.
Bolas, plates 32, 50, 25.	For East Cloister.
Feasey, 44, 48, plate 2.	For Chapter House.
Airy, p. 58.	For Library Window, etc.
Hiatt, pp. 114, 119.	
Scott, p. 195, plate xxix.	Restoration of Chapter House and Entrance, Irving's Library Entrance.
Scott, p. 39.	
Hiatt, p. 40.	Chapter House, as Irving saw it.
Stanley, Vol. III, 49.	Discovery of Old Dormitory Stairs, now the Library Stairs.
Roll Call, p. 159.	The Library (three eighths of the old Monk's Dormitory).
	For the Upper School (the other five
Airy, p. 21.	eighths of old Monk's Dormitory), —
Airy, p. 2.	as Irving saw it, and as it is to-day.

By use of plans and historical account in Airy's "Westminster School," an interesting illustrated study of this old and famous school may be arranged.

John Bull

Irving's essay on "John Bull" is quite different from Goldsmith's reflections on the same subject; the reading of the earlier papers suggests, however, that the author of "John Bull" was familiar with them. See "The Sentiments of a Frenchman on the Temper of the English," in "The Bee," pp. 435–437, Goldsmith's Works, Vol. II, "Bell and Sons," 1884, and "The Influence of Climate and Soil upon the Tempers and Dispositions of the English," Letter xci, in "A Citizen of the World," also Letter xc, "The English Subject to the

Spleen." . . . "When the men of this country are once turned of thirty-three they regularly retire every year at proper intervals to lie in of the spleen."

John Bull. The story of the development of the typical figure of John Bull is, in reality, the history of caricature in England. The Reformation, in the sixteenth century, following, as it did, immediately upon the first general diffusion of printed matter, gave rise to a crop of caricatures. In free Holland, the home of printing-presses, caricatures were at once domesticated, and cartoons issuing from thence circulated freely in England. In the seventeenth century, Cavaliers and Roundheads seized upon caricature as a means of effective appeal to the commonalty, and from this time the habit was thoroughly established in Great Britain. The wits and humorists of the eighteenth century did much to strengthen the taste for caricature in the English public and cartoons soon became an important aid in all political controversies as well as a means of satirizing social foibles. The great wars at the end of the century, especially the American Revolution and the Napoleonic wars, called forth such a multitude of cartoons that it is quite possible to trace the history of the time in the caricatures of the day. Among these, certain figures gradually became typical, and thus national characteristics were, in reality, fixed in humorous form, and have been handed down, composite photographs, as it were, of the men of that day and nationality.

The name John Bull appears in Dr. Arbuthnot's famous tract, "The History of John Bull," published in 1712, and it was used occasionally as a legend under caricatures, throughout the century, until in the reign of George the Third, figure and name were fixed in use by the genius of two or three great cartoonists. The famous cartoonist of Irving's own day, in England, was George Cruikshank, who, later, illustrated "The Sketch-Book."

Stratford-on-Avon

175 : 1. The mood here suggested is that of Goldsmith in "A Reverie in Boar's Head Tavern, in Eastcheap." The starting-point of the adventurous fancies of either humorist seems the same, and the words of one remind us of the other. Goldsmith wrote, "Such were the reflections that naturally arose while I sat at the Boar's Head Tavern, still kept at Eastcheap. Here by a pleasant fire, in the very room where old Sir John Falstaff cracked his jokes, in the very chair which was honored by Prince Henry, and sometimes polluted by his immoral merry companions, I sat and ruminated." . . . "Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?" is quoted from Falstaff, "Henry IV," Part I, Act iii, Sc. 3, l. 93.

175 : 1. In "Life and Letters," Vol. II., p. 220, is a charming account of a later visit paid by Irving to the Red Horse Inn; the same

landlady who had entertained him at the time of the visit recorded in "The Sketch-Book" was there, and she brought forth a poker on which she had caused to be engraved the words, "Geoffrey Crayon's Sceptre."

176: 2. *Garrick and the Jubilee.* David Garrick made his début in "Richard III.," in 1741, and from that time to his death, in 1779, he was the most distinguished actor of Shakespearian parts. Sidney Lee attributes to his genius and ability the great service of creating a taste for Shakespeare which has been lasting. The Jubilee, celebrated for three days, September 6–8, 1760, at Stratford, was under the direction of Garrick, Boswell, and Dr. Arne. Since the publication of "The Sketch-Book" other Shakespeare festivals have been held at Stratford.

177: 4. Irving's phrase is misleading. Shakespeare's father was a man of large affairs for his day. He was a trader in all manner of agricultural products; he owned two freehold tenements in Stratford, and he held many offices in the town, some of them important.

183: 17, 18. Recent biographers of Shakespeare admit that he probably poached occasionally on the preserves of Sir Thomas Lucy, but there is little evidence of the authenticity of the lines attributed to him by Irving. The use of Charlecote as the seat of Justice Shallow, and the satire of Lucy's armorial bearings in the play, indicate that the dramatist had an old score of some sort to pay.

Irving suggested to Leslie the subject of Shakespeare brought up for deer-stealing, having a picture in his own mind, which the artist after repeated efforts could not bring out. In September, 1821, artist and author started together on an excursion in pursuit of materials. — "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 397.

The scene in which last year's pippins were served is in "Henry IV," Part II, Act v, Sc. 3, ll. 1–9. The feast of pigeons and kickshaws is in "Henry IV," Part II, Act v, Sc. 1.

185: 20, note. *Sack.* A kind of dry sherry wine. Ruskin says that the vineyard of Machanudo (in Spain), which his father's partner owned, has, by the quality of its vintage, fixed the standard of "Xeres Sack," or dry sherry, from the days of Henry V to the present time.

189: 29. The form of Charlecote Hall is supposed by some writers to have been designed in the form of the letter E, in honor of Queen Elizabeth.

190–195: 30, 32, 35, 37. It is worthy of note that in the years in which Irving wrote "The Sketch-Book," his artist friends, Leslie and Newton, were engaged upon Shakespearian subjects. Irving writes, in 1818, "Leslie has just finished a very beautiful little picture of Anne Page inviting Master Slender into the house. . . . Falstaff and Shallow are seen through a window in the background."

— "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 300.

In 1819, toward the end of the year, Irving mentions Newton's "little fancy piece of Falstaff's escape in the buck-basket," as a piece of great merit. Some years after the publication of "The Sketch-Book," in 1829, Leslie was engaged upon a large painting, the subject of which reminds us, in turn, of Irving's description, — "Falstaff regaling at the table of Justice Swallow."

— "Life and Letters," Vol. II, p. 181.

194 : 36. The quotation is from "Henry IV," Part II, Act v, Sc. 3, l. 37.

Abbotsford

198 : 1. "Abbotsford" was written in 1835, nearly twenty years after the visit occurred, and was published in "Crayon Miscellany," No. 2.

198 : 2. Consult the atlas for the geography of the country. The whole region is so full of historical and literary associations that pains should be taken to coördinate with the story of Irving's visit the events, persons, and literature of which his own thought was full at this time. Abundant aid for those interested is to be found in ordinary text-books of history, of literature, and in guide books, keys to characters and places in Scott's writings, etc. Irving's experience is an illustration of the significance and delight that the traveller who is well read finds wherever he goes.

199 : 4. *Abbotsford, Scott's home.* Scott's residence on the banks of the Tweed was in the beginning determined by the requirement that sheriffs must reside for four months in each year in the counties to which they were appointed. He had received, in 1799, an appointment as Deputy Sheriff of Selkirkshire, an office in which the duties were light, while the annual salary was sufficient to free him from the routine practice in his own profession of the law. In 1804, on account of a complaint from the Lord-Lieutenant of Selkirkshire that he had not complied with the requirement of his position, Scott leased the farm-house and farm of Ashestiel on the Tweed. In 1811, the Clerks of Sessions, by a reform in the courts, began to receive a fixed salary of £1300 a year, instead of fees. This brought Scott, who had long held the office without remuneration, an income which warranted the purchase of a farm a few miles distant from Ashestiel. The place held a special interest for him from an incident in his boyhood. When travelling from Selkirk to Melrose with his father, the old man had suddenly halted the carriage, and conducted his son to a hill half a mile above the Tweed at Abbotsford, where a rude stone marked "the scene of the last great clan-battle of the Borders."

In the beginning, the farm was in a wretched state and the only buildings were small and poor. It had been called Clarty Hole from a filthy duck-pond in the foreground. Scott, however, saw possibilities in the site and set to work with his usual impetuous en-

thusiasm. He at once claimed for his place the name of the ford used by the Abbots of the proprietary Abbey of Melrose, and erected a comfortable but modest cottage, a picture of which is given on p. 201. In succeeding years his literary success and increasing prosperity suggested the plan of the more stately and expensive Abbotsford. At the time of Irving's visit, in 1817, the new building was well under way, but the family life still went on in the cottage first erected by Scott. The story is told in Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Vol. III, but is mingled with the narrative of other things, a bit here, and a bit there.

200 : 7. Lockhart says that Scott had received "The History of New York" by Knickerbocker in 1812, from Mr. Brevoort, an American traveller, whom readers of Irving's life will recognize.

— "Life of Scott," Vol. V, p. 53.

206 : 27. Adam Fergusson (Lockhart's spelling of the name) was son of the celebrated Professor Fergusson, and Scott's intimacy with him began in his school days. Later Fergusson introduced his friend to the literary circles of Edinburgh; they were comrades in the speculative society, in their studies, and in extended excursions to every accessible part of the country.

207 : 31. A Roman road ran from Eildon Hills down to the ford. Eildon stone, Eildon tree, and Huntley bank are famous in "Border Minstrelsy." Here was the haunted glen of Thomas the Rhymer. The spot was a favorite one with Scott and Irving recurs to it in paragraphs 105, 107, 108, and 149.

Kipling has celebrated the "gates o' Faerie" in "The Last Rhyme of True Thomas."

208 : 36. *Edie Ochiltree.* See paragraph 112, note.

209 : 37. *Ettrick.* The valley of the Ettrick river in Selkirkshire. Ettrick forest was formerly a royal hunting tract. James Hogg, the poet, mentioned in paragraph 153, was born in this vale, and was sometimes called the "Ettrick shepherd."

209 : 37. *Braes of Yarrow.* The Yarrow is a small river flowing into the Ettrick before its junction, near Selkirk, with the Tweed. Burns uses the phrases "Yarrow braes" and "Ettrick shaws" in a little poem to the "Braw Lads o' Galla Water."

210 : 40. *"Cairn gorm,"* from the name of a mountain, meaning blue cairn, between the shires of Aberdeen, Banff, and Inverness: a precious stone of yellow or wine color, in common use for ornaments worn with Highland costumes. — *Oxford Dictionary.*

218 : 60. Mungo Park was a Scotsman, a native of Selkirkshire, and born in the same year as Scott himself. He was famous for his travels in Africa: in 1805, he was sent in command of a military expedition to explore the Niger river, and after descending it for 1500 miles he was killed, with the small remnant of his party, by the natives.

218 : 62. Scott's fondness for antiquarian relics is illustrated in

the picture of Scott reading in his library, painted by Sir W. Allan in 1832; see p. 217. This painting was the last portrait for which Sir Walter Scott sat. The following note by the painter is quoted from the Catalogue of the Royal Academy, in 1832: —

"The still life of the picture is painted from the original in Abbotsford. The vase was the gift of Lord Byron. The keys, hanging by the window, are those of the Heart of Midlothian, or the old Tolbooth of Edinburgh. The sword suspended from the bookcase belonged to Montrose; and the rifle surmounting the various articles hanging over the mantel-piece, to Spechbacker, the Tyrolese patriot. Near the bookcase are hung an ancient border bugle, James the Sixth's travelling flask, and the sporan, or purse, of Rob Roy McGregor. Behind the bust of Shakespeare is Rob Roy's long gun, above which is Claverhouse's pistol, and below, a brace, formerly the property of Napoleon. The staghound lying at Sir Walter's feet is Maida, his old favorite. He is represented as seated in his study, reading the proclamation of Mary, Queen of Scots, previous to her marriage with Lord Darnley."

228: 97. *The London Magazine*, Vol. I, p. 11, contains an article on the authorship of Scottish novels, and many others may be found in the files of magazines of the period.

230: 105. See note for paragraph 31, p. 207.

233: 112. See paragraph 36.

236: 126, 130. *Sandy Knowe.* Robert Scott, Sir Walter's grandfather, held the farm of Sandy Knowe, including Smailholm tower, by lease The old shepherd mentioned in paragraphs 129–130 was a man named Hogg who had loaned all his savings to Robert Scott to purchase stock for Sandy Knowe. The story of how the money was foolishly spent for a high spirited horse is told in Scott's autobiography.

241: 137. The most interesting account of Scott's childhood and youth is found in his autobiography. His life at Sandy Knowe, his love of sport, his fondness for odd characters, especially such as could tell him stories of olden times, or of feuds and border warfare, are all narrated in his own words.

242: 140. Dryburgh, including the Abbey, was a part of the patrimonial estate of the wife of Scott's grandfather and would have descended to Scott's father had not the grand uncle in whose possession it was become bankrupt and sold it. The right of burial in the resting-place of the family was, however, retained.

244: 149. See note on paragraph 31.

252: 172. "The Abbotsford Family," was painted by Sir David Wilkie in 1817, for Sir Adam Fergusson, and was exhibited in 1818. It represents Sir Walter, his family, Fergusson, and an old dependent masquerading in the garb of South country peasants. In the background is the top of Cowden Knowe, and the Tweed and Melrose

are introduced as seen from a hill near by. Captain Fergusson and his family occupied the mansion house on the lands of Toftfield, which Scott had recently purchased; the intimacy between Scott and Adam Fergusson began when both were schoolboys. Wilkie, the artist, arrived, as Irving narrates, during the visit described in "Abbotsford." See picture on p. 255.

254:174. *Scott's conversational gifts.* See Lockhart's "Life of Scott," Vol. II, p. 317, for a memorandum of another of Scott's visitors, touching on several points in Irving's essay.

254:176. *Jeffrey.* Francis Jeffrey with Sidney Smith and Henry Brougham, in 1802, founded the *Edinburgh Review.* In 1803 Jeffrey became editor and in that capacity conducted the *Review* until 1820. This *Review* became a power through the brilliancy of the articles appearing in it and the fearless attitude of the editors toward all kinds of abuses and incompetence. It was especially severe in criticising the work of young authors, One of the founders wrote the scathing review of Byron's "Hours of Idleness," which so angered him that he wrote "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," in reply.

Rip Van Winkle

For an account of Diedrich Knickerbocker, Irving's *alter ego,* see the preface of "Knickerbocker's History of New York." Once he had created the old Dutch historian, Irving became so fond of him that he could not lay aside the fancy; Diedrich appears in "Tales of a Traveller," and in more than one of the papers of "Wolfert's Roost." Irving's account of how he revisited Sleepy Hollow with the historian is especially entertaining.

The dramatization of Rip Van Winkle. For an account of the dramatization of Rip Van Winkle, see Chs. viii and xvi, in Jefferson's "Autobiography," and the introduction to "Rip Van Winkle as played by Joseph Jefferson." The impersonation of Joseph Jefferson has displaced all earlier interpretations of the character of Rip, and even in subordinate parts characters and scenes have been derived from the play.

A most interesting contrast may be discovered by comparing Murray's illustrations of "The Sketch-Book," in early editions, published in London and the drawings of artists in this country, done before the dramatization of Rip Van Winkle, with the pictures of characters or scenes commonly published at the present time. The termagant wife, altogether unlovely, has given place to a younger, more comely woman, much tried, who may, on a pinch, command our sympathy. She, moreover, betrays a weakness for her vagrant husband, and survives, by the law of dramatic necessity, to welcome him back. So lovable and so real has been this Rip of Jefferson's creation that both artists and readers accept him as the original, veritable Rip of Irving's imagination.

267:1. Peter Stuyvesant was the last director-general of the New Netherlands, and in 1664 surrendered that colony to the English. Irving's humorous description of the Dutch governor and his exploits, including the famous expedition to capture Fort Christina, will be found in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Vol. V, Ch. viii. The historical Stuyvesant may be found in any good history of the colonial period.

274:17. The dress of "antique Dutch fashion" is described in "Knickerbocker's History of New York," Vol. II, Ch. ii, last paragraph.

276:21. *Fell into a deep sleep.* In the legendary history of past ages are many stories of sleepers, and in all nations loved heroes at their death have left behind, in tradition, the prophecy of a return after many years. The story of the twenty years' sleep of Rip Van Winkle is an Americanized version, suggested probably by old German legends of the Hartz mountains, in one of which it is narrated that Peter Klaus, a goatherd from Sittendorf, met a party of knights playing at skittles in a dell of these mountains, and drank a miraculous draught of wine which put him to sleep for twenty years. The magic drinking potion played a great rôle in the days of the old romance, and a hundred uses of it lie ready in the fertile brain of any writer who is well versed in mediæval literature.

But, in truth, the real source of the legend of the Catskills lies in the romantic brooding fancies of an imaginative boy who idled on the deck of the slow-going boats as they travelled up the Hudson, and pleased himself with weaving into the beauty and mystery of the mountains the tales that had charmed him; they grew, thus, to the reality of vision, and in his memory scenes and fancies mingled inextricably. In after years, the form of the legend, from whatever old tales he borrowed it, was little more than a means through which his roving fancy found an expression holding for us all the vitality of real experience because, once, in his golden days, it was real to the one who wrote of it.

280:32. *Federal or Democrat.* The parties referred to are those of Washington's and Adams's administrations. The rise of the Democratic party as known to us was in a later period. See school histories of the United States for a definition of these parties and of their principles at the time of Rip's return.

284:44. It seems probable that the name of Henry Hudson's ship, the *Half-Moon*, was derived from a sign in frequent use in his day, in London. In the uncancelled scores of the ale-wives, the *Half-Moon* stood for sixpence. In a seventeenth-century song we read of the ale-wife who

> "Writes at night and at noon
> For tester half a moon;
> And great round O for a shilling."

An inn, much frequented by sailors, bore the name and displayed the sign, a wooden crescent gilt. As the Dutch eel boats habitually moored off Billingsgate, near which the *Half-Moon* tavern stood, it seems probable that the sign was familiar to those who came and went on the water for many years before the *Half-Moon* sailed with an English master and a Dutch crew in search of the northwest passage to the Indies.

The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Preliminary Note. The story of the writing of the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is in "Life and Letters," Vol. I, p. 346. Irving's description of old Tarrytown is in "Life and Letters," Vol. II, p. 369.

296 : 1. See "Knickerbocker's History of New York," for Irving's account of how St. Nicholas became patron saint of the burghers who settled Manhattoes and the adjoining country.

297 : 3. Shakespeare's phrase is "the night-mare and her nine-fold," "King Lear," Act iii, Sc. 4, l. 126.

298 : 4. The legend of the "Wild Huntsman" is very old, and appears in many forms. In pagan times the wild huntsman was Woden himself. Later, in the Hartz mountains, the Wild Huntsman and the Wandering Jew were regarded as the same. — "Legends and Tales of the Hartz Mountains," p. 120, by Toofie Lauder.

299 : 8–11. In McMaster's "History of the People of the United States," Vol I, p. 21, is a brief account of schools and schoolmasters in early times.

314 : 34. The description of Ichabod mounted on his steed suggests remotely Don Quixote and his Rosinante.

319 : 47. For some of the myths and legends associated with this region see "Chronicles of Tarrytown," pp. 97–151.

319 : 49. John Paulding was leader of the band that captured Major André, and Isaac Van Wart was one of the company. It will be remembered that one of Irving's sisters married Henry Van Wart. and that his brother William married a sister of James K. Paulding, who afterwards was one of the authors of the "Salmagundi Papers" and Irving's intimate friend. The stories of André's capture must therefore have been a local tradition handed down in the family, and the spot, familiar in boyhood, had long been associated in his mind with romantic tales.

323 : 57. Major André's tree, — see note on paragraph 49.

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A good map of England and Scotland.
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IRVING'S APPENDIX

NOTES CONCERNING WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Toward the end of the sixth century, when Britain, under the dominion of the Saxons, was in a state of barbarism and idolatry, Pope Gregory the Great, struck with the beauty of some Anglo-Saxon youths exposed for sale in the market-place at Rome, conceived a fancy for the race, and determined to send missionaries to preach the gospel among these comely but benighted islanders. He was encouraged to this by learning that Ethelbert, king of Kent, and the most potent of the Anglo-Saxon princes, had married Bertha, a Christian princess, only daughter of the king of Paris, and that she was allowed by stipulation the full exercise of her religion.

The shrewd Pontiff knew the influence of the sex in matters of religious faith. He forthwith despatched Augustine, a Roman monk, with forty associates, to the court of Ethelbert at Canterbury, to effect the conversion of the king and to obtain through him a foothold in the island.

Ethelbert received them warily, and held a conference in the open air; being distrustful of foreign priestcraft, and fearful of spells and magic. They ultimately succeeded in making him as good a Christian as his wife; the conversion of the king of course produced the conversion of his loyal subjects. The zeal and success of Augustine were rewarded by his being made archbishop of Canterbury, and being endowed with authority over all the British churches.

One of the most prominent converts was Segebert of Sebert, king of the East Saxons, a nephew of Ethelbert. He reigned at London, of which Mellitus, one of the Roman monks who had come over with Augustine, was made bishop.

Sebert, in 605, in his religious zeal, founded a monastery by the river-side to the west of the city, on the ruins of a temple of Apollo, being, in fact, the origin of the present pile of Westminster Abbey. Great preparations were made for the consecration of the church, which was to be dedicated to St. Peter. On the morning of the appointed day Mellitus, the bishop, proceeded with great pomp and solemnity to perform the ceremony. On approaching the edifice he was met by a fisherman, who informed him that it was needless to proceed, as the ceremony was over. The bishop stared with surprise, when the fisherman went on to relate, that the night before, as he was in his boat on the Thames, St. Peter appeared to him, and told him that he intended to consecrate the church himself, that very night. The apostle accordingly went into the church, which suddenly became illuminated. The ceremony was performed in sumptuous style, accompanied by strains of heavenly music and clouds of fragrant incense. After this, the apostle came into the boat and ordered the fisherman to cast his net. He did so, and had a miraculous draught of fishes; one of which he was commanded to present

to the bishop, and to signify to him that the apostle had relieved him from the necessity of consecrating the church.

Mellitus was a wary man, slow of belief, and required confirmation of the fisherman's tale. He opened the church-doors, and beheld wax candles, crosses, holy water; oil sprinkled in various places, and various other traces of a grand ceremonial. If he had still any lingering doubts, they were completely removed on the fisherman's producing the identical fish which he had been ordered by the apostle to present to him. To resist this would have been to resist ocular demonstration. The good bishop accordingly was convinced that the church had actually been consecrated by St. Peter in person; so he reverently abstained from proceeding further in the business.

The foregoing tradition is said to be the reason why King Edward the Confessor chose this place as the site of a religious house which he meant to endow. He pulled down the old church and built another in its place in 1045. In this his remains were deposited in a magnificent shrine.

The sacred edifice again underwent modifications, if not a reconstruction, by Henry III, in 1220, and began to assume its present appearance.

Under Henry VIII it lost its conventual character, that monarch turning the monks away, and seizing upon the revenues.

RELICS OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR

A curious narrative was printed in 1688, by one of the choristers of the cathedral, who appears to have been the Paul Pry of the sacred edifice, giving an account of his rummaging among the bones of Edward the Confessor, after they had quietly reposed in their sepulchre upwards of six hundred years, and of his drawing forth the crucifix and golden chain of the deceased monarch. During eighteen years that he had officiated in the choir, it had been a common tradition, he says, among his brother choristers and the gray-headed servants of the abbey, that the body of King Edward was deposited in a kind of chest or coffin, which was indistinctly seen in the upper part of the shrine erected to his memory. None of the abbey gossips, however, had ventured upon a nearer inspection, until the worthy narrator, to gratify his curiosity, mounted to the coffin by the aid of a ladder, and found it to be made of wood, apparently very strong and firm, being secured by bands of iron.

Subsequently, in 1685, on taking down the scaffolding used in the coronation of James II, the coffin was found to be broken, a hole appearing in the lid, probably made, through accident, by the workmen. No one ventured, however, to meddle with the sacred depository of royal dust, until, several weeks afterwards, the circumstance came to the knowledge of the aforesaid chorister. He forthwith repaired to the abbey in company with two friends, of congenial tastes, who were desirous of inspecting the tombs. Procuring a ladder, he again mounted to the coffin, and found, as had been represented, a hole in the lid about six inches long and four inches broad, just in front of the left breast. Thrusting in his hand, and groping among the bones, he drew from underneath the shoulder a crucifix, richly adorned and enamelled, affixed to a gold chain twenty-four

inches long. These he showed to his inquisitive friends, who were equally surprised with himself.

"At the time," says he, "when I took the cross and chain out of the coffin, *I drew the head to the hole and viewed it*, being very sound and firm, with the upper and nether jaws whole and full of teeth, and a list of gold above an inch broad, in the nature of a coronet, surrounding the temples. There was also in the coffin, white linen and gold-colored flowered silk, that looked indifferent fresh; but the least stress put thereto showed it was wellnigh perished. There were all his bones, and much dust likewise, which I left as I found."

It is difficult to conceive a more grotesque lesson to human pride than the skull of Edward the Confessor thus irreverently pulled about in its coffin by a prying chorister, and brought to grin face to face with him through a hole in the lid!

Having satisfied his curiosity, the chorister put the crucifix and chain back again into the coffin, and sought the dean, to apprise him of his discovery. The dean not being accessible at the time, and fearing that the "holy treasure" might be taken away by other hands, he got a brother chorister to accompany him to the shrine about two or three hours afterwards, and in his presence again drew forth the relics. These he afterwards delivered on his knees to King James. The king subsequently had the old coffin inclosed in a new one of great strength: "each plank being two inches thick and cramped together with large iron wedges, where it now remains (1688) as a testimony of his pious care, that no abuse might be offered to the sacred ashes therein deposited."

As the history of this shrine is full of moral, I subjoin a description of it in modern times. "The solitary and forlorn shrine," says a British writer, "now stands a mere skeleton of what it was. A few faint traces of its sparkling decorations inlaid on solid mortar catches the rays of the sun, forever set on its splendor. . . . Only two of the spiral pillars remain. The wooden Ionic top is much broken, and covered with dust. The mosaic is picked away in every part within reach, only the lozenges of about a foot square and five circular pieces of the rich marble remain." — *Malcom, Lond. rediv.*

INSCRIPTION ON A MONUMENT ALLUDED TO IN THE SKETCH

Here lyes the Loyal Duke of Newcastle, and his Duchess his second wife, by whom he had no issue. Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester, a noble family; for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous. This Duchess was a wise, witty, and learned lady, which her many Bookes do well testify: she was a most virtuous, and loving and careful wife, and was with her lord all the time of his banishment and miseries, and when he came home, never parted from him in his solitary retirements.

In the winter time, when the days are short, the service in the afternoon is performed by the light of tapers. The effect is fine of the choir partially lighted up, while the main body of the cathedral and

the transepts are in profound and cavernous darkness. The white dresses of the choristers gleam amidst the deep brown of the open slats and canopies; the partial illumination makes enormous shadows from columns and screens, and darting into the surrounding gloom, catches here and there upon a sepulchral decoration, or monumental effigy. The swelling notes of the organ accord well with the scene.

When the service is over the dean is lighted to his dwelling, in the old conventual part of the pile, by the boys of the choir, in their white dresses, bearing tapers, and the procession passes through the abbey and along the shadowy cloisters, lighting up angles and arches and grim sepulchral monuments, and leaving all behind in darkness.

On entering the cloisters at night from what is called the Dean's Yard, the eye ranging through a dark vaulted passage catches a distant view of a white marble figure reclining on a tomb, on which a strong glare thrown by a gas-light has quite a spectral effect. It is a mural monument of one of the Pultneys.

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